



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

SG 12.1



Harvard College Library

FROM THE BEQUEST OF

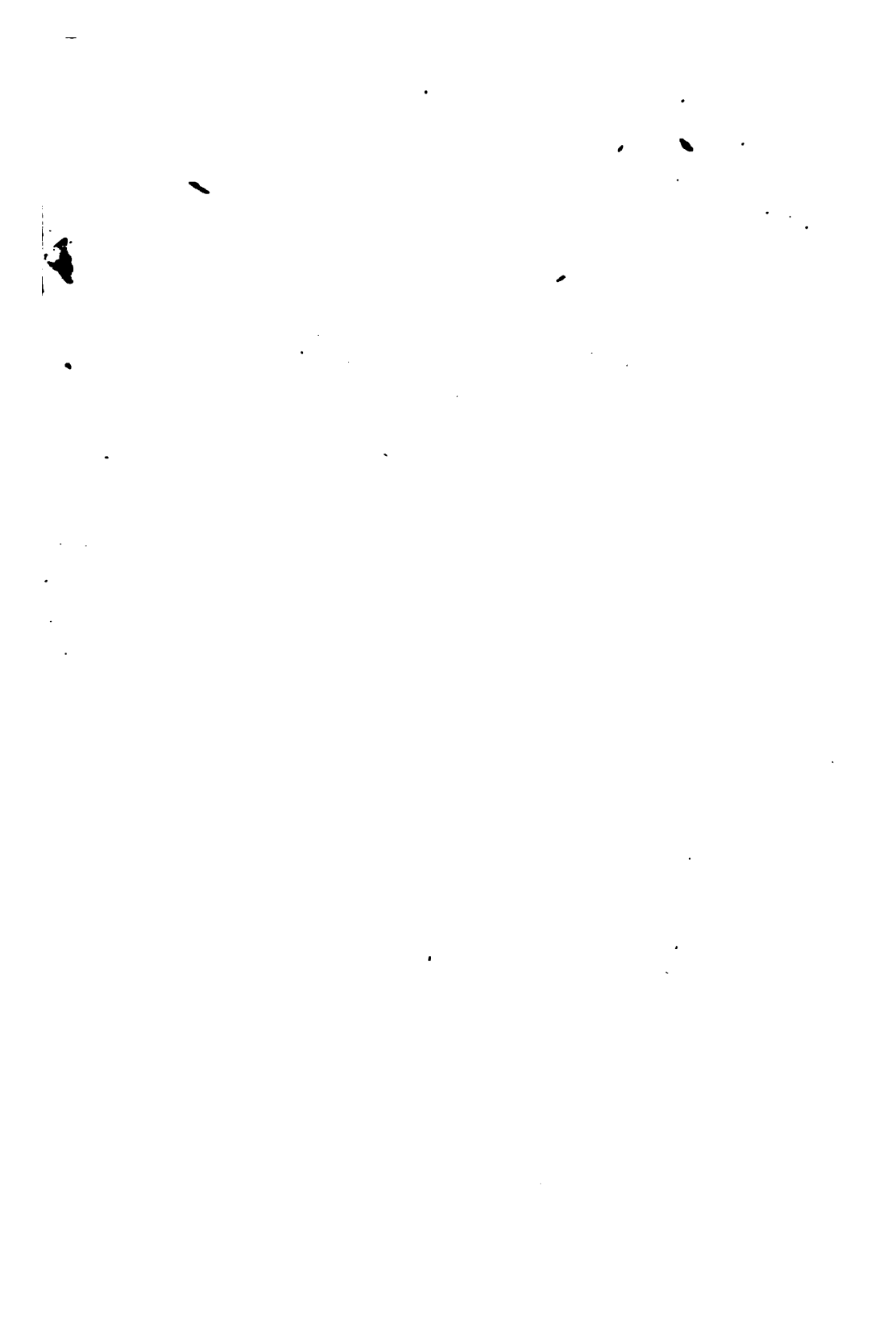
JOHN AMORY LOWELL,

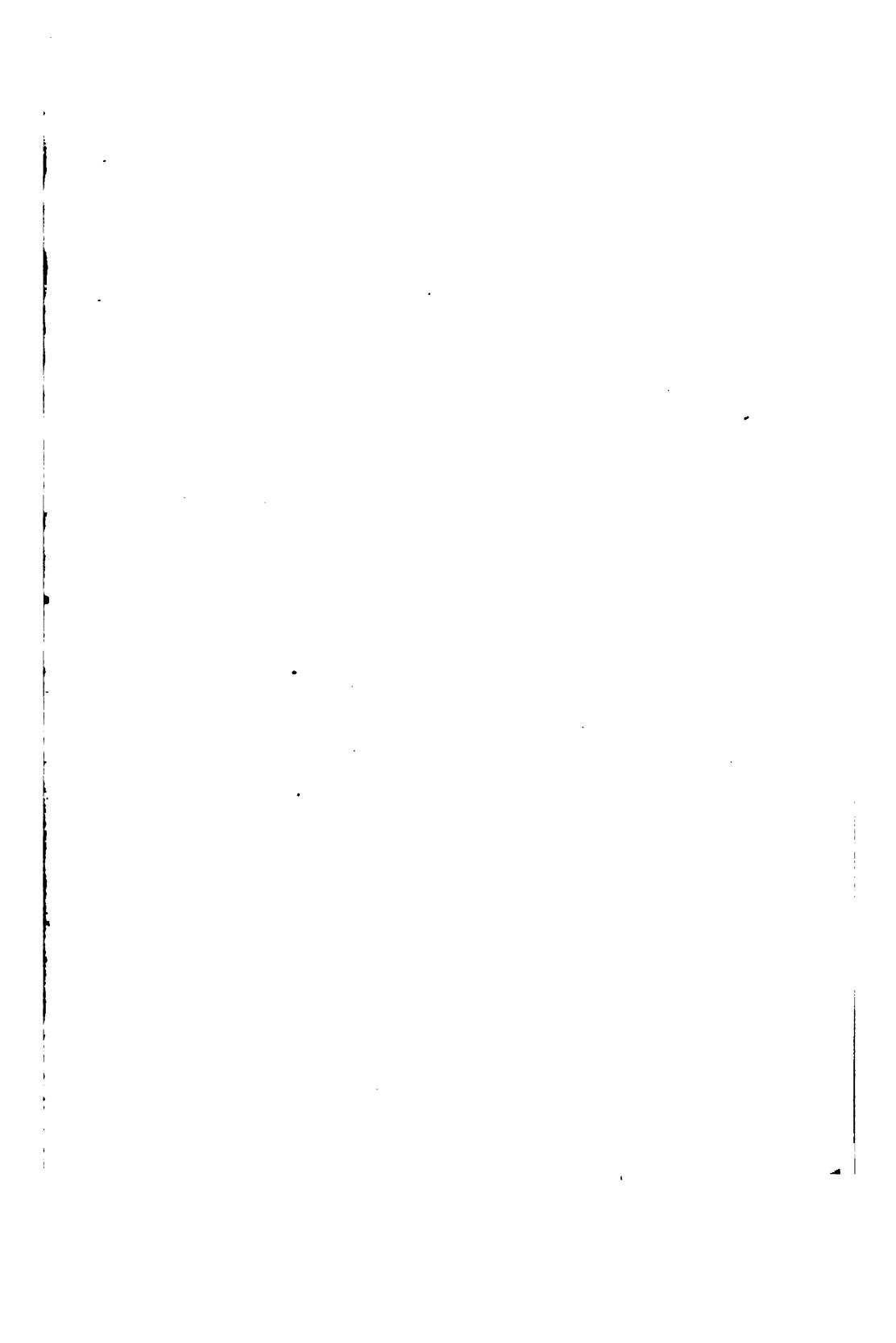
(Class of 1815).

This fund is \$20,000, and of its income three quarters
shall be spent for books and one quarter
be added to the principal.

10 Jul. - 12 Dec. 1900







BAILY'S MAGAZINE
OF
SPORTS & PASTIMES.

VOLUME THE SEVENTY-FOURTH.

BEING

Nos. 485—490. JULY TO DECEMBER, 1900.

LONDON:
VINTON AND CO., LIMITED,
9, NEW BRIDGE STREET, LUDGATE CIRCUS, E.C.

1900.

~~VIII~~ 254

SG 12.1

9 1/3

ILLUSTRATIONS.

ENGRAVINGS.

	PAGE
Buckmaster, Mr. Walter S. - - - - -	79
Capell, Ben - - - - -	Title
Granby, The Marquis of - - - - -	229
Hanwell, Major, R. A., The Late - - - - -	387
MacLaren, Mr. A. C. - - - - -	153
Middleton, Lord - - - - -	309
Russel, Mr. James - - - - -	I

MISCELLANEOUS.

	PAGE
Arab Horse Mesaoud - - - - -	431
Buchanan, David, 1881 - - - - -	174
Foxhounds—Betsy, Trojan, and Pytchley Potentate - - - - -	90, 92, 94
George Hart on The Knight - - - - -	347
Hunter Gelding Canon Arthur - - - - -	268
Inter-University Match at Aylesbury, The First - - - - -	406
Jaws of the Horse - - - - -	190, 192
Jenkins, W. H. P. - - - - -	351
John Hampson Jones on Dairymaid - - - - -	333
John Hill and Jemmy, 1860 - - - - -	246
Le Gallais, Colonel P. W., The Late - - - - -	425
Leicester Steeplechase, The - - - - -	241
Neville, H. - - - - -	248
On the Alert - - - - -	8
Royal Stands at Ascot - - - - -	37, 38
Thill-dogs in Belgium and France - - - - -	178
Taking Wild Horses on the Plains of Moldavia - - - - -	242
Wrestling in the Salzburg Mountains - - - - -	19, 20, 22
Whips - - - - -	317, 319, 320, 321, 323
Willingate Spain and Willingate Doe - - - - -	348

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
Anecdotal Sport	122
"Animal Painters" (Illustrated)	241
Another German Trout River	126
Athletic Training in America	206
"Baily's Hunting Directory"	266
Battle Royal, A	197
Bets and Their Subjects, Some	40
Billiards, 1900	183
Biographies:—	
Buckmaster, Mr. Walter S.	79
Granby, The Marquis of	229
Hanwell, Major, R. A., The Late	387
MacLaren, Mr. A. C.	153
Middleton, Lord	309
Russel, Mr. James	1
Bridge, The Principles of the Declaration at the Game of	259
Buchanan, David, 1881 (Illustrated)	174
Capell, Ben	440
Cricket	31, 114, 186
Croquet Notes	255
Dream of the Happy Hunting Fields, A	350
Experiences of Horses in the War	326
Farmers' Shooting-party, The	273
Favourite, A (Verses)	433
Foxhounds, Ancient and Modern (Illustrated)	90
Gap in the Pavilion at Lord's, A	24
Gun-Room Causerie, A	164, 243, 324, 434
Height of Polo Ponies, The	10
Horses and Points: Past and Present	430
How are we to Breed Cavalry Horses?	170
How it all Came About	180
Hunting Season's Arrangements, The	358
Hunting Sounds	231
Imperial Yeomanry Hospital Fund	46
Irish Notes (Illustrated)	266
Itchen, The Cream of the	436
Johnsonian Angler, The	25
Law of Average v. the Law of Chance, The	11
"Leaves from a Hunting Diary" (Illustrated)	347
Le Gallais, Colonel P. W., The Late	425
Marshall, The late Sir Frederick	29

	PAGE
Notes of a Yachting Cruise, by a Landsman - - -	339, 412
On a Welsh Bog - - - - -	100
Otter Hunting - - - - -	119
"Our Van" - - - - -	47, 131, 209, 286, 365, 441
Prize Ring, The Ethics of the - - - - -	102
Prominent Members of Our Jockey Club - - - - -	166
Public School Cricket in 1900 - - - - -	200
Queen's Cup Yacht Race, A - - - - -	95
Relieved (Verses) - - - - -	106
Reminiscences of Coaching Seventy Years Ago - - -	3
Reminiscences of Oxford Life and Sport (Illustrated) .	245, 321, 405
Reserve Squadrons, The - - - - -	390
Retriever Trials on Game - - - - -	401
"Royal Ascot" (Illustrated) - - - - -	37
Salmon Question, The - - - - -	82
Seydlitz, General - - - - -	156
Shore-Shooting in November - - - - -	312
Sledmere - - - - -	86
Small Horses in Warfare (Illustrated) - - - - -	7
Soldiering and Sport - - - - -	235
Some of My Father's Stories - - - - -	203
Sport and Feasting - - - - -	426
Sporting Intelligence - - - - -	73, 147, 222, 301, 381, 461
Sportsman's Library, The (Illustrated) - - - - -	45, 130, 189, 270, 354
Spurs at Polo - - - - -	257
Staghunting History - - - - -	277
Successful Sires of the Racing Season, The - - -	397
Thill-Dog in Belgium and France, The (Illustrated) -	177
Turf in 1900, About the - - - - -	420
Two Remedies (Verses) - - - - -	411
Unsatisfied Umpires - - - - -	252
Verses by the late Whyte-Melville.—III. A Hunting Song	338
Welsh Blood - - - - -	357
Whips (Illustrated) - - - - -	315
Wrestling in the Salzberg Mountains (Illustrated) -	19
Young Hawks - - - - -	108

BAILY'S MAGAZINE

OF

SPORTS and PASTIME

JULY, 1900.

CONTENTS.

Sporting Diary for the Month	1r
Portraits and Biographical Sketch of Mr. James Russell	1
Reminiscences of Coaching Seventy Years Ago	3
Small Horses in Warfare	7
The Height of Polo Ponies. By "Mac- donald"	10
The Law of Average .. The Law of Chance. By H.	11
Wrestling in the Valtarn Mountains. By L. H. EIDEMAN	12
A Gap in the Pavilion at Leeds	24
The Johnsonian Angler. By J. A. S. M.	25
The late Sir Frederick Marshall	26
Cricket	31
"Royal Ascent"	37
Some Sets and their Subjects. By W. C. A. B.	50
The Sportsman's Library	50
Imperial Yeomanry Hospital Fund	40
"Our Year"	57
Sporting Intelligence (May-June, 1900)	78

VINTON & Co., Limited

1, NEW BRIDGE STREET, LUDGATE CIRCUS, E.C.





H. L. SAVORY & CO.'S CIGAR

BY SPECIAL WARRANT OF APPOINTMENT TO H.M. THE KING
to sell all the various Brands in the Trade, and may be had at all
the best of all the various Brands in the Trade, and may be had at all

"Position unrivalled in London."

THE
LANGHAM
HOTEL,

PORTLAND PLACE AND REGENT STREET,
LONDON, W.

Quiet, open, and healthy situation in Fashionable and Convenient locality. Built on a gravel soil 95 feet above the Thames high-water mark.

Apartments for Regimental and Private Dinners,
Wedding Receptions, &c.

MODERN IMPROVEMENTS.

MODERATE TARIFF.

MARTELL'S "Particularly suitable for medicinal purposes."
—The Lancet, July, '99.

THREE STAR
BRANDY

Has just been analysed by the leading authority of the day, whose report can be seen at 6 & 7, Gt. Tower St., London, E.C.

ONLY ONE ADDRESS,

Established 1840.
Day & Sons.
Grewe.

Great Horse and Cattle Medicines

DAY & SONS'
"ORIGINAL" MEDICINE CHESTS

For Horses, Cattle, and Sheep, **2s.**, **2s. 6s.**, and **3s. 6s.**
For Horses and Colts, price **2s.**, **2s. 6s.**, and **3s. 6s.**

Illustrated Prospectus Gratis, and Post Free.

DAYS' BLACK DRINK

Cures like a Charm, Colic or Gripes, Chills, Debility and Fatigue in Horses and Cattle, Hoven, Scour and Weakness in Cattle and Sheep, &c., &c.

10/- per half doz., or 19/- per doz.
Bottles, Carriage paid.

DAYS' "ZOMO-SAL."

A Saline Blood Tonic for Horses and Beasts.

For Humours, Anæmia, General Weakness, Surfeits, Off Appetite, Lack of Force and Stamina, Indigestion, Staring Coat, Hidebound. Should be given before and after Foaling.

4/6 per doz. packets, 6 doz. for 25/-;
or in Tins at reduced prices, 7/6 and 20/-, Carriage paid.

10

11

12



BAILY'S MAGAZINE

OF

SPORTS AND PASTIMES

No. 485.

JULY, 1900.

VOL. LXXIV.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE		PAGE
Sporting Diary of the Month	ix.	Manchester	50
Mr. James Russel.....	I	Ascot.....	50
Reminiscences of Coaching Seventy		Polo	55
Years Ago.....	3	Light Horses at the Royal Show ...	59
Small Horses in Warfare	7	Hound Show at Ranelagh	60
The Height of Polo Ponies	10	The Peterborough Hound Show ...	60
The Law of Average v. The Law of		Stage Coaching	61
Chance	11	Major Dalbiac	61
Wrestling in the Salzburg Mountains	19	The late Lord Radnor	62
A Gap in the Pavilion at Lord's	24	The Richmond Horse Show	62
The Johnsonian Angler	25	Ireland	62
The Late Sir Frederick Marshall	29	Presentation Picture to Lord Wil-	
Cricket	31	loughby de Broke	65
"Royal Ascot"	37	"Do Salmon Feed in Fresh Water?"	66
Some Bets and their Subjects	40	The Disaster to the Yeomanry	66
The Sportsman's Library	45	Trotters at Ashford Show	67
Imperial Yeomanry Hospital Fund ...	46	Sport at the Universities.....	68
"Our Van" :—		Aquatics	69
Newmarket Second Spring.....	47	Golf	71
Epsom Summer Meeting	48	"Kitty Grey" at the Vaudeville ...	72
Kempton Park.....	49	Sporting Intelligence, May—June.....	73

WITH

Steel engraved portrait of MR. JAMES RUSSEL. Engravings, "ON THE ALERT,"
SKETCHES OF ASCOT, WRESTLING, &c.

Mr. James Russel.

THE subject of our sketch is probably one of the best all-round and most popular of sportsmen. Born in 1858, the only son of James Russel, of Blackbraes, Stirlingshire, he was educated at Harrow and Jesus College, Cambridge. It was at Cambridge that he first seriously devoted himself to sport. He was a regular follower of the Fitzwilliam and Cambridge Hounds, in the days when old George Carter showed such excellent sport with the former, and he also had an interest in a

pack of harriers. After leaving College he was Captain in the Highland Border Militia, and in 1881 became Master of the Linlithgow and Stirlingshire Foxhounds, laying the foundation of his own pack with six or eight couples of the best hounds from the Fitzwilliam Kennel, when a portion of that pack was sold. Mr. Russell held office for four years. Charles Atkinson, from the Kildare, carried the horn during the first season, but after that Mr. Russell hunted the hounds

himself, with John Atkinson as first whip and K.H. He was compelled to give up in 1884, owing to an accident to his knee, which kept him out of the saddle for a long time.

No longer able to hunt, Mr. Russel took up coursing, and soon had one of the largest and most important kennels in England. Although he never won the Waterloo Cup, almost every other big stake fell to his kennel during its existence. Among the best of his dogs were Restaurant, Roxana, Racecourse, Rhymes, Restorer, Real Lace (the backbone of his kennel), Real Emperor, Real Turk, Ryde. He had many other dogs too numerous to mention. Mr. Russel's kennel was upon his estate, Dundas Castle, not many miles from Edinburgh, but when he parted with this property in 1899, he sold all his greyhounds, which realised the large sum of 2,000 guineas for 35 lots, this being probably a record sale.

Among other sporting proclivities, Mr. Russel is fond of the road, and for one year drove the Dorking coach.

It is, however, as a successful breeder and owner of racehorses that he is best known. Probably few owners have been more successful in an equally short space of time. Although Mr. Russel had horses in training before 1894, he ran none of his own breeding before that year, when he produced from his own stud Lady Minting, who as a three-year-old ran second in the One Thousand Guineas; Whittier, doubtless the best two-year-old of his year, who, with the worst of the weights, beat Marco, Bestman and Woolsthorpe in the Challenge Plate at Newmarket; Chatmoss, Slowstep, both good winners. Among other good

animals bred and owned by Mr. Russel were Thimble, Virgin, Emotion, Stage Villain, Bright Key, Tiresome, and Dusky Queen, who won the Gimcrack Stakes.

At the Ascot Meeting he achieved the not very common feat of winning two races in succession. Nattie, a three-year-old filly by Galopin—Gnat, crediting him with the All Aged Stakes; and Rigo, by Buccaneer—La Gitana, winning the New Biennial which followed.

Whittier is the best horse Mr. Russel has owned. Unfortunately he was not entered in the Derby, and there can be little doubt that he would have won the Leger in Sir Visto's year had he not gone amiss just before the race. Nearly all the above animals were bred on the Dundas Castle estate, but Mr. Russel's entire breeding stud has now been transferred to Halstead Place, his beautiful property in Kent, where he has laid out a most perfect range of boxes for broodmares, foals and yearlings, which are arranged with all the most modern improvements, both as regards sanitation, electric light, &c. He has also laid out paddocks upon which no horses have ever been bred, he being a great believer in advantages of fresh land for breeding animals. Here are to be seen this year as fine-looking a lot of yearlings as exist in England. Whittier stands here; he is doing good service as a sire, for he is a sure foal-getter, every mare last season proving in foal to him. His stock, too, is very promising.

Mr. Russel's success in breeding and racing may be attributed to the personal and practical interest he takes in everything connected with his stud, upon which neither money nor time is spared.

It should be mentioned that his breeding establishment at Halstead is near to the paddocks of that most successful breeder, Mr. Musker.

Mr. Russel's house at Newmarket, Somerville Lodge, is one of the most interesting there, containing as it does one of the best collections of sporting coloured prints in England, his racing and coursing cups, and many mementoes of his horses. Adjoining his house are his private stables, where his horses in training are looked after by J. Waugh.

Mr. Russel is an excellent shot. He has one of the finest partridge preserves in England at Denham and Dalham, near Newmarket, where very large bags have

been obtained during the past few years. There are few finer pheasant shoots than at Halstead Place, where every bird is a rocketeer. He is a very lucky sportsman who receives an invitation from Mr. Russel to join him at either of his shootings. The writer has had the good fortune to shoot on both these magnificent sporting estates, and therefore can testify as to the sport they afford.

Mr. Russel, who has travelled a great deal, is probably one of the most popular of our sportsmen, he certainly is among all who have the pleasure of his acquaintance, being of a most genial and happy disposition, extremely hospitable, and a fine judge of all sports.

Reminiscences of Coaching 70 Years Ago.

My earliest recollections of coaching date from my school-days, and are fragmentary at the best. I remember once starting by coach from the dear old town of Shrewsbury, bound, I have reason to suppose, for Scotland: but what the object of the journey was and all other details have faded out of memory, and only one or two trifles remain, clear and distinct as if of yesterday, in curious contradistinction to the oblivion in which the rest has so long been buried. I remember the driver; he was one of the ancient type of coachman, rubicund and jocular, his nether man was encased in top boots and "smalls," but the garment that made most impression on my youthful mind was his overcoat. This was of great thickness, and had three graduated capes which

stuck out all round his person like the feathers of an enraged turkey; the undermost covered his arms while leaving them quite unhampered, the next fell above the elbows, and the top one just reached the shoulders. This garment was adorned with white bone buttons the size of old penny-pieces. I think this must have been the first stage coachman I had ever inspected closely; he filled me with such admiration, and I remember him so well.

Travelling was slow in those days; seven or eight miles an hour was a respectable pace had it been maintained, but the frequent stoppages for refreshment and for other reasons made progress often very tedious. It is said of a coach which used to run between Stoke and Leek in Staffordshire that a certain frequent

passenger preferred walking to driving on it when he happened to be in a hurry!

When the era of fast coaching dawned, one of the first of the improved vehicles was put on the road by an enterprising Shrewsbury man, Mr. Isaac Taylor, who started it to ply between that place and London, a distance of 150 miles, in sixteen hours. The time allowed included stoppages for breakfast and dinner, and those meals were necessarily very brief indeed, much to the advantage of the innkeepers. The stages on the road were from eight to ten miles.

This coach was called the "Wonder," and after the deliberate speed of its predecessors the name was justified. Changing horses was a sight to please anyone who could appreciate smartness; three minutes was allowed for changing, and of course the coachman did not leave his box. As soon as the guard's horn was heard, the horsekeepers were out of the yard and on the road with the fresh team; before the coach had properly stopped, the horses were in their places ready to be put to, while the helpers had already half freed the traces of the arriving team. A few moments' bustle, scraping and scramble, and the well-broken horses were harnessed, the reins run through the rings and tossed up to the coachman, who had the new lot started almost before the ostlers could draw back. When the "Wonder" began to run, its changes were the chief source of excitement to the village or townspeople who collected to watch the business and start the coach again with a cheer.

The "stage" for the coachman was generally about forty or fifty miles out, and home again. The men depended for their pay on

the liberality of their passengers, and custom prescribed a regular form of words by which the coachman conveyed his intimation that it was time to tip him. When he descended from the box at the end of his stage, he courteously touched his hat with his forefinger, saying to his passengers, "Gentlemen, I leave you here." The sums thus gathered were not insignificant; the driver of a first-class coach, it was said, might collect two or three hundred pounds a year. The guard, who travelled all the way with the coach, was paid in the same manner.

Sam Hayward, who tooled the "Wonder" from Shrewsbury to Birmingham, was considered the best whip in all England. He used to drive up the Wyle Cop in Shrewsbury at a hand gallop, turning his team with unerring precision nearly at right angles into the entry of the "Lion Hotel," which was only a little wider than the coach itself.

Accidents were taken very calmly. On one occasion I occupied the box-seat beside Sam Hayward, when a rapid thaw, following a heavy snowfall, had reduced the roads to a terrible state. The horses were greatly distressed, but the time-bill was inexorable, and Hayward pushed on relentlessly. At last one of the wheelers fell. Hayward, who was a singularly silent individual, gave two sharp jerks at the rein without effect, then remarking, "I doubt u'll die," put the reins and whip into my hands and got down, followed by the guard. The two stared at one another without speaking for a minute, and began by stripping the harness, all but the collar, from the dying horse. They laid hold, one of a fore foot, the other of a hind foot, and quietly turned him over out

of the way. Then they took out one of the leaders, put him against the pole, and arranged the other leader to go unicorn. Having finished, the two men climbed to their places again, and Sam, taking the reins from me, drove on as if nothing unusual had happened. Saving Hayward's remark to myself before he got down, not a word had been uttered from first to last.

There can be little doubt but that the fast coaching system owed something to Mr. Taylor; it spread very quickly all over England, and the fast coaches were the admiration of foreigners, who might well contrast them with the lumbering *diligences* of the Continent.

The "Wonder" had not been long on the road before it had a rival in the "Nimrod," which was started to run to London by a different and rather longer route. Mr. Taylor was not easily discouraged. He put a new coach on the road taken by the "Nimrod," and timed it to start half an hour earlier, thus sweeping up all the traffic; and drily remarking that the "Nimrod" now had something to hunt, he named the new coach the "Stag."

In all parts of the country the rivalry between coaches running the same road was very keen, and the spirit infected all connected with them, the horsekeepers and "horsers" not less than proprietors and coachmen. "Horsers," I should observe, were the men who contracted to horse a coach for one stage, two, three, or more; most of them were innkeepers, but a few made it a regular business. The smartest work, in the West of England at all events, was that done between Liverpool and Cheltenham by the coaches "Hibernia" and "l'Hirondelle" (the latter had swallows in flight

painted all over the panels, but this hint notwithstanding, the population of the iron districts freely rendered the name "Iron Devil"). Let that pass, however; these two coaches accomplished their journey in a time which required an actual travelling rate of eleven miles an hour. In the hilly parts of the road a pair of extra leaders, with a postillion, was in waiting to help pull the coach up steep inclines. The "Hibernia" and "l'Hirondelle" became known as the "calico coaches," owing to the sporting ambitions of two drapers; one of these took it into his head to horse "l'Hirondelle" for a stage or two, and fired by emulation, his trade rival did the same for the "Hibernia."

May-day was a great event in the old coaching world. It was customary on that day to turn out every coach freshly painted and varnished, with new fittings, new harness, the guard in new livery, and the coachman in his smartest array. It was also the custom for rival coaches to race one another on May-day; so well recognised was this often dangerous practice that steady-going people avoided travelling if they possibly could on May 1st. Unless on a good road, they had reason to avoid it; for sometimes a coach would accomplish its entire May-day journey at an average speed of fifteen miles an hour; feats of this kind, however, were considered deserving of record in the sporting papers. A friend who one May-day in the long-ago had secured the box-seat of "l'Hirondelle" gave me a graphic description of a very daring—or foolhardy—exploit of the coachman on that occasion. The rival coaches, in accordance with annual custom, were racing, and until near Bridgenorth were tolerably well together;

but when approaching the town the "Hibernia" drew away, and kept a lead of a few hundred yards.

To those who are unacquainted with this picturesque old place, it must be explained that there are two towns, the "high town" built on a headland, and the more recent "low town," which stands some 200 feet below, about the level of the Severn. The high road which winds round the headland under the ruined Castle wall is very steep, and is protected on the outside only by a stout post-and-rail fence. The coachman of "l'Hirondelle," a man of iron nerve and a splendid whip, remarked as the "Hibernia" approached the descent, "Ah! now he'll stop to skid and I shall pass him." My friend exclaimed in horror. Surely the man did not intend to take the hill without skidding the wheel? "Yes I do," was the cool reply, and he did. While the more prudent driver of the "Hibernia" was arranging his brake, he of "l'Hirondelle" shook up his team, passed him, and plunged down the hill at speed. Two-thirds of the way to the bottom the coach began to sway so heavily from side to side that capsize seemed inevitable. A man less experienced or less bold would probably have held his wheelers hard and thrown the coach over by his endeavour to save the accident. But "l'Hirondelle's" coachman knew better. He laid into his team, put them at a gallop, and thus tightening his traces, kept his coach on an even keel while down they flew at racing pace. The danger did not end with safe arrival at the bottom of the hill, for a short distance on was the narrow bridge over the Severn, to cross which the road turned nearly at a right angle. Steadily

and coolly the coachman got his team under control and moderated the pace sufficiently to steer safely round the corner and cross the bridge. He got in a good quarter of a mile ahead of his rival.

My friend said he was never so thankful for anything in his life as he was when the peril was well over. But he confessed that he had never seen a finer display of coachmanship.

The change in the class and character of the coachmen when the fast era set in was quite as marked as the change in the build of the vehicles, and the stamp of horses used. It was not uncommon to find the box occupied by a gentleman who had ruined himself by gambling, and who adopted this as the only means of making a livelihood; no unpleasant way of doing it either. Some of the younger men affected a certain amount of dandyism. I remember making acquaintance with a good specimen of the 'dandy coachman when travelling one hot day in July to Liverpool by "l'Hirondelle." Chester was the end of the coachman's stage, and when the man who had brought us thither got down, the "outsiders" were amused to see a groom appear laden with cushions, which he piled carefully on the driving seat. Then came our new coachman. He was a handsome young fellow in a blue dress-coat with gilt buttons, primrose-coloured vest, black shorts, white-silk stockings and pumps. He came out drawing on a pair of white kid gloves rather ostentatiously, and having arranged an unexceptionable button-hole, settled his shiny hat comfortably and lighted his cigar, he mounted the box and sank into his cushions. His general get-up and bearing did not inspire confidence, but I am bound to admit

that any misgivings I may have had soon vanished as we rattled through the streets of Chester, for he handled his team perfectly. I never sat by a more accomplished whip.

The ordinary post-coach carried twelve passengers outside and four inside. The fares were proportionately higher than by the mail, so this was considered rather an aristocratic mode of travelling. There was only one seat behind, which was appropriated to the guard. This seat was generally covered with a tiger or leopard skin. On one side was the case for the horn, and on the other a place for weapons, as all guards were armed. The guard himself was an imposing figure, clad in a long scarlet coat with gold-lace facings. One of his chief duties was to hand out and receive the mail bags at the different post-offices.

The nucleus of the whole mail-coach system was of course the metropolis, whence the coaches started for all parts of the kingdom. In the heyday of the coaching era Her Majesty's mail was famous for the punctuality with which it kept time through-

out a journey across the kingdom. The inhabitants of villages and country towns through which it passed usually set their clocks by the mail.

The departure of the mail coaches from St. Martin's-le-Grand was one of the sights of London. Well it might be, when fifty or more left one after the other for Holyhead, Liverpool, Edinburgh, Bristol, Exeter, &c., &c. Opposite the Post-Office stood the old Bull and Mouth Inn. Its underground stables, which could accommodate a hundred horses or more, lighted with gas and beautifully kept, formed another sight also worth seeing.

Having referred to the coachman's "stage," it may not be out of place to notice a feat of endurance performed by the famous athlete, Captain Barclay (the first man to walk a thousand miles in a thousand hours). For a wager he drove the mail from London to Edinburgh, a distance of over 400 miles, without a rest, and it is said that on reaching Edinburgh, where he was met by his own horse and gig, he left the coach box and forthwith drove home to his own place. T.

Small Horses in Warfare.

THE invaluable services rendered by the mounted infantry and light cavalry forces in South Africa have opened the eyes of the nation to the necessity for permanently maintaining these arms in greater strength and efficiency than we have done heretofore; and this necessity involving as a first consequence increased attention to the supply of suitable horses, Sir Walter Gilbey's little book* comes at a most opportune moment.

The author's great practical knowledge, combined with his wide acquaintance with the literature relating to the horse, peculiarly qualify him for the task he has undertaken. His aim is to demonstrate that "small compact animals between 13.2 and 14.2 hands high are those on which reliance can be placed for hard and continuous work on scanty and innutritious food." In other words, for such work as falls to the lot of mounted infantry and light cavalry on a campaign. It

* "Small Horses in Warfare." By Sir Walter Gilbey, Bart. (Vinton & Co., Ltd.).



Frederick Taylor, artist.

ON THE ALERT.

will be admitted that he proves his case beyond the possibility of dispute. To support his own knowledge of the working qualities of small horses and their ability to perform long and severe marches on the poorest feed, he has drawn upon the writings of soldiers and travellers, and has made his selection of witnesses from among men who have employed what we should call ponies, not from choice, but from necessity, and whose testimony has therefore the value of disinterestedness. Captain Fred Burnaby, for example, bought the 14-hand pony which carried him 870 miles in the depth of a Turkestan winter with grave misgivings concerning its ability to carry him at all; and the strength, staying power and hardiness of this pony became a daily increasing source of wonder to him.

All the evidence brought forward by Sir Walter is sound and convincing; but perhaps the witness that will carry the greatest weight is Colonel P. H. S. Barrow, who furnished a suggestive report to the War Office on the Arab ponies used by the 19th Hussars during the Nile campaign of 1885. It had been found that English horses could not stand the hard work required of them in a tropical climate on the fare available, and accordingly officers and men were mounted on the small Syrian Arabs used by the Egyptian cavalry. These were stallions averaging 14 hands in height, and averaging between 8 and 9 years. On these the 19th Hussars performed all the duties required of cavalry, marching from 20 to 40 miles a day; the average daily ration was between 5 and 6lbs. of grain, and dry or green dhooira stalk replaced hay. Space forbids detailed consideration of the wonderful work done

by these ponies, carrying about 14 stone. Colonel Biddulph, who commanded the regiment, sums it up in a few words: "The performance of the small Arab horses both with the river and desert columns, carrying heavy weight, on scanty fare and less water, is a marvel of endurance."

The achievements of ponies in India, where experimental marches have been undertaken without any idea of proving the superiority of small over larger horses; in the Sahara, where the French general Daumas studied the Barb to the ultimate benefit of readers; in Eastern Asia, Australia and the New World, are examined in turn. The result is proof of Sir Walter's proposition that small horses are peculiarly suitable for certain campaigning work "which demands staying power, hardiness and independence of high feeding."

The chapter on "Army Horses of the Future" affords food for thought, and must be recommended to the notice of those who seek a line of horsebreeding that shall be profitable. Pointing out that the demand for small horses to mount our troops in South Africa compelled the Government agents to look abroad for their requirements, the author presses on our attention the fact that we have foundation stock of the very best kind at home. The New Forest, Wales and Exmoor offer us ponies "whose small size bears no relation to their weight-carrying power, and whose mode of life is the best possible preparation for 'roughing it' in South Africa." These Sir Walter would cross with the Arab, whose good bone, soundness of constitution and stoutness single him out as the sire above all others calculated to get horses of the kind desired. The advantages of calling in the services of the ancestral

stock of our thorough-breds are urged with characteristic lucidity and force; we need for mounted infantry "a natural and not an artificial horse," and this we may obtain by crossing the Arab with our native ponies and by judicious methods of rearing. The author foresees the difficulties in the way, but we fully share his view that these may be overcome by care and judgment. It is significant that Sir Walter's opinions on the good results to be obtained by this cross were anticipated and strongly urged by an anonymous but obviously competent writer over sixty years ago. The author

has appended to his book some extracts from this work which deals with the question first from the standpoint of the theorist and later from that of the practical and experienced breeder.

A few well-chosen illustrations enhance the appearance of this highly instructive and interesting little book, among them reproductions of some of Henry Alken's delicate pencil drawings in the author's possession. "On the Alert," by the late Frederick Taylor, forms an appropriate and artistic frontispiece whose merits readers of BAILY'S may appraise for themselves.

The Height of Polo Ponies.

A NEW IDEA FROM SOUTH AFRICA.

SIR,— There are two cogent reasons which prompt me to send you the accompanying letter received this week from an unknown friend now serving his country in the Orange River colony. The one is the new light thrown on this much-debated and debatable question by this far-away officer, and the other is the pleasant touch that warms a writer's feelings, when he has this testimony that your pages, dear BAILY, can and do find their way into the theatre of war, and serve to fill a vacant space in the musings of gallant soldiers in their solitary duties amid the boulders of Boerland, and brighten their thoughts on the sports they love best.

I forbear to comment on "Thabanchu's" letter, except to say that, as regards the polo players themselves, there is much

good sense in what he says (although I doubt whether they will ever submit to the weighing test); but as regards the breeders and rearers of polo ponies, his suggestions do not help to solve the vexed question of a uniform standard of measurement at the height of 14 hands 2 inches.

I wish "Thabanchu" had also given us a little of his experience of ponies in warfare, and told us what he thinks would have been the utility of a pony brigade of mounted infantry in tackling our slim enemies the Boers. Perhaps he, or some other kindly disposed unknown friend, will ere long add to our knowledge some facts on the subject, which may be of practical advantage to the country both in peace and war.

I am, sir,

Yours obediently,
BORDERER.

"Thabanchu,

"Orange Free State,

"May 3rd, 1900.

"DEAR 'BORDERER,'—Please excuse paper, &c., as necessity knows no laws. We have just received BAILY'S MAGAZINE of March last. I see that mention is made of the question of height of polo ponies again. Is it utterly absurd to suggest that ponies should be weighed, not measured? As you well know, there is many a 14-hand pony that weighs a deal more than a 14-hands-2-inch pony. The only object in legislating for height of ponies is, I take it, to prevent unduly powerful ponies playing in the same game with smaller [(?) lighter], as owing to their superior weight they are a considerable source of danger in the matter of riding off, &c., besides outpacing the smaller ponies. I haven't the least idea what a 14-2 pony weighs, but supposing, for the sake of argument, that such a pony on the average weighed a ton, I would constitute that a maximum weight. There would be 14-hand ponies that would weigh this, and also many 14-hands-3-inch animals which would not weigh more. Of course many people would,

undoubtedly, doctor their ponies and lower them in condition, with a view to getting them registered. This, however, I think, could easily be legislated for by having ponies liable to be weighed prior to a match. It would also be rather a case of robbing Peter to pay Paul, if an owner seriously lowered his pony's condition at the beginning of a season. I am quite prepared to hear that the idea of weighing ponies is ridiculous, but, *prima facie*, I cannot see why. If weighing would not answer, why not try measuring over the highest part of the loins? As you well know, there is often a pony low in the withers and high in the quarters, really a much bigger and more powerful animal than a pony measuring an inch taller at the point of very high withers.

"I am very much interested in polo and polo ponies, so this must be my excuse for inflicting such a scrawl upon you. This is written under considerable difficulties, however. I am on the side of a hill, up against a rock, on outpost duty. I sign myself, for public edification, in case you may wish to publish and comment on these suggestions,

"THABANCHU."

The Law of Average *v.* the Law of Chance.

It would be somewhat difficult, I think, to find a subject where the consensus of opinion is more unanimous than on so-called gambling systems.

Whilst it is allowed some may live longer than others, still the unanimous verdict is, that in the long run they one and all *must* break down. Apparently the late M. Blanc, who ought to know, held the same view, or else he

would never, as the story goes, have offered a million (francs, I presume) to anyone who could prove that money could be won with certainty at his roulette tables.

Assuming, therefore, this opinion to be correct, it stands to reason there must be some valid or certain cause for this universal breakdown. In other words, this unanimous verdict, which insists

that every system *must* fail, must *ipso facto* also insist that there is some definite cause to bring about this failure, which will be found to be the inevitable run of non-success, or so-called bad luck, against which they are unable to stand, even though backed with capital; for in the case of the roulette table that is useless against the maximum.

A fitting tribute to the strength of the said maximum as "a line of defence" is paid in the reply of one of the Rothschilds to the query why he did not play by the proprietor of the tables, "Remove your maximum, M. Blanc, and I will play as long as you like."

Yet another tale showing that even M. Blanc did not know the lawless pranks of his own tables, or what they might do, and told me by one still alive and present with him when it occurred.

On a certain evening years ago they were standing looking on at one of the tables at Monte Carlo. Up to it came a certain Russian princess, a great gambler, accompanied by a gentleman, and began playing a louis *en plein* on number 31, which repeated itself three times. Then noticing M. Blanc, with whom she was acquainted, she came up and asked permission to exceed the maximum (9 louis) on the next stake. It was granted, though to what amount my memory fails me. Suffice to say, the number continued to repeat itself, and after its sixth reappearance the lady asked, "Now, M. Blanc, what will you allow me to put on?" Fairly on his mettle, and in the full belief of the infallibility of his system (the table), he replied, "Princess, the Bank of France, if you had it." She wanted to accept the challenge and risk a large sum, but was persuaded not to by her companion, with the

result that 31 again appeared, and established a fresh "record" for the tables.

This is, as I have said, a true tale, and worthy of all acceptance—one to read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest, as proving that though the actual odds against an event happening at the tables may be hundreds of millions, this eccentric law of chance occasionally "lands" them, and so laughs at any so-called system founded on its inability to perform a certain act as judged from what has gone before.

Let us ask the table itself for its opinion, and hear what it has to say. In a recent article on the subject, the writer states that red is recorded to have turned up 28 times in succession at Monte Carlo, and that "the odds against this event are more than 268 millions to 1." Were the tables to lay these tempting odds, I think at the 28th spin the red would still have a fair following, but unfortunately they reduce them to evens. But conversely, surely they are somewhat liberal.

If in a race where only two horses start the odds *against* the non-favourite are, say 9 to 4, it means that as regards the favourite the odds are 2 to 1 *on*. Similarly, it might be argued, if the odds are 268 millions to 1 *against* red turning up the 28th time in succession, surely it ought to be not merely a slight shade, but a big cloud of odds *on* black doing so. But the tables ask for none such, and are quite prepared to accept "evens," even to the maximum. Here we have their answer, and what value they put on latest "form" as a guide to finding winners at their "meeting," and also a death-blow to any system which is based on the fact of some particular chance

being *en retard*, or any similar delusive foundation.

In the article above-mentioned are given as examples of these gambling systems the well-known progressions, the *tiers et tout*, the *d'Alembert* (*montant et descendant*), and the so-called Labouchere, which the writer points out are worthless, having no valid foundation. These certainly are gambles, but equally certainly they are not systems. My dictionary tells me the word "system" means a method. In one and all of these, and all similar examples, I can find no method except in the madness of their gambling powers, and one and all are solely dependent for success on so-called luck, a factor none of them can command at will.

Hear what De Moivre has to say about this same luck which has so much to answer for in this world:—

"The doctrine of chances may likewise be a help to cure a kind of superstition which has been of long standing in the world, viz., that there is in play such a thing as luck, good or bad. I own there are a great many judicious people who, without any other assistance than that of their own reason, are satisfied that the notion of luck is merely chimerical, yet I conceive that the ground they have to look upon it as such may still be further enforced from some of the following considerations.

"If by saying a man has had good luck nothing more was meant than that he was generally a gainer at play, the expression might be allowed as being proper in a short way of speaking, but if the word 'good luck' be understood to signify a certain predominant quality, so inherent in a man that he must win whenever he plays, or at least win oftener than lose, it may be denied that there is any such thing in nature.

"The asserters of such are very sure from their own experience that at some time they have been very lucky, and that at other times they have had a prodigious run of ill luck against them, which whilst it continued obliged them to be very cautious in engaging with the fortunate; but how chance should produce those extraordinary events is what they cannot conceive. They would be glad, for instance, to be satisfied how they could lose fifteen games together at piquet if ill luck had not strangely prevailed against them. But if they will be pleased to consider the rules delivered in this book, they will see that though the odds against their doing so are very great, viz., 32,767 to 1, yet that the possibility of it is not destroyed by the greatness of the odds, there being one chance in 32,768 that it may so happen, from whence it follows that it was still possible to come to pass without the intervention of what they call ill luck.

"Besides, this accident of losing fifteen times together at piquet is no more to be imputed to ill luck than the winning with one single ticket the highest prize in a lottery of 32,768 tickets is to be imputed to good luck, as the chances in both cases are perfectly equal. But if it be said that luck has been concerned in this latter case, the answer will be easy; for let us suppose luck not existing, or at least let us suppose its influence to be suspended, yet the highest prize must fall into some hand or other, not by luck, but from the mere necessity of its falling somewhere. Those who contend for luck may, if they please, allege other cases at play much more unlikely to happen than the winning or losing fifteen games together, yet still their opinion will never receive

any addition of strength from such suppositions. For, by the rules of chance, a time may be computed in which those cases may as probably happen as not, nay, not only so, but a time may be computed in which there may be any proportion of odds for their so happening.

"But supposing that gain and loss were so fluctuating as always to be distributed equally whereby luck would certainly be annihilated, would it be reasonable in this case to attribute the events of play to chance alone? I think, on the contrary, it would be quite otherwise, for then there would be more reason to suspect that some unaccountable fatality did rule in it. Thus, if two persons play at cross and pile, and chance alone is supposed to be concerned in regulating the fall of the piece, it is probable that there would be an equality of heads and crosses. It is five to three that in four times there will be an equality; it is eleven to five in six; 93 to 35 in eight; and about 12 to 1 in a hundred times. Wherefore chance alone by its nature constitutes the inequalities of play; there is no need to have recourse to luck to explain them."

Though it may be better to be born lucky than rich, still, I think it will also be better to look elsewhere than to luck for a valid foundation for our system wherewith to tackle the eccentric law of chance.

Let me further quote from an old writer of the use to be made of the doctrine of chance, namely, "that it may serve in conjunction with the other parts of the mathematicks as a fit introduction to the art of reasoning, it being known by experience that nothing can contribute more to the attaining of that art than the consideration of a long train of consequences,

rightly deduced from undoubted principles, of which this book affords many examples.

"To this may be added that some of the problems about chance having a great appearance of simplicity, the mind is easily drawn into a belief that this solution may be obtained by the mere strength of natural good sense; which generally proving otherwise, and the mistakes occasioned thereby being not unfrequent, it is presumed that a book of this kind, which teaches to distinguish truth from what seems so nearly to resemble it, will be looked upon as a help to good reasoning.

"Among the several mistakes that are committed about chance, one of the most common and least suspected is that which relates to lotteries. Thus, supposing a lottery wherein the proportion of blanks to prizes is as five to one, it is very natural to conclude that therefore five tickets are necessary for the chance of a prize, and yet it may be proved demonstratively that four tickets are more than sufficient for that purpose. In like manner, supposing a lottery wherein the proportion of blanks to prizes is as 39 to 1, it can be proved that in 28 tickets a prize is as likely to be taken as not; which, though it may seem to contradict the common notions, is nevertheless grounded on infallible demonstration."

For the solution of this and many other equally interesting problems, I must refer my readers to De Moivre's marvellous work.* Should any think fit to obtain and study it, they will find its "Propositions" much more interesting than the "Pons Asinorum" & Co. of our schoolboy days, and I think

* "The Doctrine of Chance."

they will agree with the author when he tells us that "one of the principal uses to which the doctrine of chance may be applied is the discovery of some truths which cannot fail of pleasing the mind by their generality and simplicity. The admirable connection of its consequences will increase the pleasure of the discovery, and the seeming paradoxes wherewith it abounds will afford very great matter of surprise and entertainment to the inquisitive."

My study of this law of chance was first brought about by reading Professor Pearson's article,

like many another, I determined to try and solve the problem. My first object was to try and ascertain wherein lay the strength of my enemy's position. Examining the roulette table, I realised that it was the practical adaptation of a very clever system for the benefit of *its* followers, namely, the bank, where against *our* attacks it protected itself by three lines of defence, so to speak, represented by cramped odds, zero and the maximum, giving a certain percentage in its favour and so victory in the long run. The strength of my adversary's position I had, therefore, dis-

Method.	Percentages.		Trials.	Experimenter or Calculator.
	Success.	Failure.		
Roulette	50·15	49·85	16,141	Pearson.
"	50·27	49·73	16,019	De Whalley.
Bag of Balls	50·11	49·89	10,000	Westergaard.
"	50·4	49·6	4,096	Quetelet.
Tossing	51	49	4,040	Buffon.
"	50·05	49·95	4,092	De Morgan's pupil.
"	50·04	49·96	8,178	Griffith.
"	50·16	49·84	12,000	Pearson.
"	50·05	49·95	24,000	Pearson.
Lottery	50·034	49·966	7,275	Westergaard.

"Science and Monte Carlo," which appeared in the *Fortnightly Review*, February, 1894, wherein the writer sums up as follows:—"Monte Carlo roulette, if judged by returns which are published apparently with the sanction of the Société, is, if the laws of chance rule, from the standpoint of exact science the most prodigious miracle of the nineteenth century." Remembering that I had either read somewhere or been told that the roulette table was originally invented by a monk, it struck me as being somewhat strange that any one man, be he priest or layman, should be able to construct a system against which all others failed, and so,

covered to lie in his power of defence, not attack.

During the last six months our troops have learnt that nowadays, against an enemy entrenched in a strong position, and armed with the magazine rifle, a frontal attack is suicidal. To oust him we must have recourse to tactics and strategy. Equally so I knew that a frontal attack against the position in question was hopeless, as proved by the universal failure of all those so-called systems. Each of them might be "*magnifique*" in its gambling, "*mais ce n'est pas la guerre*" was proved by results, and so here also I must resort to tactics and strategy if I hoped to succeed.

Returning to the article in question, we find the table on page 15 and explanation of its contents:—

"The foregoing table gives the numbers of trials, the percentages of success and failure in the case of roulette as compared with various other cases of equal chances. I premise that "success" means throwing into a red compartment, or drawing a counter or ball of a given colour out of a bag containing equal numbers of two colours, or tossing a tail (a head in Mr. Griffith's case), or drawing any of the first forty-five numbers out of a bag containing ninety tickets numbered from one to ninety.

"In theory the result of an indefinitely great number of trials ought to be 50 per cent. success and 50 per cent. failure. In no case, however, is this experimentally reached exactly, but in all the cases of large numbers we have but small deviations from 50 per cent."

I was at once struck by this last remark, bearing out as it does in practice what De Moivre has already told us. Later on we are given another example from Monte Carlo roulette when at the end of 31,374 spins the difference between the colours is but 9. Further investigation on my own behalf only tended to emphasise the apparent fact that there was no power extant that could prevent those chances eventually approaching each other, no matter what eccentricities they had been guilty of in the meantime.

Here, therefore, I had something definite to go upon, namely, that apparently no power could prevent the law of average working itself out. Such being the case, I took unto myself this same law as the fundamental basis of my system, and a sound and valid one I have proved it to be.

For by limiting my chances in each coup, as clearly laid down by this method, I protect myself against "fluctuations from average" (which we are told "are the sole reliable test"), "redundances of intermittences," &c., which demonstrate that roulette at Monte Carlo is not a game of chance, and that no scheme, were there, indeed, such possible, based on the laws of chance would suffice "to break the bank."*

With these bank-breaking schemes referred to by the writer, I have nothing in common. On the contrary, on his own showing I ought to be quite content if I can prevent the bank breaking me and adding another to its victims.

Having now developed my plan, it will be seen that it is no suicidal frontal attack. On the contrary, I have taken a leaf out of my all-conquering adversary's book, and occupy a strongly-fortified position awaiting his attack. If made by these even chances, it is practically secure.

Protected against these "redundances of intermittences," I await the appearance of permanences, which are my opportunity for counter-attack. Then, by the method employed, it is clearly pointed out when, in Stock Exchange language, I shall cut my loss on the losing, how long I shall run my profit on the winning one.

As my loss on each occasion can only be a very small one, whereas on many my gain will far exceed it, there is comparatively little fear of my position being "turned" by the attack of those even chances.

If one thinks fit to oppose the consensus of opinion on any particular subject, it is useless to do

* The bank in question has a capital of £2,000,000 l

so, unless able to produce incontestable proof to support one's counter-argument. To do this heretofore, I have taken Turf records as the field for my examples, being, as they are, authentic data, so that every statement can be verified.

Thus in my last pamphlet* on the subject, I took the mounts of

half-a-dozen of the leading jockeys as being the most crucial test for my plan that these Turf records afforded. It resulted in an all-round improvement in their percentage of winning mounts, and, from a practical standpoint, instead of being "an utter fallacy" (as I have frequently read) to "back" their mounts, it would have proved a very pleasing fact, as is duly shown.

* "Among the Jockeys in '90," published by Messrs. Seale, 10, Imperial Arcade.

Black. Red.	Black. Red.	Black. Red.	Black. Red.	Black. Red.	Black. Red.	Black. Red.	Black. Red.	Black. Red.	Black. Red.	Black. Red.	Black. Red.	Black. Red.	Black. Red.	Black. Red.	Black. Red.	Black. Red.	Black. Red.	Black. Red.
20	8	1	10	4	18	2	33	24	10	Z	11	36	10	17				
29	9	8	35	1	2	11	Z	24	4	2	6	15	7	2				
2	17	30	18	33	5	18	13	35	5	33	19	1	16	10				
36	10	2	24	21	18	31	15	25	9	22	13	15	25	35				
9	17	9	27	10	23	30	5	15	17	35	10	4	16	1				
36	33	25	10	10	Z	14	4	21	23	33	13	13	Z	19				
26	33	18	34	13	2	13	26	Z	12	1	20	8	17	30				
36	8	Z	12	29	31	33	4	13	24	4	25	11	14	11				
29	7	24	31	12	1	19	12	36	26	30	7	6	12	34				
16	22	19	Z	34	11	24	36	3	Z	10	13	28	6	21				
11	12	16	29	12	6	6	9	34	33	20	36	9	31	8				
36	27	6	36	22	25	20	4	34	36	11	16	17	22	17				
29	26	33	35	12	35	Z	32	30	11	3	32	27	10	8				
20	18	12	8	28	18	10	26	15	14	27	Z	17	36	30				
1	8	27	13	4	19	9	9	25	1	17	16	7	15	17				
36	1	30	30	10	28	33	27	28	5	35	5	19	21	36				
25	27	13	13	32	6	24	33	2	32	6	3	34	27	7				
17	1	31	34	14	12	10	33	17	Z	24	3	5	31	12				
21	34	1	25	11	13	8	14	26	31	23	24	27	33	32				
24	11	30	19	12	16	23	19	35	3	1	11	2	Z	2				
30	13	10	4	26	1	32	27	15	1	24	21	8	25	2				
20	13	30	16	22	35	10	17	1	22	5	35	Z	33	35				
20	21	3	18	28	25	7	9	24	8	18	22	30	16	36				
25	4	18	36	21	8	Z	8	36	4	2	13	4	1	8				
14	29	6	17	28	Z	3	20	19	13	22	14	26	33	4				
5	24	7	5	20	34	8	21	18	30	33	25	22	16	16				
1	7	8	14	13	13	3	21	5	12	20	7	1	11	21				
32	1	10	21	8	7	14	9	10	2	35	21	30	24	25				
1	11	5	9	35	25	9	Z	11	10	34	22	36	29	18				
18	10	3	10	25	32	30	2	23	5	10	18	1	33	12				
9	33	5	24	31	28	10	20	13	20	Z	33	23	6	6				
8	36	20	7	27	12	13	1	27	33	27	6	32	25	1				
5	28	16	34	18	2	22	23	30	4	33	26	Z	16	22				
14	28	35	2	36	19	16	29	36	15	18	7	29	27	12				
34	22	31	36	Z	16	18	10	27	30	17	27	13	16	24				
11	6	34	19	10	29	33	10	16	4	14	2	10	18	10				
36	16	30	26	34	11	34	25	8	24	28	10	25	19					
9	19	13	18	24	6	22	15	22	Z	29	23	27	36					
2	31	4	31	2	28	7	4	19	16	30	22	9	13	5				
5	4	15	23	33	32	27	4	24	6	9	19	32						
33	34	36	15	32	5	3	20	12	9	11	19	30						
30	11	12	1	5	Z	15	1	35	24									

There are no similar authentic records of the tables, so I must ask my readers to accept as such the one given on the previous page, being one of the seven days' play, published by *Vanity Fair* a few years ago. The attraction of roulette does not lie in those even chances, which are better played at trente-et-quarante, but in those where the odds are more elastic.

In many minds, especially the feminine, there is more joy over winning one chance *en plein* than over ninety and nine "just" even chances; so let us see how I fare during the following day's play taking the first of these that appear, namely, the number 20, and in so doing the hardest test the table affords.

Analysing the day's play, it will be found that there are 619 spins of the wheel, during which No. 20 appeared fourteen times, the odds against it doing so on each occasion being 35 to 1, and so the result of consistently following it throughout would be a loss of 115 chances. When things are going right we want no system; it is when they are going wrong we want some plan that will come to our assistance, as in the present case. If it be "utter fallacy" to follow consistently a jockey's mount, surely still more so one of these numbers.

But here, as with the jockey mounts, "utter fallacy" is replaced by pleasing fact, or 115 losing chances into 70 winning ones, by means of the plan adopted. Here, also, we have

still better proof of the strength of my position and how it can hold out, even against such odds. In writing thus it must not be imagined I am advocating any such absurdity as an infallible system. I am merely giving my views on the law of chance, after a long and careful study of its eccentricities, and how I endeavour to master them on lines different to those generally employed, but which are based on sound reasoning—lines, too, which enable me to run my opponent at "level weights," without being handicapped with the risks of gambling, which no real system should require.

In the many "rounds" I have had with this opponent, needless to say at times I have received a certain amount of "punishment," but never a fair knock-out blow. *Tout vient à qui sait attendre*, so perhaps some day I shall get it. Till then, however, I must have the courage of my convictions and stick to what I said in the first of my articles on the subject in this MAGAZINE. "A so-called infallible system is *ipso facto* an absurdity, being antagonistic to all common sense, which has been my guide, philosopher and friend throughout this work of mine; but, on the other hand, I fail to see why it must of necessity be beyond the powers of human ingenuity, taking for its ally this same common sense, to formulate a plan by which, more or less successfully, to oppose this eccentric Law of Chance."

H.



L. Haidinger, photo.]

I.—AVOIDING THE GRIP.

Wrestling in the Salzburg Mountains.

THOUGH practised in other districts, the province of Salzburg is the head-quarters of that form of athletics known in Austria as "rangeln," which word is equivalent to the middle English "wranglen" and to "wrestling" at the present day, an exercise which enjoyed great popularity in Greece two thousand years ago and more.

The great arena for this pastime is the principal valley of Land Salzburg, the Salzachthal, whose upper part is called Ober Pinzgau and Unter Pinzgau. In that beautiful spot wrestling matches have been held for the last five centuries, for in a fourteenth century chronicle we find mention of the Pinzgau wrestlers. The peasantry in the neighbourhood of Zell am See, that deservedly favourite resort of summer visitors, are particularly fond of it. The school boys wrestle according to all the traditional rules; young men find in wrestling their chief amusement, and the middle-aged show the youngsters "how fields were won." This sport has, so to say, become part of the existence of the Pinzgauers, and by consequence they are splendidly muscular and brawny fellows.

In Salzburg two distinct forms of wrestling are known as "rangeln." In either the object is to throw the adversary to the ground; but the methods differ materially. The older rule was that the one wrestler should seize the other by his belt and throw him backwards over his head, a feat that required enormous strength and skill, and which was accompanied by considerable danger, for the vanquished man might break his arm, leg or even his neck in his fall. The present method demands

equal dexterity if less muscle, and is comparatively free from risks to limb; serious accidents do not very often occur.

The two wrestlers about to try a fall take off their coats and waistcoats and roll up their shirt sleeves, sometimes substituting thick stockings for their boots. Their boots being hobnailed are unsuitable for wear in the ring, as an accidental kick might inflict serious hurt. The signal being given they rush forward, each striving to catch hold of the other. Generally they take hold with only one hand each at first, stretching the other out, dragging from side to side till the one man gives the other a chance of a favourable grip. When this occurs the two draw closer together, and the real wrestling commences. They seize one another's arms; but the great aim of each is to obtain a grip of his adversary's trunk, or leg, and thus throw him to the ground. Consequently they draw their bodies as far back as possible out of the reach of an inconvenient hand, while at the same time putting their heads against one another. Often the weaker man is quicker and more skilful than the stronger, and, frustrating every effort of his opponent, comes off victor. When actually thrown the bout is not yet lost, for the man is not vanquished till both his shoulders touch the ground at the same time; therefore it sometimes happens that a wrestler not only manages to rise again, but finally proves the winner.

The rules, with slight modification, perhaps, have been in force for centuries. They are not written, but transmitted orally. Every lad tussles in the meadow



L. Haidinger, photo.]

A LEG GRIP.

with those of his age, and thanks to the instruction he has received from his father, knows as well as his seniors what grips are fair, and what tricks are forbidden; and from childhood he learns that he must neither kick, strike nor throttle.

The Pinzgauers firmly believe in the old adage, "Practice makes perfect," for they miss no opportunity of engaging in their favourite and healthful sport. When two young fellows meet in summer after work is over for the day it is not long before jackets and waistcoats are flung aside and they are wrestling with as much zeal and activity as if they had been idle all day instead of working hard. The residents in each village form a sort of club, and during the season generally meet on the wrestling ground once a week. Thus each one finds opportunity of measuring himself against his fellows in turn, and thus the strength and skill of each man is accurately gauged. The best wrestler is chosen as the champion to represent his village at the various wrestling matches which are held in the neighbourhood. The conservative mountaineers have for centuries held these on the same days in each year on the same spots. The principal meetings take place on St. James's Day (July 25th) and on the third Sunday in August. On the former day the *ranglers*, their friends and the spectators meet on the Hundstein, one of the Salzburg Alps, having an elevation of nearly 7,000 feet; and on the latter the meeting comes off on the well known Schmittenhoehe, near Zell am See, a spot frequently visited by English tourists for the sake of the magnificent view it commands of the surrounding snow-clad peaks. Other meetings take place at different times in the summer

at various places; for example, at Pass Griesen in the Leogang Mountains, and on the Brandstatt in the vicinity of Gastein; but none of them are of much more than local importance, and they are much less attended by the Pinzgau lovers of sport than are the two first mentioned, on the Hundstein and the Schmittenhoehe.

No meeting has the celebrity of that last named. Not only do Pinzgauers from far and near take part in this Wrestlers' Derby, but the most renowned from other parts of Salzburg Land, and many parts of Tyrol, go thither to measure themselves against the champions. On the great day there is a veritable pilgrimage to the place of meeting, for all the inhabitants and great numbers of strangers take the deepest interest in the contests. For weeks before the event the chances of the various wrestlers have been the one absorbing topic of conversation among their friends and acquaintances; they bet freely on their favourites, considerable sums being sometimes at stake. Old and young, men, women, boys and girls have for the time no thought, no interest in life but the great event. The son or brother on whose prowess the village depends to maintain the reputation won by his forbears will not fail for lack of advice and admonition. Strangers who happen to be in the neighbourhood do not miss the opportunity of witnessing the ancient games on the Schmittenhoehe. Thus it happens that, on the third Sunday in August, crowds of folk may be seen laboriously climbing the mountain, up which, despite the glorious view obtainable from its summit, 6,455 feet above the sea, there is yet no railway. The ascent takes three or four hours.

At the top there is an elongated plateau which is the time-honoured wrestling place, and none more magnificent can be conceived. It is no exaggeration to say that all the world produces no more superb stage for such an ancient meeting of a primitive folk than this. An incomparable panorama meets our gaze on all sides. In the South we see the snow-clad tops of the Hohen Tauern, the whole chain lying clearly outlined before us, for on the Schmittenhoehe we stand just opposite the Glockner Group, the centre of the range. To the North and East we perceive all the jagged length of the Steinernes Meer, while beyond the green declivities of the Urschlauer Valley proudly rises the Hochkoenig amid never-melting snow. More to the North we see the gigantic summits of the Dachstein, and finally in the West the rocky Leogang and Loferer Mountains. At our feet lies the Zeller See, a gem among mountain lakes. Surely such splendour, such loveliness as may be seen here justify its name, "the Pearl of Pinzgau."

But a movement among the peasants draws our attention to the human element around us. Some elderly men, once the great wrestlers of their several villages, go aside to take counsel and decide the order and other arrangements of the matches. The principal duties of one of these men who officiate as stewards and umpires is to select the pairs of wrestlers, brothers, near relatives and intimate friends never being allowed to oppose each other for fear of begetting enmity. While the wrestling is in progress the elders keep the sharpest look-out lest anybody should offend against the traditional rules. And woe to him who transgresses! His punishment is as summary as that

inflicted by the old *Vehmgericht*. He is excluded, not only from all further participation that day, but is never again permitted to take part in a match; nay, so sweeping is the sentence that the culprit becomes an outlawed wrestler, with whom none of his honest fellows will ever again deign to measure his strength even in private. So great is the fear of this drastic penalty that the most passionate exercises self-control, even when engaged in a desperate struggle against a man with whom he has been at bitter feud for years.

Usually the judges allot a specified time for each match, and if before that period elapses neither has succeeded in placing his opponent, with both his shoulders, on the ground, it is declared a draw. He who has been defeated once does not take part again that day; but each victor has to match himself against some other victor, and the process is continued till only one remains unvanquished. Naturally he becomes the hero of the day, while amid deafening cheers the umpires declare him the "Hagmeier," that is, Master of Field and Forest. As an outward token of his office they hand him a large white cock's feather, with which he at once proudly adorns his hat. This he is permitted to wear till the next meeting at that same spot on the same day in the following year. If, as often is the case, money prizes are offered, the "Hagmeier" receives the first, besides the champion's feather. Of course he is immensely respected among the young men, especially if he succeed in retaining his position again the next year. Should he be defeated then, or refrain from taking part in the contests, he loses both title and feather. But it not infrequently happens that



L. Haidinger, photo.]

III.—A DECISIVE MOMENT.

one young fellow retains the championship for four or five years in succession.

Sometimes the wrestlers of one valley or village challenge those of another. Then each side puts four, six or more of its best men into the field, and that side is considered victorious which suffers the fewest defeats. Such matches are common between the Pinzgauers or Salzburgers on the one side and the Kitzbuechlers, or Tyrolese, on the other.

Such meetings, like those already mentioned as the principal gatherings, take place usually in the summer and on the tops of mountains. The reason, doubtless, is that the hot weather is the most suitable for the spectators, and that in mountainous districts communication between different valleys is difficult or impossible during the winter. Besides, the mountain top may be considered a central point easily reached by paths from all sides, whereas the distance from one valley to another is often very great. A wrestling match in winter on some wind-swept height would be too much even for the most passionate lover of the sport. But as the Pinzgauers could not possibly wait from one summer to the other without wrestling, they have a match in the Carnival, namely, on St. Blasius' Day, which falls on February 3rd, at Zell am See.

That charming summer resort is visited during the season each year by more than 30,000 persons, of whom a good many make it the starting point for excursions

to the Hohen Tauern and the Gross Glockner. In winter, however, it is desolate and empty, except on St. Blasius' Day, when the wrestling takes place. Then the place is full of life and animation. This year, for example, not less than 3,000 persons came to watch the struggle. There was snow on the mountains, the roofs, nay, even in the arena itself, and the cold was bitter; but that mattered not to the wrestlers, who were too hard at work in the endeavour to win distinction for themselves, families and villages. But if the "Ranglers" were unconscious of "the bitterest wind that ever blew," it is to be feared that the onlookers' excitement scarcely sufficed to keep their blood warm.

Four Tyrolese strove for the palm against four Pinzgauers, and, for the first time in many years, one of the former succeeded in carrying off the first prize, a sum of 600 kronen, a triumph which roused the enthusiasm of the Tyrolese present to a height well nigh dangerous. Such festivals at Zell am See are always kept up till the following morning, victor and vanquished devote the whole night to their popular national dances, the "Laendler" and the "Schubplattler," returning home only after dawn.

Such is the sport that the young Pinzgauers have been carrying on for centuries, and it must be admitted that it is at least interesting and healthful, and makes for the development of manly qualities.

Vienna. L. H. EISENMANN.

A Gap in the Pavilion at Lord's.

THE gap will be seen and felt on July 5th and two following days at Lord's, when the Oxford and Cambridge match comes off. In the reserved seats for "Old Blues" of either University there might have been seen ever since 1847, in which year he was playing for Oxford for the fourth and last year of his University career, a tall, broad-shouldered parson who played as a Winchester boy from 1840 to 1843 inclusive against Eton and Harrow. "Pudding" Williams, as all called him, sat amongst the "Old Blues," without once missing a year, from the time when his University career ceased in 1847 down to the University match of 1899. Moreover, he was never absent at a Notts match in London. Why he was called "Pudding" no one ever knew, but amongst Winchester, Eton, Harrow and University men, whether Oxford or Cambridge of all times, he was "Pudding" Williams.

He was not a hero, and there was nothing remarkable about him beyond the fact that amongst all classes, rich and poor, public school boys and University men, and parsons—to which body he belonged—at public clubs or musical or literary societies, he was a good and true man, blessed with an admirable temper and enormous amount of common-sense. He was an only son, and his father, who had one of the best livings in England, was in very easy circumstances. His father was also a Wykehamist, and in the early days of Notts cricket was a liberal supporter of the county eleven, as was his son after him, who knew every Notts cricketer, and helped many a one of them. At Winchester he was

the kindest of prefects, and was never known to "lick a fag," as some bullies did. He was very clever, and gained a scholarship at New College, where he took his degree, and began reading for the Bar, but changed his mind and went into the Church, and held the living of Rew, near Exeter, a most charming little village with a very good endowment. It was a treat to see him amongst his parishioners; he knew the name of every little boy in the village, and sometimes astonished mothers "who had 'gi'ed her little boy the stick for stealing apples," by remarking, "I look on stealing apples by a little boy, if he wanted an apple to eat—if *there is a gap in the hedge*,—like measles or cutting teeth; it is a weakness, not like stealing money and telling lies about it, that is *bad* stealing." And it was charming to see him watching a football match amongst the little boys who had asked leave to play in the rectory meadow.

He played sometimes for Notts, and in all public amusements was a ready helper, and thinking of others more than himself, and most liberal if money was wanted. He died somewhat suddenly towards the end of last year. Mr. Williams is not claimed as a hero, but a model of a kindly good parson and firm friend, who took a sunny view of life; and doubtless many an old public school and University man will throw a stone on his cairn.

A very well-known old Etonian, *etat.* 82 (on whom the writer of these lines called in the late autumn of last year), who was in the Oxford Eleven with "Pudding" Williams, said, "I have just read of the death of a dear

friend; poor old 'Pudding' Williams is dead!"

Mr. Williams's son Stephen

pulled No. 7 in the Oxford boat in the year when the oar broke; another son is a master at Eton.

The Johnsonian Angler.

I SUPPOSE that the aphorism ascribed to Dr. Johnson, that the art of the fisherman is appropriately represented by a "fool at one end of the rod and a worm at the other," may be accepted as, upon the whole, of greater authenticity than the well-worn statement accredited to the Duke of Wellington, that "the battle of Waterloo was won in the playing-fields at Eton." Yet both are probably alike matters of opinion, and no doubt there are to-day some devoted followers of old Izaak's gentle art who would almost be disposed to shake hands with the ponderous but heroic figure of "Boswell's Life," and say that they would at once agree with him were angling to be confined to any such ignoble lure! The captor of the lordly *Salmo salar*, the dry-fly fisherman of the Hampshire chalk-stream, must be supposed to have little in common with a form of their art which, in the popular imagination at least, is understood to hold a meaner place. But nevertheless I think something is to be said for the fool and the worm, and I believe it may be even shown that, judged by the higher canons of sport, there are certain circumstances under which these two individuals, so condemned of the great lexicographer, may claim to contribute a form of the angler's art which is not unworthy to rank even with that of the accomplished dry-fly fisher himself. Darwin has shown what, despite certain

drawbacks, a worthy and interesting animal the worm is, and that is a sufficiently good certificate of character for the one end of the rod. For the other, all brethren of the angle know that folly may dwell even with the seemingly wise, and that the fisherman, whatever his failings and weaknesses, has no special monopoly of it!

Now for the conditions under which we are to prove, or seek to prove, our assertions. The special circumstances of time and place are these: a low, clear, and comparatively shallow trout stream, with deeper runs and pools here and there, such as are to be found in the South and East of Scotland—to wit, the Gala, the Whitadder, the Annan, the upper waters of the Tweed, and many others—brilliant sunshine, and a blue sky overhead; say a warm day in June, with just enough breeze to temper the heat of the sun and add a touch of freshness to the air. Let the uninitiated, even if he be a good fisherman in other ways, attempt to kill a good basket of trout of perhaps 12 or 15 lbs. weight under such conditions, and I warrant you he is ten times more likely to fail than to succeed. It is undoubtedly difficult, but yet it can be done when once the secret of it has been learned. But long and patient observation of the habits of trout, of the places in which they feed in such streams in summer, of the weather conditions most favour-

able to the making of a basket, of the manner in which stream and pool should be approached and fished, and a good deal of practice as well, are alike necessary before the tyro can become the accomplished fisherman with the worm in clear water. This, be it said at once, is, however, a very different form of sport in every way from that which is associated in the average mind with bait fishing and its debasing accompaniments of coarse tackle, muddy or spated waters, and a fisherman who may stand with impunity on the very edge of the water, fish up stream or down stream at pleasure, drop his lure over the bank, or perhaps lie at ease with rod extended and float bobbing up and down on the pool in front of him, waiting for the fish to "bite!" Can such a form of angling be reverently mentioned in the same breath with stalking one's trout stream by stream and pool by pool, as the dry-fly fisher also must do, and working pretty hard for every one that ultimately graces his basket? I think not.

For worm-fishing in clear water there is, first of all, necessary a long and moderately stiff rod, which will cast up-stream well against a wind, and to it should be added the finest tackle and a free-running reel. As regards hooks, we prefer for this particular kind of fishing—with its thin waters, where trout lie in the hot summer days, yet which are often barely enough to cover them—a two-hook Stewart tackle made of clear fine wires and dressed with a red body on drawn gut.

The next, but perhaps the most essential thing of all, is to fish *up stream*, for so it is of course that trout lie in running water, taking care to keep well back and out of sight, to approach all streams and pools with the greatest caution,

always beginning at the tail or lower end of a run or pool and fishing upward and across it from the shallow side towards the deep, and with as light a hand as possible. Very small red and well-scoured or prepared worms only should be used, and the lure should be dropped deftly and softly, almost like a fly, on the water. By casting in this way up stream the fisherman is, as we have shown, standing behind the fish and dropping the lure so that it comes down the water naturally towards the fish. The point of the rod should be kept moderately high and the line fairly taut, so as to strike sharply but lightly, and not too quickly, when the fish takes, while the body should swing round towards the point of the rod as the latter is worked gradually down stream. When a fish is hooked, he should of course be played and landed, if possible, down stream, so as not to spoil the water higher up, as trout are often made extremely wary when disturbed by the play of a hooked fish.

Wading is practically always necessary for fishing of this kind, both for the purpose of crossing and recrossing the stream, so that the pools may be approached in the proper way, and also that the angler may keep under rather than on the top of the banks, and in proper relation to the surface of the water. A further great advantage to the fisherman is a moderately good breeze blowing down stream or across it, as this helps to blind the water and enables him to fish, often with marvellous success, still flat pools which it would be hopeless to attempt without a good ripple on the surface. The bigger trout often lie on the very edge or at the tails of such pools in summer, and we have seen a friend, who is

a superlatively good worm-fisherman, make some wonderfully fine baskets, chiefly in these still pools, when there was a good breeze curling the water.

As an instance of what may be done under seemingly adverse conditions, we may mention that the same friend fishing the River Gala, in Roxburghshire—which is almost entirely open and unpreserved, and is certainly a much-fished water,—in the hot, cloudless days of the Jubilee week of 1887, killed to his own rod, with worm only, 55 lbs. of trout in five days' fishing, or an average of 11 lbs. per day. This, in such a stream and under such conditions, was certainly a remarkably good performance, and shows how deadly a lure the worm is when properly used and with the accompaniments of the finest tackle, a deft and skilful hand, and the requisite knowledge of stream and fish. Probably half-a-dozen other men, anglers all, but untrained to this special form of sport, going to the same stream on the same days would not have killed among them much more than one-half of the basket.

Now it must not be supposed that we are vaunting the superiority of this method of killing trout over that of fly-fishing, for there can be no question that fly-fishing in stream or loch is the most delightful, and perhaps we may even say the most "gentlemanly," of all forms of the fisherman's art. Moreover, of fly-fishing we are free to admit that the dry-fly of the English chalk-stream represents that art in its highest development. Anyone who read Mr. Sydney Buxton's most pleasant discourse on the subject in the *Nineteenth Century* for January, 1898, would probably at once be converted to that view, even if he did not hold

it before. But to fish fly, either dry or wet, upstream or downstream, in midsummer, under such conditions of weather as we have indicated, and in these thin and crystal Scottish waters, would handicap the fisherman tremendously in competition with the Johnsonian Angler, and he should undoubtedly make but a poor basket in comparison with the latter. That, at least, has been our experience during the hours of the day in midsummer, although from after sunset until dark the fly-fisher often does very well in the pools and deeper reaches of such streams, or by casting into sheltered spots under trees. There the larger trout often lie in wait for flies and insects in the evening hours, particularly when the night is soft and warm and there is a good hatch of flies.

Yet to kill trout in the way we have shown, and which with all our love for fly-fishing we should, as giving the best chances of success, unhesitatingly choose in preference to the latter—at the proper time and with the fitting surroundings—is by no means an arm-chair pastime. On the contrary, it is often extremely hard work, especially if there is a hot, unclouded sun above, or a strong breeze blowing down stream. Moreover, in order to do it successfully the fisherman must have a quick eye for the best water, fishing it carefully, but yet covering it with reasonable rapidity. As a rule very rough or broken water, or water which is so thin and spread out as to contain no shelter for trout from bank to bank, may be left alone or fished over very quickly. Yet on occasional days the better trout seem to take to the rougher water, and will often be found in the rapid running and broken throats or necks of streams rather than in

the thin water at the tails of pools, and so no possible places should ever be passed over altogether. But if these canons of "Worm-fishing up-stream in Clear Water" which we have thus endeavoured briefly to indicate, be carefully remembered, the tyro and the uninitiated may hope, under reasonably favourable conditions as to stream and weather, to present a very respectable basket at the end of the day—

"When the shadows of evening are falling,
And Nature is peaceful and still,
From the woodland the cushat is calling,
And home lies just over the hill."

We can at least remember days, alike on eastern, western and southern rivers of Scotland, when, under like circumstances, we have made excellent baskets of yellow trout ranging from 7 to 12 or 13 lbs., and when friends who persisted, against our advice, in fishing fly in the bright clear water and the brilliant sunshine had but very indifferent sport indeed and dared not attempt to "weigh in" against us at the close of the day.

Last autumn we discovered, in the Western Highlands, a comparatively small stream where trout of a remarkably high average weight could be killed with worm after rain. Naturally, it was not *discoloured* water, or we should not have fished for them. The special peculiarity of this stream, however, was that it practically flowed down the sides and slopes of a mountain, and then, for rather less than a mile, through somewhat flatter although still sloping moorland, before falling into a larger stream which formed one of the feeders of a considerable loch having a free run to the sea. The stream rushed and tumbled over pure granite rock and shingle, and even after heavy and con-

tinuous rain, and when it had become in places almost a mountain torrent, it never acquired a brown or muddy colour, but remained a mass of clear water churned by its precipitate career to a white foam.

For some reason best known to themselves the larger loch trout and also occasional sea trout seemed, in the early autumn, to prefer running up this stream when the water was high to any of the numerous other feeders of the loch, and that although there were many larger and deeper waters available to them. Yet it could not be for spawning purposes, for it was as yet only August, and these larger fish always seemed to go down again to the loch when the water fell. The "natives" said it was the particular feeding of this stream which brought them there, and I suppose it must have been some special attraction of that kind. But at any rate I remember that our first day's fishing of it, when the tops of the Bens were wreathed in mist and the white threads were falling down the mountain sides like the folds of a bridal veil over a mantle of pale sea-green, at once beautiful and grand, we were considerably surprised to find ourselves, after an exhilarating three hours, with fourteen very fine yellow trout, in excellent condition, which weighed exactly 14 lbs. Naturally we used somewhat stronger tackle than in the low clear waters of which we have spoken, but still it was all we could do to hold these strong lively fish in the foaming current, and a beautiful sight it was to the eye of the angler to see the brilliantly spotted yellow bodies tumbling and struggling in the pure white water, and making for themselves a setting of gold in ivory. And yet we could never

feel altogether at ease until they were fairly on the slopes of the grassy bank, for there were infinite possibilities of disaster every moment! What with rocks, trees, the swirling current, the granite boulders, and the often slippery foothold, it was practically impossible to use a landing net. So the fish had all to be played down stream and held, as best we might, until some little bay or shingly beach or bye channel could be found, whence they could be very tenderly drawn up on to the grass and safety. No, we cannot recall any three hours' fishing, even when we have been in legitimate quest of and have fairly hooked, played, and landed the lordly salmon, which gave us more real sport and more keen excitement than those quickly fleeting moments with the despised "little red worm." on that typical highland stream.

Everything in the way of enjoyment or of sport, as of most other things here below, is in fact comparative and relative, and is conditioned more or less by our personal mood as well as by our surroundings and environment.

And so, while we have many pleasant recollections of days with our little fly-rod both on loch and river, and alike with the yellow trout of inland waters, the *Salmo fontinalis* from the streams of the great American continent and the brilliant *Fario argenteus* of the sea, we have also a feeling at once of kindly remembrance and pleasing anticipation of times on thin clear waters and under the warm sun of midsummer (for the sun of midsummer is occasionally warm in Scotland) with the patient and gentle worm on the southern lowland trout-stream and the granite-bounded mountain-girt highland river.

"What shall we do to-day, John?" I said, as we looked at the shining river flashing at our feet in the rays of the morning sun, while the sharp fresh air came "caller" from the Berwickshire hills to fan the brow and give colour to the cheek. "I think, sir, ye should worm her up i' the mornin' and flee her doon i' the afternune." The advice, although epigrammatic in form, was intelligible. It was also good advice, and I took it!

J. A. S. M.

The late Sir Frederick Marshall.

WHEN the portrait of the above gallant soldier and keen sportsman appeared in BAILY of January, 1891, the biographical sketch dealt mainly with his career as a soldier, hunting man, and Master of Hounds. The daily press has put upon record his merit as a public man. It would therefore be tautology to say much about him as a public man here. The fact of his being known amongst the many-headed in his early days

of public cricket as "Fred Marshall," without any prefix, is the best evidence that he was much esteemed by the public generally, and had attained the same honours which fell to the lot of distinguished men of the past, such men as "Bob Grimston," "Fred Ponsonby," and men also of the present, such as "Bull Pickering" and "Dick Garth" (now Sir Richard Garth), both of whom—one in London and the other at

Vancouver's Island—are none the worse for having passed eight decades of their life; and "Charley Green," the founder of Essex county cricket, who is now a "boy" only of 54 years of age, and will become "an old 'un" in time.

As a cricketer Sir Frederick Marshall and his family were great supporters of Surrey cricket, especially in the early days of the County Club, as not only were they much in evidence at the Oval, but they had a ground of their own at Godalming, where many matches were played, and were also friendly allies to the Charterhouse School when it was removed from London to Godalming. The General was one of those who saved the Surrey ground when there were rumours of the Duchy of Cornwall authorities finding some difficulties about a fresh lease to the Club. This occurred towards the end of the seventies. The Duchy of Cornwall are trustees for the Crown, and the Prince of Wales is tenant-for-life. Sir Frederick Marshall, owing to the fact that he was formerly Lieutenant-Colonel of the 2nd Life Guards, *plus* the fact that he held high appointment under the Duke of Cambridge, was of course very well known to His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, who was most anxious that the Club should be continued and have easy terms; but of course the Prince could not interfere, as—to use a vulgar expression—"he was only a lodger," in other words, the Duchy is a Government department of the State, like the Treasury or other public office. The facts were that the Duchy were much impeded by "an old man of the sea" who sat on their shoulders, who had some vested rights in the Manor of Kennington. In plain English,

under the Act which authorised the enclosure of the Oval, a certain family retained some right of veto. Consequently, when any move to deal with the property was made, advertisements used to appear about the sale of the rights of the Blank family, and a reserve was put at a very high price which the buyer would not pay. This was not dishonest in any way, but practically it was a "*quasi*" blackmail on Crown property, and most distasteful to the Duchy authorities. General Marshall, "from information he received," advised the Earl of Bessborough, who was vice-president, to call an *immediate* special meeting of the Committee: the notice to attend was what is called in the House of Commons a "four-line whip," and in the evening of the day on which the summons was received a large number of the Committee came. The General said, in a very few words, "The Blank family's interest will be put up at the Mart to-morrow, and the reserve will be £3,000; they don't expect a *bona-fide* bid. Nothing would astonish them more than getting the money. Now if you will guarantee the Hon. Treasurer £3,000, and at once subscribe and pay £300 for the deposit, he will attend the sale, and the moment the auctioneer says '3,000,' he will say 'done,' and hand up the cheque for the deposit. In order to do this, we must at once sign a substantial guarantee and legal contract which will bind those who sign, and Lord Bessborough, myself, and our Treasurer will volunteer as the first three." To cut the story short, nine members of the Committee joined in the guarantee for the £3,000 and subscribed the deposit, and next day at noon, the moment that the bid was run up to £3,000 by

"dummy" bidders, the Treasurer claimed the "bid," and handed in the deposit, and the Surrey County Club stood in the shoes of the obstructive Blank family, to the utter surprise of that family and the auctioneer and the public. Of course, then it was all straight running; the Duchy were relieved of the incubus of "the old man of the sea," and in exchange gave the Club a new lease for a good term of years at a peppercorn rent of £100 per annum; the £3,000 was taken in debentures by members of the Club; the visit of the Australians to England drew enormous crowds, and in 1880 or a little later the Club paid off the debentures, and now the relations between the Duchy and the Club are so firm and pleasant that there

is little fear of any difficulties between landlord and tenant as long as cricket lasts; as, of course, now the Club are valuable tenants. All these benefits are for the most part traceable to the late Sir Frederick Marshall, and the kind influence of the Prince of Wales.

Those who had intimate communication with him as President or Vice-President of the Club, or as an active director of the London and South-Western Railway, or in private life, found in him a splendid man of business and a genial guide and close friend, and his death has left a gap not only in the roll of brave and chivalrous soldiers, but also in the roll of English sportsmen, and above all, of true English gentlemen.

F. G.

Cricket.

SOME of the three-day cricket matches are actually being finished this season, and at Lord's Cricket Ground we believe there had not, up to the middle of June, been a single game left drawn. As this is the ground upon which the majority of the legislators of the game see what cricket they do see, it may be that the authorities will presently recover from their state of panic caused by the unfinished Test Matches of last season, and relax their vigilance which led to the experiment of the net.

Middlesex only succeeded in winning one out of their first four matches, whilst Lancashire and Yorkshire each scored a win over the Metropolitan (or as some will have it, Cosmopolitan) County. Mr. Pelham Warner played a great innings of 146 against Lan-

cashire, and, as has been the case on former occasions, he made Mold look a very easy bowler. Unfortunately for Middlesex, when they had to go in to get but a moderate score in the second innings to win the match, Mr. Warner was too unwell to bat, and Mold carried all before him, a disastrous breakdown in batting losing the match for the home team. Mr. Archie Maclaren played himself into form in this match, and favoured with a bit of luck in each innings, he secured an aggregate of 90 runs in the match. The following three days found Mr. Maclaren in his best form against Hampshire, and he secured a century in double quick time, whilst Albert Ward was making less than 20 runs. Since then the Lancashire captain has got many a run, and is playing in

a style worthy of his great reputation, and at the time of writing (June 10th) Lancashire are in a proud position at the head of the Championship table with an aggregate of six matches won and two drawn. Yorkshire only require another match won to equal the record of the County of the White Rose, and then strangely unfamiliar in such exalted society comes Sussex, for so many years the most despised of first-class counties. But that was in the old days before Fry and Ranjitsinghi began to make history.

Whitsun week saw the Sussex captain well on the job, and after missing his century by three runs only in the first innings against Gloucestershire, he ran up a score of 127 in the second innings, thus very narrowly missing the privilege of being once more recorded as the scorer of two centuries in one match. There were no less than 1,310 runs scored in this match between Sussex and Gloucestershire for the fall of but 30 wickets, which was to give an average of over 43 runs per wicket, and falls but 100 runs short of the record aggregate for first-class cricket in England, which was made upon this same Brighton ground in 1895, when Sussex played Oxford University.

A great feature of the game was an innings of 179 by the Gloucestershire captain, Mr. G. L. Jessop, and to admirers of his fine hitting it must have been a treat indeed. His performance only lasted one hour and three-quarters, so that his runs were got at the rate of a hundred runs an hour. Board upon this occasion made 55, for him a few years ago a fine score; but nowadays, after his mammoth innings of 214 against Somerset at Bristol, the plucky Gloucester-

shire wicket-keeper is likely to look upon a score of 55 as a very moderate contribution from his bat.

As usual, Somerset appeared at Lord's on Whit Monday and the following days, and fortunately for J. T. Hearne, the popular *bénéficiaire*, the match lasted until well into the third afternoon. Middlesex winning the toss upon a run-getting wicket, mortgaged their chance of victory by getting out for the comparatively small score of 172. Tyler's slow left-hand bowling had a great success, he getting seven wickets at a cost of less than nine runs apiece. The first three Middlesex batsmen were all bowled in abortive attempts to hit to square leg, and but for an innings of 43 from Mr. Macgregor's bat, the home side would have done miserably. Somerset replied with 241, and the gem of their batting was some magnificent hitting by Mr. Vernon Hill, who actually scored 72 out of the 75 runs made whilst he was at the wicket, and that moreover with a quick run-getter, Braund, for his partner. The old Wykehamist opened his account by hitting J. T. Hearne on to the topmost roof of the Pavilion, and throughout his stay at the wicket the ball was as often as not inside the Pavilion rails. *Habitué*s of Lord's ground owe Mr. Hill a debt of gratitude for his magnificent hitting when he made 114 in the 'Varsity Match. By his innings on Monday he has increased the obligation. After establishing a lead of 69 runs on the first innings, Somerset had shot their bolt, and never again looked like a good side. Once more in the history of Middlesex cricket it was "Hampstead to the rescue," and Messrs. Stoddart and Hayman, after a peaceful opening, made such hay of the

bowling that 150 was on the scoring-board before a magnificent piece of fielding by Robson at mid-off resulted in the running-out of Mr. Hayman, who had batted finely for 64 runs. "The darling of two hemispheres," as Mr. Stoddart was once described in the Colonial press, kept going steadily on, until he had amassed a total of 221 runs (at that time the highest individual score of the season, credited also to Abel at the Oval) when he gave away his wicket and retired amidst enthusiastic shouts. It must have been very gratifying for the great cricketer to have such a success upon an occasion when he was coming out of his shell for the benefit of a valued comrade in arms; but he is likely now more than ever to be worried by his admirers to forsake the shady rest of club cricket for the fierce light which beats upon a county cricketer. Middlesex, with 495 for five wickets, put Somerset in again at 12.15 on the last day and won by 209 runs. Mr. Lionel Palairet looked like playing himself into form with a score of 52, and Lewis, the Bedminster professional, who is a fresh recruit to Somersetshire cricket, was top-scorer with a patient not-out innings of 68, which included some good hits. We hope that the net gain to Jack Hearne will fall little short of a thousand pounds, which may be regarded as comparatively a good benefit, although there have been many much worse ones, notably in the cases of Sherwin and Wilfred Flowers, upon previous Bank Holidays at Lord's.

The Somerset side should be well accustomed to fielding out for big scores. Archie Maclaren took his record score of 424 at Taunton, the ground upon which last year Major Poore and

Captain Wynyard scored prodigiously; as has many another visitor, and for the matter of that, members of the home side too. After attending to Mr. Stoddart during his innings of 221, Mr. Woods took his team to Brighton, where they found Ranjitsinghi going great guns after his practice against Gloucestershire. Two hundred and twenty-two runs was the price charged by Ranjitsinghi for his innings, and as Killick, the left-handed professional, scored 127, the Westerners must have had more running about than even such gluttons for work as they can care about. 526 was the Sussex response to the good enough score of 377 made by Somerset, for whom the super-human Samuel Woods hit up an innings of 148, in no way deterred by a dislocated thumb and an injured foot. When Somerset batted a second time, Harry Butt, the Sussex wicket-keeper, was infallible, and no less than five of the wickets fell to his grasping powers, Somerset being all out for 156 lost by ten wickets. A sad blow to the prospects of Somerset for this season was the decision which disqualifies Braund from playing for Somerset under a residential qualification. Two or three years ago Braund was engaged by the Surrey Club, and played in the second eleven at Kennington Oval; but seeing no prospect of gaining a place in the Surrey first eleven, and being ambitious to figure in county cricket, he would appear early in the season of 1898 to have selected Somerset as a county in want of a good recruit, and to have then acquired what he regarded as a residence in Somerset which should qualify him to play for the county of his adoption at the end of two years. We understand that at the last moment, actually whilst

Braund was playing his first county match at Lord's, an objection from the Surrey Club was upheld, and the qualification of Braund for Somerset cancelled for the present season.

What is one man's food is another man's poison, and *vice versa*, so Mr. W. G. Grace is likely now to have the benefit of Braund's services for his very cosmopolitan County of London for the rest of the season. By the way, W. G. is not to be denied, and with scores of 87 and 44 did much towards the victory of his composite county on June 9th.

Considering that the proceeds of the Whit-Monday match against Surrey at Trent Bridge is one of the main sources of income for the Nottinghamshire Club, it was a compliment of a substantial nature to pay Arthur Shrewsbury half the gate, and since during the three days nearly 20,000 persons paid for admission, the moiety to go to the *bénéficiaire* must have been of some value. It is now many years since the impromptu poet is reported to have been turned off Kennington Oval for bursting into a song which began, "What's the use of your playing Notts?" and ending in words we cannot repeat. All that time Surrey were a weak side and Notts one of the strongest, but to-day no bard, however prejudiced, would question the fitness of Surrey to play Notts, seeing that victory generally rests with the Southern county. This year Notts ran their doughty opponents to a close finish, and put Surrey in to make 261 runs to win in under four hours. Abel and Hayward, invincible on their own ground, failed, and both were out with but 34 runs on the board. Lockwood, however, punished the bowling of the county of his birth to the tune of 74

runs, and 51 by Brockwell and 49 not out from Holland, with a couple of twenties from the amateurs, Crawford and Jephson, gave Surrey the victory at a few minutes past six o'clock on the third day. We must congratulate Mr. A. O. Jones upon the renaissance of the Notts team under his guidance; it is certainly a more formidable combination just now than it has been for some years past, the runs seem to come more quickly, and what is perhaps more important, thanks to John Gunn and Wass, the wickets of the opposing forces seem to fall more quickly. Moreover, Mr. Dixon, who has always been a very good bowler, has also been a very modest man, and in the days of his captaincy was never anything like over-bowled. With Mr. Jones as captain, Mr. Dixon gets more bowling, and in consequence the opponents get fewer runs, all of which is good for Notts. Mr. Jones keeps on getting runs in his own lively style, and the veterans Shrewsbury and William Gunn score consistently, whilst in the match to which we have just referred John Gunn, with scores of 22 and 47, never was out at all. On the whole, the representatives of the lace county are a formidable side to tackle, and we think they will win more matches than they will lose.

One of the most pleasant features of the present season is the return to health of Johnny Briggs, the popular little Lancastrian from Notts. He has this season bowled as well as ever he did, and his batting has, we think, been more consistent than in many previous years, unless we are mistaken; his scores during the early part of June were always round about the figure 50. Three times running did he just miss gaining

his talent money, and then, with 51 and 58 not out against Kent, he pulled off a double event.

The match between Kent and Lancashire at Old Trafford was evenly enough balanced, and never looked like finishing, as every player who took sufficient pains and took no risk was able on the perfect wicket to stay in so long as he pleased. To Mr. C. J. Burnup, of Kent, is the drawn game chiefly due, although he was ably seconded in this somewhat dismal affair by Albert Ward, the Lancastrian batsman from Yorkshire, with apparently no ambition but to save his wicket. It is on record that upon a batsman's wicket at Old Trafford Mr. Burnup took two hours and a half to score his first fifty runs on this occasion, and the fact that before he was out he had made 200 runs, in our mind, only aggravates his offence.

Really, if there were a few more to play like that in first-class cricket, there would soon be an end of it all. There is some good in most things, and in the Kent eleven we point with enthusiasm to Mr. J. R. Mason, the captain, one of the best all-round cricketers of the day. Up to June 10th his batting average was over 72 runs per innings, and when his opponents have been at the wicket he has been busy getting them out either as bowler or fielding at slip. Huish, of Kent, is one of the sterling wicket-keepers of the day, and Mr. W. M. Bradley is admittedly the most dangerous fast bowler before the public. Of Mr. Burnup we have already spoken, and we regret that just at present we cannot speak of him with more enthusiasm. Beyond this quartette and the perennial Alec Hearne, we can single out none of the Kent eleven for our highest praise, although the team has

just gained a ten-wickets' victory over Worcestershire.

The Surrey eleven had a bad week in the middle of June, when they failed miserably against Somerset and Lancashire. Mr. Woods has our heartiest congratulations upon the victory of his team at Kennington Oval. The Surrey executive had not behaved too kindly to the Western County when they originated their objection to the qualification of Braund for Somerset, and as if to emphasise the situation, a very shabby trick by the Surrey wicket-keeper cost Lewis of Somerset his innings at a time when he looked well set. There was not much good cricket in the match, Somerset was fortunate in batting first on a grand wicket, and thanks mainly to Messrs. Daniell and Vernon Hill, who each scored over sixty, the side was out for 271, and Surrey that day lost four wickets for 56 runs. Then came the rain next day, and the Surrey players fell into a condition of complete incompetence.

Somerset with a lead of 42 runs on the first innings made 229 at their second effort, a very good innings of 104 by Robson being the feature of the match. Surrey set 271 to win, failed miserably, and were dismissed for just 100 runs, Robson following up his batting success by taking five wickets for 26 runs. The defeated denizens of Kennington then journeyed to Manchester, and showing consistently bad form were dismissed by Briggs and Webb for a total of 74 runs, Mr. Jephson, the captain, with 23 not out, and Tom Richardson 17, being the only ones to reach double figures; after this Surrey could never make up their lee-way, and so twice in one week died the death. The rain, which so frightened the Surreyites on June 13th, proved

fatal also at Lord's to Middlesex, who had allowed Notts to stay at the wickets all Monday for a score of 377. On the Tuesday 119 was all that the home team could collect in their first innings, but following on they actually cleared off the arrears of 258 and set the Midlanders 33 runs to get to win. Mr. Hayman with 78 was top scorer for Middlesex, and A. E. Trott displayed more intelligence than usual in knocking up 65 runs in seventy minutes, his performance including a hit for six into St. John's Wood Road. Mr. Macgregor atoned for his duck's egg in the first innings by scoring 43 not out in the second, but the ancient traditions of brilliant batting are not quite upheld by the present tenants of the Marylebone Club.

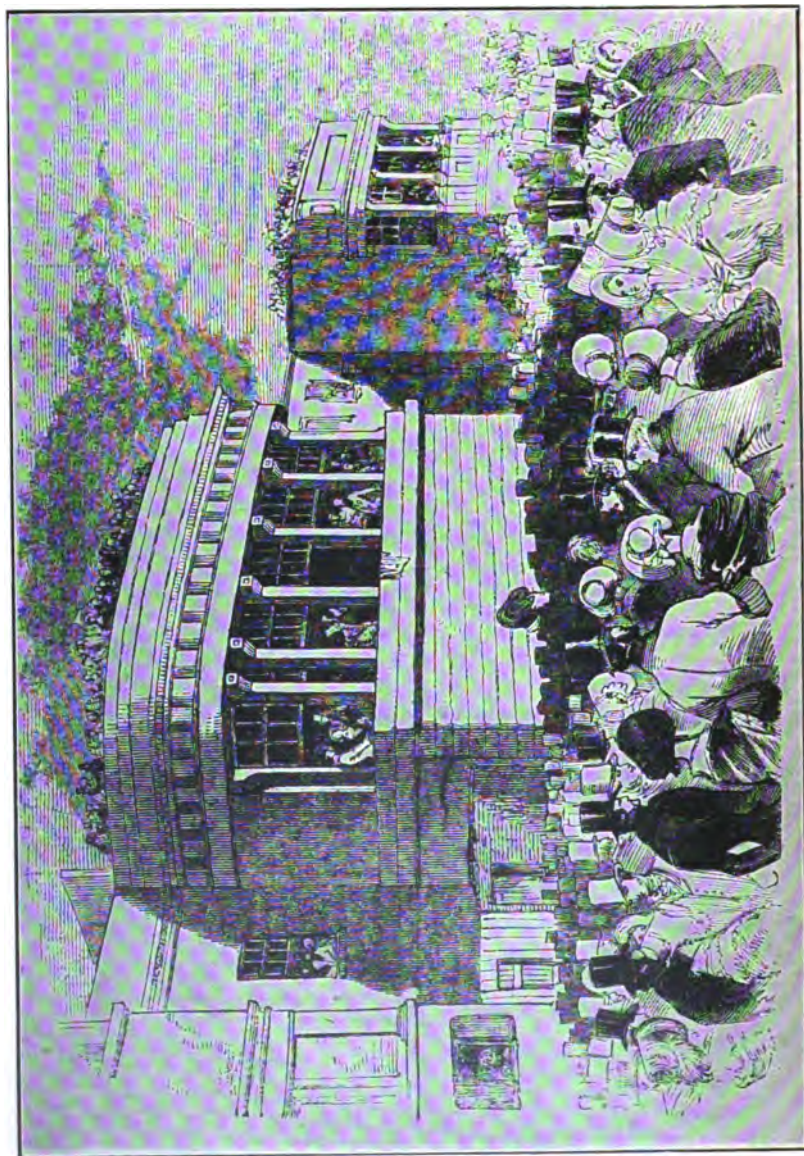
The West Indian team made their *début* at the Crystal Palace on June 12th and following days, and suffered defeat at the hands of London County C.C. by an innings and 198 runs. Dr. W. G. Grace started with 71, and Mr. J. R. Mason made 126, and took the wickets in the match at a cost of only 93 runs. The luck of the weather was all against the West Indians, but they are probably not a very formidable combination, and their captain, Mr. Warner, has said that their visit is with a view to obtain a knowledge of the game. It is as well perhaps, under the circumstances, that their figures should not be included in the first-class averages, or some of the more greedy of county players might make our visitors an object of their gluttony.

Mr. C. B. Fry was no-balled at Brighton, but we understand that he was afterwards able to modify

his action so as to satisfy the umpire's requirements. Although now-a-days either umpire is entitled to call no-ball, there is seldom an instance of their doing so on the ground of throwing, so Mr. Fry may condole with himself upon having been made the example.

A strange case of no-balling was that at Lord's on Whit Monday, when Braund, before he delivered the ball overstepped the bowling crease. The umpire promptly called "no-ball," when Braund promptly showed him the ball still in his hand. We commend the alacrity of the umpire in calling no-ball the moment he saw both of the bowlers' feet over the crease, for it is essential if the batsman is to benefit to the full from a no-ball that he should receive the earliest notice. That the authorities of the Marylebone Club should have decided that the no-ball thus called should be put down and counted as a run in the score sheet is incredible, yet we understand that by their ruling it is possible for a man to bowl a no-ball even if the ball be in his pocket the whole time so long as he go over the crease with both feet.

Mr. David Buchanan, who died at Rugby a few weeks ago, was in his day one of the most successful of amateur bowlers. Originally a fast bowler he successfully moderated the pace of his left-handed deliveries, until for a period of years he was the most uniformly successful bowler against the Players; an old Rugbeian living near his old school, he kindly did much to assist the boys at practice, and it is recorded that upon Big-side his bowling was more freely knocked about than at Lord's and the Oval.



THE ROYAL STAND IN 1842.

(From "Royal Ascot; its History and its Associations.")

“Royal Ascot.”

Ascot week was the appropriate time for the appearance of a history of Ascot as a racing centre, and accordingly that week saw the birth of this handsomely got-up work.* The authors give a brief sketch of racing in England from the earliest times, touching upon well-known landmarks in the history of the sport. It is a mere summary, but more was not needed to serve the purpose of introduction to the history of Ascot. It was Queen Anne, according to the present authors, whose “sportsmanlike eye at once taking in the natural advantages the Heath offered for her favourite sport,” gave orders for a course to be prepared, and announced her intention of presenting a plate to run for. Anne undoubtedly took a lively interest in racing, as she did in all matters connected with horses, and perhaps the authors are right in attributing the formation of the first course to her personal initiative. However that may be, the first meeting, held in August, 1711, had the royal countenance and support in the shape of a hundred-guinea plate, and what did much more to secure the future of the meeting, the royal presence on both days.

From its foundation Ascot has been very practically under the protecting shadow of the Throne. The original accounts for the construction and fencing of the course are preserved in the Record Office, and from these we learn that for making the “round Heat over Ascott Common in July and August, 1711,” the then Master

of the Horse paid one William Towers the sum of £558 19s. 5d. Turf critics of the present day will perhaps be tempted to regret that the Duke of Somerset did not spend more money and have the heath “made up” to carry better turf! The glories of Ascot languished in George I.’s time, but George I. was not among our racing monarchs, and though all meetings felt the effect of indifference in high places, Ascot, as essentially a Royal course, was the greatest sufferer therefrom. Queen Anne’s death in August, 1714, caused the “indefinite postponement,” in accordance with Court etiquette, of the meeting, which had been fixed for a date about a fortnight later; but the postponement was much longer than could have been pleasing to lovers of the Ascot meetings, for it was not until 1720 that another race meeting was held. The programme of the Ascot of those days compares curiously with that of the present time.

The 1720 meeting consisted of two thirty-guinea plates for horses “used in hunting twelve months last past,” which had never run for money or plate. The horses carried 11 stone the first day and 12 stone the second, irrespective, apparently, of age. The entrance was two guineas, or four guineas at the starting-post. In regard to the extreme brevity of this “correct card,” it must be remembered that four-mile heats were then in vogue, and that three such heats would make a fair afternoon’s sport, if not one long enough to content a gate-paying assemblage of to-day. To George I.’s modified affection for the chase we may perhaps attribute the recurrence in subsequent years of races

* “Royal Ascot: Its History and its Associations.” By George James Cawthorne and Richard S. Herod. (Longmans, Green & Co.) 31s. 6d. net.



THE ROYAL STAND IN 1822.
(From "*Royal Ascot: its History and its Associations.*")

for hunters. In 1722 and 1724 (there is no mention of meetings in the intervening years or in 1725) the races advertised were open to hunters only; in the former year exclusively to horses which had been hunted with the Epping or the Royal Staghounds.

Ascot was one of the numerous meetings which suffered from George II.'s Act of 1740, which forbade racing for prizes of a value less than £50, save at Newmarket and Black Hambleton in Yorkshire. The aim of the Act was to put an end to pony racing and the multiplication of ill-conducted meetings which bred idleness and gambling, and did nothing whatever to promote the interests of horse-breeding. Much good was no doubt done by this somewhat drastic measure, but the well-managed meetings suffered with the ill-conducted, and for four years Ascot was deserted. In 1774 the meetings were renewed, but do not seem to have been very conspicuous occurrences in the Turf world until the advent of William, Duke of Cumberland, who has been called, and not without justice, the "Father of Ascot." The Duke's accession to a post which enabled him to devote attention to horse-breeding and sport was practically coincident with the foundation of the Jockey Club, and from the date of the establishment of the Jockey Club we must date British racing as an organised sport. By the way, writing of Eclipse, who, as everyone knows, was bred by the Duke of Cumberland, the authors fall into a curious error. "It was not until after his death," they say, "that the secret of his success was ascertained, when it was found that his heart was abnormally large, weighing over thirteen pounds." The average weight of a modern thoroughbred's heart

is only about six pounds; the abnormal size of Eclipse's was due to hypertrophy, probably in some measure a result of his great exertions, but certainly not the cause of his successes.

With George III.'s accession in 1760 brighter days dawned for the Turf generally, and Ascot in particular. Since the Duke of Cumberland had made the meeting his special care it had improved, and had attained to the place it has ever since held as *the* Society race meeting; and a few years after George III. came to the throne it was so well recognised as a social institution that an enterprising caterer opened the assembly rooms at Sunning Hill and advertised public breakfasts and balls. Indeed, during this reign Ascot week seems to have been a regular carnival; cards, dice, cock-fighting, prize fights and wrestling matches occupied the hours not devoted to racing, eating and dancing; and round Ascot, waiting for the break-up of the festive gathering, hovered the highwaymen ready to relieve homeward-bound travellers of their gains. Order was but slowly evolved at Ascot. In 1783 a rule was made requiring colours to be declared at the time of entry, to avoid the confusion which arose from the license riders had enjoyed in the matter of dress. In 1790 we have the oddly-worded rule to the effect that horses "are not allowed to start till the course is clear." Apparently the convenience of the magnates and hangers-on who blocked the course was of more account than the sport which brought them to the Heath. It may be observed that our tried—and trying—acquaintance, the race-course dog, was made liable to summary slaughter in 1788. The executive at Ascot were hardly equal to their duties when a larger

crowd than usual thronged the course. So great was the crush and so defective the arrangements in 1791, when the Oatlands Stakes created the record sensation, that the race was transferred to Newmarket, where things were better managed.

The record is more amplified as it is brought nearer to our own time, and of necessity becomes practically a review of races worth recalling in their chronological order. A chapter on the "Makers of Ascot" gives us brief biographical sketches of numerous well-known racing men, after the manner of Mr. Black's "Jockey Club and its Founders." The heading "Ascot Race Course" suggests an account of the variations in the courses during two centuries, but this hope is disap-

pointed, in spite of the convenient map which confronts us. There is, however, a store of information about the stands, &c., which may be useful. Trainers and jockeys receive a meed of attention. A list of the winners of the Gold Cup, the Vase, and the Royal Hunt Cup, with numerous illustrations, often excellent likenesses from photographs, deserves mention. In addition there is an appendix giving a complete list of winners, owners, seconds and thirds, with chief conditions of the races since the course was made. The blank between the years 1760 and 1768 is left unexplained.

The illustrations, two of which we are allowed by the courtesy of the publishers to reproduce, are very numerous and generally well chosen.

Some Bets and their Subjects.

ALMOST as long as any records of sport are to be found, betting or gambling of some kind or other has been connected with them; while it need hardly be pointed out that plenty of gambling has taken place over matters quite unconnected with sport. There is the time-honoured story of Lord Alvanley and some other speculative friend taking refuge on the leeside of a hayrick during a heavy rain storm and beguiling the time by wagering who would pull out the longest piece of hay. The bets I am about to mention, however, are not hackneyed like the hayrick story. Long before Lord Alvanley and his friend invented the hay-pulling device, that is to say in 1763, the coffee-house idlers hit upon quite a new form of gambling, which like most

other phases of gratuitous speculation was beautifully simple, consisting of adding up the numbers on the plate of each hackney coach passing the window of the coffee house. Each person staked a shilling in readiness, and when a hackney coach was seen approaching betting began. Twelve was the fixed number; but anyone could give a total under or over twelve, and he whose guess was nearest to the actual total made by adding up all the numbers on the plates, won. Suppose a coach's number to have been 189. These figures added together make eighteen, so that any person who wagered on seventeen would win in the event of the rest of the party standing on a lesser number. The game so far commended itself to the sharps that they made a

study of the different hackney men, their vehicles, and their horses, took the numbers, and tried to learn as many as possible, and if it so happened that there was a run of coaches from some neighbouring stand the astute persons were paid for their trouble, and some of them must have been present on a certain occasion when three barristers from the Temple lost more than five guineas each in a couple of hours at a shilling a coach.

The attempt to identify certain hackney coaches with certain numbers reminds one of the story told about the eccentric Lord Barrymore, who, when he had given up his staghounds, Numidian horn players, his private theatre at Wargrave, and other luxuries, was compelled to live in rather humble chambers in London. A friend who called on him one morning was astonished to find his lordship on his knees in a room from which every article of furniture had been removed. Piles of halfpennies were on the floor, and Lord Barrymore was busily engaged in arranging these on the floor in rows, every coin touching its neighbour. The reason of this task was not given at the time, but it leaked out later on when Lord Barrymore had some friends at his rooms, and, leading up to the subject he offered to make a bet that no one present would guess within a certain number how many halfpennies would cover the floor. This was of course good enough to bet upon, and all the friends made their several estimates of the number required, estimates which, it is needless to say, were not quite so accurate as that of the host of the evening.

Mention was made above of the hayrick gamble, and a haystack has played an important part in

an irregular kind of wager. The scene was laid in Leeds, where in August, 1760, Mr. Abraham Walker bought from Mr. William Northouse a stack of old hay, the produce of four acres of meadow land. The rick was estimated to contain about eight ordinary cart-loads, and the price was no more than forty shillings for the whole upon condition that the buyer took it all away at once. Should he fail to do this the price was to be twenty pounds. By the way, there was a stipulation that no more than three horses were to be used to move the rick. Mr. Walker was a man of resource, so he sought out the London carrier; secured the use of his broad wheeled waggon and three horses, transferred the hay to the waggon, and successfully had it drawn over the two miles to his yard. The conveyance and its burden looked, says the chronicler, "like a moving mountain." It was, however, a very cheap purchase, while the seller and his friends who had betted two to one against the accomplishment of the task lost their money, a good deal of it accompanying the hay to Mr. Walker's premises.

In the year 1767 there was a somewhat similar arrangement in the case of some faggots, which a Hertfordshire farmer had for sale, and which was eventually the subject of no little betting. The price was eighteen shillings per hundred, exclusive of carriage. A little man who came to buy said that he would carry them himself, whereupon the seller, who thought that he saw his way to making a little money, made the proposal that if the buyer should carry eighteen of them to his own house every day (Sunday excepted) without missing one, he might have them for his pains, but that if he failed before he had

transferred every faggot to his own place he should pay double price. The buyer agreed to the new terms, though to all appearance everything was against him. It was computed that, taken all round, the faggots weighed half-a-hundredweight each, and early in the morning of the following day the little man shouldered his first faggot and walked off along the mile and a half of bad road which separated his house from that of the seller. He then returned and walked off with the second faggot, and so on to the end of the chapter, bearing away eighteen *per diem* until the whole were removed. It will be seen that he had to walk three miles for each faggot—a mile and a half out and, of course, the same distance in—so that he had to cover fifty-four miles a day to carry eighteen faggots. The buyer obtained his faggots for nothing, and, like the hay buyer, he backed himself, taking away some of the seller's money. The affair soon became noised abroad, and the seller's premises became the rendezvous for all the speculating individuals round about, quite a large number of bets being made as to the result.

Not a few senseless bets have been made on the success or failure of some one to perform a journey under disadvantageous circumstances. Certainly one of the silliest was that made one Sunday evening in September, 1766, by a private in the 2nd Foot Guards that he would stand upright on the roof of the coach from the "Bell" at Edmonton to the "Bull" Inn. The wager was no more than a few shillings, but the soldier pocketed them and doubtless returned to barracks a happy man. He stooped down as the coach passed under the archway of the "Bull," climbed down, and lost no time in claiming the

money. This feat is far more difficult than one would at first imagine, as anyone can discover for himself who attempts to stand up on a coach.

At the Ascot Meeting of 1765, a man sought to turn in the nimble ninepence by backing himself to run in twenty minutes two miles, carrying a seven-pound poker in his mouth, and having his hands tied behind him. He won by two minutes, and then made another wager that he would run four miles in similar conditions in forty minutes, and again won by a couple of minutes. That was on the Thursday of the meeting, while on Saturday in the week he carried the poker in his mouth for six miles, and covered the distance in several minutes less than the hour for which he stipulated. Running a coach-wheel against time was once a popular form of wager, and as long ago as February, 1763, we find records of a man backing himself to run a wheel eight miles within the hour, the wager being of a considerable amount. The performance duly came off in St. George's Fields, where a wooden platform a quarter of a mile in length and two inches from the ground had been erected. On this platform the wheel was run backwards and forwards. The wheel-trundler saved his money by half a minute, performing his task in fifty-nine minutes and a half; while three years later a lad of sixteen, an apprentice to a wheelwright in the Borough, undertook to run a wheel from Blackman Street to the third milestone at Vauxhall and back again for a bet of ten guineas. An hour was the time allowed him, but he accomplished his journey with great ease in fifty-seven minutes, a great deal of money changing hands over the match. No less a sum, how-

ever, than £14,000 is said to have depended upon the success or failure of a lighterman to cross the Thames in one of the butchers' trays with which a former generation were familiar. At eight o'clock in the evening in the last week of June the man, who had on a cork jacket "in case of accident," boarded his frail craft, and using only his hands as a means of progression, pushed off from Somerset Stairs and reached the Surrey shore without difficulty. Something like seventy boatloads of people accompanied the tray, and huge crowds collected on both banks.

Bets as to covering long distances on foot, on horseback, or on wheels have been so common that there is no necessity to deal with them at length; but mention may be made of one most absurd bet made by an unnamed nobleman in the *St. James's Chronicle* of April 21st, 1764. That journal stated that bets were being daily made on the chance of his riding from London to Edinburgh, a distance of 402 miles, in 720 minutes, that is to say, in twelve hours, which means less than one minute and about forty-eight seconds for each mile. Statisticians set to work at once, and citing Flying Childers, who covered twenty-seven feet in his stride, expressed their opinion that he could not last more than four miles at that rate. Sundry correspondence took place on the subject, but I cannot find that any attempt was ever made to bring off this mad-brained match, which some people are reported to have regarded as possible of accomplishment. Against this absolutely impossible wager may be set that of Mr. Edward Christopher, who, according to the *Public Ledger* of December 20th, 1760, rode for a considerable sum of money from the "Axe" Inn,

Aldermanbury, to Durham, 262 miles distant. He stipulated for forty-six hours in which to accomplish the journey; but, with the aid of twenty-one horses, the distance was covered in forty-two hours, and that was by no means a bad performance.

The ordinary races against time very much resemble one another, so a few of these wagers only need be noticed. In January, 1762, a couple of ruffians took it into their heads, for a wager of a leg of mutton and turnips and a dozen of beer, to match a blind horse against one that was lame. The course was from the first milestone at Islington to the second beyond Wells's Row and back again. The blind horse won, but not a few of the spectators gave it as their opinion that if the two horses had been sent to the kennels and the two men on board a man-of-war, "the four beasts would have been properly disposed of." Blind horses have often taken part in races against time, and in 1764 a match for £50 a side was brought off from the twelfth milestone at Barnet to the second milestone at Islington between Mr. Willman's pony, and a blind grey horse belonging to Mr. Barker, of the "Red Lion" hotel, in the Barbican. The blind horse, which cost no more than a guinea in Smithfield Market about three weeks before the race, won by about half a mile. Some of the road races, however, were terribly cruel affairs, and one need only mention the chaise match which took place in the year 1760, on the road between Worcester and Gloucester, to show how humanity forgot itself when wagering was concerned. A Worcester man backed himself to drive his horse a hundred miles in eleven hours. In the first five hours the horse covered fifty-six miles, but

when eighty-four miles had been traversed the poor horse dropped down dead. And this was called sport! Yet many other instances of a like nature could be adduced.

Some, however, of the curious wagers one reads about appear to have had but little foundation in fact. The feat of Captain Horatio Ross, who backed himself for a considerable sum of money to kill a number of swallows with a pistol, is related in "*Sportescrapiana*;" but according to a number of *Lloyd's Evening Post*, for May, 1766, a sportsman far excelled Captain Ross's marksmanship. What is described as a "specimen of dexterity" took place at Sunbury, where, for a heavy wager, someone undertook to kill two birds flying at one shot. He is stated to have loaded his gun with peas instead of shot, and seeing two swallows flying along the banks of the Thames, fired at them, killing both at a distance of a hundred yards. The account says that the spectators were astonished, and so must the gunner have been! But for a gun to send peas a hundred yards and to kill two birds with two of them taxes one's credulity a little too highly.

In the last century the art of trick swimming was neither practised as much as it is now nor was it so well understood. What is described as "a very extraordinary wager" is reported to have been made in a coffee-house near to Temple Bar. One wagerer was to jump into seven feet of water with his clothes on, and was to undress in the water. To-day the feat could be performed by almost every decent

swimmer. Skating, too, has been the subject of sundry wagers. In January, 1763, a skilful skater laid a wager of ten guineas that he would, on skates on the Serpentine, pick up a hundred stones placed a yard apart within the hour. To win the wager the skater had to skate to the first stone and return with it to the starting-point; he then had to skate two yards to the second stone and return with it, doing the same with all the others. The skater won his bet, picking up all the stones in fifty-one minutes. Almost exactly four years later the Serpentine was the scene of another skating bet, a gentleman having undertaken to skate a mile in a minute; but he is said to have won rather easily in fifty-seven seconds. This, of course, like so many more of the old records, is obvious nonsense, seeing that two minutes twelve seconds is the record time for a mile, and then there was half a gale of wind blowing behind Donoghue, who made the time. Without a favouring wind the time for a mile exceeds three minutes, so the chronicler of the Serpentine feat would appear to have omitted to put in the minutes.

Making bets, catch and otherwise, was apparently a favourite amusement with the sportsmen and sporting men of a past generation. When there were not so many competitions as at present, time was the opponent, or men matched themselves against others. Even eating and drinking were the subjects of bets; but, as already pointed out, many of the old records are utterly untrustworthy.

W. C. A. B.

The Sportsman's Library.

MR. CUMBERLAND BENTLEY'S verse is so widely known and so deservedly popular that a volume* from his hand demands little from the reviewer. He divides the book into two parts, "Lays and Ballads," which deal almost exclusively with sport, and which owe their chief merit to the genuinely sportsmanlike note which distinguishes all; and "Love Poems" which are manly and tender, with never a trace of mawkishness. Fox-hunting of course furnishes the author with the theme for the majority of his pieces, but he is equally at home and equally happy on the moor, in the stubble, by the salmon river and on the polo ground. "An Appeal," addressed to a gentleman rider, sticks in the mind as one of the best poems in the collection; but all reach a high level, and all will come home to the sportsman as the work of a kindred soul who voices what the dumb majority can only feel.

Messrs. John Wisden & Co. have issued a handy little notebook suitable for the waistcoat pocket. It contains a complete diary for the year, in which cricketers can enter their engagements, and in addition to this it contains a large amount of interesting matter, in the shape of various records of cricket and many interesting memorabilia and odds and ends, as well as the laws of the game and a list of first-class fixtures for the year.

It is a melancholy fact that fishing on the Tweed is not what it once was. There has been much excessive taking of salmon by nets at legal hours and in a legal manner, and a great deal of

netting has also been done in defiance of all protective laws. Then the spread of the inland manufacturing towns, some of whose refuse fouls the fair waters, has done much injury, and, worse than all, the artisans of these same towns are not to be restrained from every kind of poaching, and especially from killing multitudes of smolts which would otherwise have grown into lordly salmon. The sporting rights are rapidly losing their value, and, if it was not that there are apparently many people who are content to pay heavily for a microscopic chance of catching a fish, they would cease to bring in any rents. We heard the other day of one nobleman who had paid many hundreds of pounds for one stretch of water, and, after weeks of toil, only succeeded in landing one twenty-pounder. With such a black present history and such a forbidding outlook for the romantic river, the legends of the brave days of old have a greater value, and we can read with envy and interest of the pleasures enjoyed by a past generation. The "Songs of the Edinburgh Angling Club" tell vividly of the joys falling to the lot of a sporting coterie which, composed of men distinguished in art, literature and science, found its life's relaxation in gathering at a modest establishment on the banks of the Tweed. They passed the days of their holiday time in exploring the then teeming pools with rod and line, and in the evenings they sang and jested over their temperate cups. They were true Scotsmen, and their verse naturally flowed in an expressive and poetic dialect which, worse luck, is now becoming as uncommon as the

* "Poems." By H. Cumberland Bentley. (Hatchards, 187, Piccadilly.)

salmon whose virtues it extolled. The small *édition de luxe* of their *jeux d'esprit* * which has been published will, in Scotland, at any rate, take rank as a sporting classic, and be placed on the same shelf with Scrope's famous "Days of Salmon-fishing," and, speaking from a book-hunter's point of view, may not improbably become almost as valuable as the

first issue of that most delightful work.

It may be that, with careful public and private legislation, the fortunes of the Tweed will recover to a great extent, and we may hope that, even if they never rise to the height that they held of old, the noble stream will still remain a time-honoured source of pleasure to Scotland's best and worthiest sons, and may still be able to inspire prose and verse which will dignify our sporting libraries.

* "Songs of the Edinburgh Angling Club."
(Published by David Douglas, Edinburgh.)

Imperial Yeomanry Hospital Fund.

THROUGH the courtesy of Mr. A. M. Fielding, secretary of the Imperial Yeomanry Hospital Fund (raised by Lady Georgina Curzon, the Countess of Essex, and others), we are enabled to give the following names of the Hunts in the United Kingdom who have generously subscribed towards the equipment and endowment of beds, &c., in the Imperial Yeomanry Hospitals.

A special ward called the "Hunt Ward" has been established to receive beds given by Hunts, in which is placed the bed given by H.R.H. the Prince of Wales' "Persimmon."

	£	s.	d.
Albrighton	100	0	0
Blankney	100	0	0
Braes of Derwent	50	0	0
Burton	50	0	0
Bicester and Warden Hill	100	0	0
Bicester (Ladies)	100	0	0
Blackmore Vale	100	0	0
Beaufort	150	0	0
Belvoir	50	0	0
Brocklesby	74	13	6
Berkeley	100	0	0
Bedale	215	3	6
Croome	50	0	0
Cottesmore	135	0	0

	£	s.	d.
Cattistock	77	5	0
Carlow and Island	55	3	0
Cotswold	50	0	0
Cotley	50	0	0
Craven Harriers	75	0	0
Dunstan Harriers	100	0	0
Dumfriesshire	150	0	0
Duhallow	75	0	0
Devon & Somerset Staghounds	150	0	0
East Essex	72	0	0
Eridge	50	0	0
Essex Union	100	0	0
Essex	176	9	6
East Galway	52	10	0
East Kent Hunt	51	16	6
Exmoor	150	0	0
Essex and Suffolk	100	0	0
Enfield Chase and Staghounds	50	0	0
Fitzwilliam	150	0	0
Four Burrow	50	0	0
Flint and Denbigh	177	2	6
Fernies, Mr.	600	0	0
Grafton Hunt Steeplechase	50	0	0
Galway	50	0	0
Garth	54	13	6
H. H.	96	10	6
Herts	86	9	0
Herts (Ladies)	50	0	0
Henham Harriers	100	0	0
Hursley	54	13	0
Holderness	100	0	0
Hurworth	182	17	0
Hambleton	119	0	0
Isle of Wight	50	0	0
Kirkham Harriers	50	0	0
Kildare	51	17	3
Ludlow	100	0	0

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Ledbury	100	0	0	Surrey Stag	50	0	0
Llangibby	68	14	0	South Oxfordshire	110	0	0
Louth	50	0	0	Southwold	72	4	6
Linlithgow and Stirlingshire	100	0	6	Surrey Union	66	0	0
Morpeth	50	0	0	South Durham	83	10	0
Meath	172	15	0	Southdown	52	10	0
Milton	50	5	0	Tynedale	50	0	0
Melton Constable Harriers	65	5	0	Tredegar's, Lord	50	0	0
Monmouthshire	71	0	0	Tickham	132	4	2
North Durham	63	10	0	Tedworth	112	2	0
North Cotswold	75	10	0	Tarporley Green Collar	50	0	0
North Warwickshire	50	0	0	Templemore	51	0	0
North Hereford	57	0	0	United Hunt Club	50	0	0
New Forest	110	3	6	Vine	51	10	6
Old Berkeley West	100	0	0	Wynnstay	50	0	0
Old Berkeley East	100	0	0	Whaddon Chase	72	0	0
Ormond	110	0	0	West Norfolk	83	0	0
Old Berks	118	17	0	Western Meeting	50	0	0
Oakley	107	15	0	Warnham	60	0	0
Old Surrey Foxhounds	150	0	0	Western Harriers	51	0	0
Pytchley	76	9	6	Warwickshire	100	0	0
Percy	50	0	0	West Somerset	76	0	0
Puckeridge	172	11	0	Westmeath	50	0	0
Rufford	79	4	6	West Kent	80	0	0
South Dorset	63	5	0	Worcestershire	50	0	0
South Herefordshire	100	0	0	West Surrey Staghounds	100	0	0

"Our Van."

Newmarket Second Spring.—

We had the Second Spring in last month's BAILY, apparently, but that was a mistake in the heading for First Spring. The meeting, like the previous two at headquarters, was a very disagreeable one, owing to cold east winds. The racing was varied and up to the average of the meeting, and there was a frequency of races of a mile and a half, for which trainers seemed able to find a sufficiency, if not a superfluity, of starters. The Newmarket Stakes was, of course, the race of the meeting, and it was a more or less eventful affair. The skill of Sloan as a jockey scarcely wanted demonstrating, but it was demonstrated in a remarkable way by the cleverness with which he rode Chevening. Chevening had won the Queen's Prize at

Kempton, and was looked upon as a good little one. The possibility of his defeating Diamond Jubilee was entertained by more than one, or else his price would not have been 3 to 1. How much was known in the ring of what had happened to Diamond Jubilee at exercise cannot be said. He had had one of his worst fits of temper, during which he had rolled over with his jockey and afterwards sweated for hours, and had these particulars been public property there would have been no laying of 2 to 1 on. There were but six runners, and when six of the ten furlongs had been covered, Diamond Jubilee was, apparently, to win as easily as in the Two Thousand; but Sloan had been seen to cross over from the left, so as to lie in the right rear of Diamond Jubilee, and at

the proper moment he stole up behind, as we have seen him do before, with success. He did not quite catch Jones napping, however, but it was a race. Jones remained cool, merely using his hands, and Sloan's fine jockeyship failed by a head. The result of the race naturally affected the Derby betting, people once more turning to Forfarshire. But the owner of Chevening entertained no illusions as to his chance of beating Diamond Jubilee at Epsom. He never expected to get as near doing so again. But Chevening was backed for a place in the Derby for a lot of money, and plenty stood him to win outright, with the suitability of the Epsom Course as a reason.

Epsom Summer Meeting.—

The Derby of 1900 should have been a very interesting one had things gone well with all the intending runners. We have so much racing that incidents which agitate us one day are forgotten the next, and now that Diamond Jubilee has won for his royal owner the Derby with a colt bred by himself for the second time, we find it easy enough to forget all the dreadful things that were thought and written at the back end of last season, when the possibility of the Derby being won by Democrat, a gelding, appeared by no means remote. Some would have been satisfied by nothing less than a revision of the conditions of the race, whereby geldings should be disqualified for it. Now that the danger is passed we hear no more of this, but the outcry will certainly be revived when another dangerous gelding makes its appearance.

Democrat seems to have gone entirely to the bad. He had shown promise quite early in the year of having kept his form, but soon went all to pieces.

This really surprised no one imbued with old-fashioned notions of running two-year-olds, which discountenances running them, as Democrat was run, eleven times in a season, though American two-year-olds are often subjected to more severe seasons than this.

With the two-year-old form only to go by, this defection of Democrat left the way clear for Forfarshire, who came on in the second half of his second year in wonderful fashion; but what we saw of him at Newmarket did not suggest that this improvement had been maintained. Seeing Diamond Jubilee and Forfarshire out within two days of one another, a splendid opportunity for comparison was presented, and the comparison was all in favour of Diamond Jubilee, horse for horse. Very excellent judges looked upon the race as a certainty for the Prince of Wales, and these were people who back their opinions in no niggard manner. Others who were satisfied with expressing an opinion only received a shock after the Newmarket Stakes, fearing Diamond Jubilee's temper, and these became a numerically influential Forfarshire party. This was excellent for the Diamond Jubilee men, who were able to get their money on at a price which surprised them. They had been glad to take 7 to 4 and even 6 to 4, but here was 9 to 4 thrown at their heads. The Turf always will present the puzzle, I suppose, of how men's minds are affected, for, with no two opinions possible on the question which was the better horse, the item of temper was allowed to have such weight that the majority of turf "prophets" went for Forfarshire as their final selection. They had to lie down before the day was over.

Entirely satisfactory the race

for the Derby was not, for Sloan, on Disguise II., cut across and amongst the others at Tattenham Corner so as to seriously incommodate more than one. Diamond Jubilee was slewed round almost at right angles, whilst Simon Dale was nearly stopped. Small wonder, then, that Disguise II. was able to show a bold front in the straight. Diamond Jubilee wore him down fairly enough, and then Simon Dale came on the scene, getting to the girths of Diamond Jubilee, who won by half a length. The interference at Tattenham Corner was all the more serious because Diamond Jubilee's jockey was not one in the first flight, though nothing could have been better than the way he has ridden the colt. But he was naturally extraordinarily anxious, and a *contretemps* quite outside anything he could reasonably calculate upon might very easily upset him seriously. One of the stock arguments of the pro-Forfarshire party was that Diamond Jubilee would be upset by the Epsom crowd. These people knew neither their Diamond Jubilee nor their Forfarshire, for the last-named it was who was upset, Diamond Jubilee being satisfied with one brief flourish of his heels in the parade, and this with him is mere play. Forfarshire had the bad luck to be struck into in the race so badly as to have to remain at Epsom, so reference to his form must be reserved until he has another chance of showing what he can do.

A stone below that of last year is the way to sum up the form of the three-year-old colts. Last year's fillies were so bad that they may not stand out from those of this year, but these are certainly much worse than the colts. The poverty of the land was laid bare

when Winifreda and Lady Schomberg were made favourites. There was literally only one in the race, and that La Roche, who came away in the straight just as she pleased, and won with her ears pricked, apparently wondering why she was pulled up. To see the others fighting for the places lengths away stamped them as an inferior lot.

The interest in the two-year-olds was confined to the produce of Melton. Toddington, the newly-named Minera colt, made hay of Revenue (the Income colt) in the Woodcote Stakes, carrying a heap of money at odds-on, whilst in the Acorn Stakes the School-Book filly did much the same with Sabrinetta.

The catastrophe of the meeting was in the Great Surrey Foal Stakes, Good Morning, the favourite, being left at the post. When the machine was started Good Morning (the Bonnie Morn colt), who was very restive, went across the course to the left, and so was out of it. In the ring the betting about Good Morning had gone back in what was deemed ominous fashion, but this movement could almost be attributed to the operations of one backer who, having lost money before laying against Good Morning, was now seeking to recover it. The colt's restiveness at the post probably gave the *clou*. Anyhow, the bold speculation came off.

Kempton Park.—The feature of the First Summer Meeting, consisting of the Saturday after Epsom, was the appearance of Toddington in the Two-year-old Plate, in which he was opposed by Mr. Musker's Britannia, winner of the Brocklesby, and Mirande, who had shown some form at Newmarket. Neither of these two presented any danger in the race, but Royal River, who, in

making a dead heat with Eileen Violet at Gatwick at 6lb. did not do anything out of the way, chased the crack home in fashion very uncomfortable to his supporters, he just getting home by a neck. The opinions that were hazarded to the effect that he was not at his best were justified. He came in limpingly, and the leg trouble developed so seriously that he had to remain at Kempton. A big, heavy colt, the hard going everywhere did not suit him.

Manchester.—We had a new experience at Manchester, no fewer than three days out of the four being brilliantly fine. The going was absolutely hard, and dust flew; but, such is the peculiar nature of the course, that rain during one night and morning reduced it to an absolute quagmire, the going being such as we are accustomed to in November. But the Manchester Cup was run on the hard going, and an easy thing it proved to be for La Roche, 10lb. penalty and all. No sooner had she passed the post winner of the Oaks than enquiries were made as to her price for the Manchester race. I heard of some fancy prices being laid at Kempton, but that must have been before I got there. No one seemed anxious to lay at all in my presence. On the day 7 to 4 came to be taken about La Roche, and the price would have been even shorter but for some spirited wagering on behalf of Joe Chamberlain, Rensselaer and Charina being well backed also. It was the Oaks over again, La Roche drawing out in the straight and winning in a common canter.

Ascot.—That we were at Ascot we knew, because we had just paid twelve shillings and sixpence for what is, on ordinary occasions, a seven-and-sixpenny journey, and were treading a racecourse whose

hardness and burnt-up condition rendered it as fit for racing purposes as Clapham Common; the usual result of a few days' heat. As to the railway extension, I suppose we ought to consider ourselves lucky in the matter of Ascot, five shillings super-added to seven-and-six being quite mild compared with the seven-and-six instead of the ordinary three-shilling return fare for Epsom—a trifling rise of 150 per cent. The state of the turf at Ascot is one of the wickedest things connected with the year's racing in England, and the scribe does not feel that he has done his duty by the meeting till his almost annual protest has been uttered, albeit the grievance must be a weariness to all interested, whether as owners or visitors. Save when heavy rain has fallen just previous to the meeting, the course that is provided for the best thoroughbred blood of the country, and often of other countries also, attracted by the prospect of gaining glory or something of the rich stakes, is like a turnpike road in the hardness of its surface. The matter is criticised and discussed in both public and private each year: there is but one opinion from the Stewards of the Jockey Club downwards, yet nothing is done.

Two schemes are proposed, one being the digging up and re-laying of the course with suitable material; the other is to arrange for a water supply, so that the course could be subjected to a continuous sprinkling, as is done in the case of certain racecourses in France, not to say in England also. Either scheme would mean the expenditure of a deal of money, and no doubt taking quantities of water to the course is a difficult matter; but money is just what the Ascot trustees have

at their command. Not long since they purchased the property between the main road and the station, burrowed under the road by means of a tunnel, and so constructed a private means of communication between course and station for the holders of tickets to the Royal Enclosure.

The action of the trustees in acquiring the estate displays thought for the convenience of the patrons of the meeting, and it is to be hoped that this step may prove the forerunner of measures calculated to allay the complaints which are made about the condition of the course. As I am never weary of maintaining that our race-meetings should be made as comfortable and attractive as possible, I have the greatest respect for the social attractions of Ascot, and I do not begrudge the Royal Enclosure frequenters their private route, but I shall fearlessly maintain—fearlessly because I am sure I have both right and popular feeling on my side—that the racing should come first, or, at any rate, should not be a secondary consideration. One hears all kinds of suggestions made by people thirsting to bring pressure to bear on the Ascot authorities; but what pressure can be brought to bear on them? Refusing the licence is the only and very drastic step that could be adopted, and refusing a licence to Ascot seems about as possible as the Chief Commissioner of Police forbidding the Lord Mayor's Show. Inasmuch as Ascot is a Royal meeting, a hint from royalty should have weight, and perhaps the action of the Prince of Wales in scratching Diamond Jubilee when the state of the ground was realised, will be taken to heart. Proud as every owner worthy the name is to win at Ascot, it is a consideration to have such valuable stakes

as the Princess of Wales's and Jockey Club Stakes to fall back upon; and herein we see one of the uses of these ten-thousand pounders. It is something to have races to look forward to which, if they do not precisely enable one to rise superior to Ascot, at least console one for having to pass it by. The magic of an Ormonde will never surround the name of Diamond Jubilee, but the withdrawal of an, at all events, respectable Derby winner cannot fail to adversely affect the reputation of a meeting.

Accustomed as one is to badness of course, this year surpassed anything that could be remembered. Of green there was absolutely nothing to be seen on the course that was visible from the stands, where all was a pale, deathly yellow. On the undulating space enclosed by the circular course plenty of green places were to be seen, but no racing takes place there. The paddock had palpably been well watered; but horses merely walk about in the paddock, and it does not matter much what they walk upon. One would really think that, at Ascot, the ordinary conditions of racing were reversed. The material on the surface of the course (the customary terms of turf, grass and growth cannot be applied to it) suggested that a severe regimen of over-manuring had been in progress, for when we stooped to examine we found the premature, uncut hay-like crop to consist of very coarse stems, like stubble. Anyone who knows anything at all about racecourses is aware that what is wanted is the closest turf that can be got. At Ascot the exact opposite has been produced, the obvious conclusion being that those in charge do not understand how to treat the soil. The course is so bad

that it probably does not much signify to what extent it is trodden down by foot-people between races, but the practice of allowing the course to be turned into a promenade is none the less to be condemned. At Epsom the same custom prevails, with the same effect on the course, though Ascot at its best—that is to say, at the commencement—is worse than is Epsom at the end of the fourth day. At Doncaster and York, to take two instances, the racing takes place on town, *i.e.*, the people's, property, but no one is allowed on the course, or, indeed, shows any desire to go there, and at Ascot and Epsom it is largely a case of sheep following sheep.

Although we knew we were at Ascot, we looked around wonderingly for the throngs of people we associate with the gathering. If this be a little war, what will the country be like if we ever engage upon a big one? On the very eve of the meeting news from South Africa arrived which must have entailed the staying away of many in addition to the numerous bereaved ones. Beauty and the milliner were in evidence in the customary quality, but not in quantity. The array of fours-in-hand was scanty, there was little crushing for the trains, and everything, in fact, betokened a very thin Ascot. Though Royalty attended each day, there was no procession.

There were some bogies at Ascot—bogey horses, I mean—and we had one in the second race of the meeting, the Prince of Wales's Stakes. This was Cateran Lad, one of Lord Rosebery's "Lads," that have been dangled before us since the get of Ladas began to run. Simon Dale was in the race, giving Cateran Lad a roll, so Simon Dale won, natu-

rally. The meeting of Good Morning (left at the post at Epsom) and The Parson (the Stole colt) lent much interest to the Coventry Stakes. The Parson was a fractionally better favourite than Good Morning, but Captain Greer's Gallinule colt proved to be much too good for the Melton. He should have won the race by a length or two, but came near not winning at all, Lester Reiff not coming away as directed, and Weldon, on Volodyovski, got to his head at the winning-post. The Parson was third. Captain Greer will no doubt prefer to remember that the race was won in 1893 by Ladas and in 1895 by Persimmon, rather than dwell upon the fate of the winners of the three years last past, Orzil, Desmond and Democrat, and I think he has reason for such a choice in his handsome colt. The Gold Vase was a battle of millionaires, the trophy falling to Sir E. Cassel, through the medium of Solitaire. This gentleman's sideboard will look all the richer for the really handsome gilt *jardinière* which the Master of the Buckhounds had provided.

On the second day a field of twenty for the Royal Hunt Cup included some excellent performers in whom much interest was taken. The trophy consisted of a pair of Pompeian flags, the makers of which supplied a list of "probable starters" which was not particularly happy, for it did not contain the winner, Royal Flush. Royal Flush has had many owners, and his last, previous to Mr. Drake, must be considered very unfortunate in not having won with him more than he did. What he was capable of when properly ridden he showed now, and the victory was no fluke, for it was expected, Royal Flush having run a very fast trial to the watch. He did not win by much, it is true, a

head separating him from Good Luck; but Johnny Reiff got everything out of him there was to be got, and if he swerved to the left, Good Luck did so to the right. In the Fern Hill Stakes, for two and three-year-olds, the honours were with the youngsters, Hercules (the Dunover colt) winning, with Sloan up. With La Roche not entered, the Coronation Stakes became a fairly open race. Faith once accorded a racehorse dies hard, and Vain Duchess was favourite in preference to Winifreda, but Winifreda proved to be the better by three lengths. The honour of winning had, however, to be divided with Sainte Nitouche, the two running a very exciting dead-heat, which Winifreda made three strides from the winning-post, to which the positions were maintained.

That Mr. Musker would have a great Ascot was an article of general faith; but already one blow had befallen him, and in the Forty-eighth Triennial Stakes (first year) he suffered another, Lord Melton (the La Rosière colt), with 2 to 1 laid on him, going down before Veles, who led him all the way and beat him fairly and squarely, though by a head only.

It was a pity indeed that a record crowd was not present for the Gold Cup, but the attendance was barely up to that of any other day in ordinary years. The pity was because of the excellent reason that presented itself for a display of enthusiasm. Of all the certainties ever seen on the turf, Perth (Perth II. is an abomination) for the Gold Cup seemed one—on paper. In the paddock the Frenchman's conformation did not satisfy everybody when taking the nature of the course into consideration, whilst Merman inspired the greatest confidence.

Still, heavy odds on Perth were the only terms on which trade could be done, the odds extending to 4 to 1 at the start. Perth was provided with a pace-maker, according to French custom, and he got all the pace-making he wanted, or a little more. You can have pace-making of two kinds, good and bad, and it is bad when the pace-maker starts off at a rate which it would be suicidal for anything to follow. Sloan, who rode Merman, is the last person in the world to be deceived in the matter of pace, and Nérís, the pace-maker, was allowed to go as fast as he listed. When the tussle began six furlongs from home Nérís fell away and Perth went to the front, but another quarter of a mile settled his chance, and he struggled home a beaten horse, a bad fourth. Scintillant ran his race out bravely enough, but he could do nothing to prevent Merman from sailing past and winning amidst the plaudits of a delighted, because relieved, crowd. English race-cups on French sideboards are not a popular subject for contemplation at the moment, the catholicity of sport notwithstanding. Too late was it for backers to turn to the book and realise that Merman had done very well last year in giving 21 lbs. to Fourire, and finishing two lengths behind him. Fourire was a three-year-old that won ten races off the reel. The winning of Merman was an extraordinary piece of luck for England, for the original intention had been to run him for the Vase and the Alexandra Plate, but the nominations were irregular because not signed by Mrs. Langtry's nominee himself, but by a clerk. After the Gold Cup had been won there were rumours of an objection, and the matter of the validity of the entry was

actually discussed on Friday morning, but the official announcement was made that no objection had been lodged by Mr. Oswald, the owner of Scintillant. The Epsom Lad bogey was exploded in the St. James's Palace Stakes, for which he was favourite. Bonarosa won this, giving Sidus 7 lbs. and a clever beating. Mr. Musker took the New Stakes with one of his Meltons, the Limosa colt, after a good finish with Orchid, who, so far as I could judge, was ridden a little too hard by Rigby, and suffered a neck defeat by reason thereof. Caiman came out in the Rous Memorial, as Democrat had done earlier in the day in the New Biennial, as a ghost of his former self, and each of these shows indications of being quite done with. Champs de Mars, in a start and prolonged finish, beat Hulcot by half a length.

On the fourth day the success of Volodyovski in the Windsor Castle Stakes was a piece of poetical justice to both colt and owner, Lord W. Beresford, who, I think, has a good one in this son of Florizel II., the first of that sire to win. Great enthusiasm was aroused by the way Eager galloped vigorously home in the Queen Stand Stakes, a gallant winner under 20 lb. He was reputed to have developed temper and to have given great trouble in training. If anyone can manage him it is Mornington Cannon, and it was a splendid sight to see the gallant horse coming along like a steam-engine, apparently very much against his will, and people cheered because they could not help it quite as much because of pecuniary considerations. It does not seem as though any reasonable weight would stop Eager, when not running outside his distance. The

Wokingham Stakes should have gone to Vatel, but he got so badly placed early in the race that he could not get through in time. When he did he simply tumbled over the others, all excepting Bridge, who had been making the best of his way to the front, and was not to be caught in that fashion.

In the next two races the Duke of Portland's representatives fared badly enough. For the Hardwicke Stakes odds of 9 to 4 were laid on Simon Dale, who finished fourth in a field of seven, the race being won by Boniface, whilst Manners filled the same position in a field of four only for the Alexandra Plate, won by Gadfly, whose success suggests a sudden improvement of a couple of stone or thereabouts in the course of five weeks.

The Ascot race-card is printed in the same inconvenient manner as at Newmarket, the horses being arranged in the alphabetical order of the owners' names, instead of by the weights, as is more usual and convenient. The owner's name is the last thing one looks for.

Polo.—Hurlingham.—Up to the present there has been plenty of polo at the senior club, though no matches that are very memorable. Hurlingham has always laid itself out for soldier players, and thus is more likely to feel their absence than Ranelagh. Nevertheless, there has been plenty of good play at Hurlingham during the past month. Polo is so much more reported and written of nowadays that we are apt to think there is no good play except that which lends itself to the pen of a ready writer. But it must not be forgotten that at a club like Hurlingham there is much good play seen in good members' games. BAILY has always contended for the encouragement of

members' games, and the V.D. looks on the number of good games of polo enjoyed by members this season as a capital omen for the future of the game. This has been well shown by the progress of the Handicap Tournament, which has been quite the best series of matches seen at the senior club this month. There were no less than three good matches in the tournament. In the earlier ties the games were only decided after the hour was up, and the scores won by extra time being taken. Then the decision was only by one goal. The final, which was played on the 9th before a large crowd, also produced a very good struggle for half the time. The teams were as follows:—

C.
Mr. F. Daniel.
Capt. Jenner.
Mr. O. Haig.
Mr. T. B. Drybrough.

E.
Mr. Blyth.
Mr. Straker.
Mr. Auberon Sturton.
Mr. John Watson.

The game itself can be easily summarised; the two backs kept the ball flying backwards and forwards in the middle of the ground, and for three periods the scores kept even, but Mr. Drybrough's team outstayed the others, and becoming steadier and showing better combination they won somewhat easily at the end.

At Hurlingham on Saturday, the chief attraction was the semi-final tie of the Champion Cup Tournament, in which the Old Cantabs and the Students were the opposing teams, the players being: Old Cantabs: Mr. Walter McCreery, Mr. F. M. Freake, Mr. W. S. Buckmaster, and Mr. Laurence McCreery (back). Students: Mr. Cecil Nickalls, Mr. Morris Nickalls, the Hon. R. Ward, and Mr. P. W. Nickalls (back). Umpires: Mr. John Watson and Capt. Renton. A good game was anticipated, and the spectators were not

disappointed, despite the ground being on the soft side. At half-time the Cantabs were leading by two goals to love.

The fourth period also went greatly in favour of the Cantabs, who however, did not succeed in adding to their score, but midway in the fifth ten, Mr. Buckmaster scored a third point. He played a very fine game. The Students made strenuous efforts in the final turn to score, but failed, and the Cantabs won by three goals to love.

Ranelagh.—The Hunt Cup.—

This tournament has steadily grown in favour with the public and with players. Possibly, it owes something to the popularity of Mr. Goodwin Kilburne's picture and the fine photogravure, of which copies are now to be seen in many clubs and private houses. Nevertheless, owing to the fact that the love of polo and of hunting are so closely connected, the various stages produce good games, and the final generally a keen struggle.

The County Cup.—Of this contest I shall write next month, but the ties are now being played off and are evidently arousing a good deal of general interest. To take one example, Hull v. Middlewood, played off their ties on Whit Monday before an assembly of four thousand people who followed the game with keen attention. It should be said that the game was played on the Westbourne Avenue ground belonging to Hull. The sides were:—

HOLDERNESSE.
Mr. G. Houlton.
Mr. C. Fox.
Mr. P. Hodgson.
Mr. F. Hurley.

MIDDLEWOOD.
Mr. J. Mitchell.
Mr. H. Whitworth.
Mr. P. Wormald.
Mr. J. Wormald.

Umpires, Mr. Dobree and C. C. Ellison.

The game was a fast one, and the struggle very keen, especially in the half-time period. Middlewood proved to be the better

mounted team, and this and Mr. J. Wormald's hard hitting eventually gave them the match. We shall look forward to seeing Middlewood at Hurlingham in the finals. Of other ties Cirencester have beaten Oxford University, Cambridge cannot raise a team, Liverpool has beaten Edinburgh. Stansted have been playing a few trial matches at Hurlingham and Ranelagh, in spite of the absence of so many playing members in South Africa.

The Late Henry L'Estrange.—

Quite suddenly one of the keenest polo players in Ireland has passed away. Mr. H. L'Estrange was the honorary secretary and moving spirit of that Sligo Club which has always taken so prominent a part in Irish county polo. Only a few days before his death the V.D. had received an interesting communication on the prospects of the club and the improvements contemplated on the ground at Hazlewood, one of the most beautifully situated and picturesque polo fields in the United Kingdom.

The Late Earl of Airlie.—It is with regret that we have to record the death of a gallant soldier, and at one time an enthusiastic polo player. Short though his life was (he was born in 1856), he had attained one of his great wishes, the command of a cavalry regiment on active service. Like many another good soldier, he loved polo and played well, but latterly he had more and more devoted his mind to his profession, which he found all-absorbing. Many people have lost a valued friend, and England one of the most promising of her cavalry leaders.

International Pony Show at the Crystal Palace.—An exhibition of ponies of all breeds, with a one day show for polo ponies on active service, is an excellent

idea. The schedule of prizes is very complete, and the money offered, as is usual with the Crystal Palace management, liberal. The classes for our mountain and moorland breeds should be interesting. The show is fixed for July 2nd, 3rd and 4th, the polo pony show being on July 3rd. Not only are the horse-loving folk well catered for, but there are to be jumping and bending competitions, which will draw a good gate.

The Master of Foxhounds and Distemper.—The chairman of the Master of Foxhounds' Association, Mr. Albert Brassey, M.P., informed the members at the last meeting that Dr. Bloxall had made some valuable discoveries, but that some further time and experiments were desirable before the report containing Dr. Bloxall's conclusions could be published. It had been decided, therefore, to continue the investigations for another year. This is, no doubt, a wise course to pursue.

Death of the Newly-Appointed Huntsman to Her Majesty's Staghounds.—The death of the newly-appointed Queen's huntsman, Chas. Lowman, aged forty-nine, has caused a sensation in the district of South Bucks and East Berks. He held an excellent record as a hunt servant. His home was previously at Marlow, and he started his career, as a hunt servant, as second whip to the South Oxfordshire Hunt, when Lord Macclesfield was the master. After staying three years, Lowman went as second whip to the Warwickshire Hunt, under Lord Willoughby de Broke. With this pack he stayed seven years, and then went to the Duke of Richmond, and gained much credit as first whip and then huntsman to the Goodwood pack. He remained there for five years, and

on that pack being given up in 1895 he went to Mr. Gilbey as kennel huntsman to the O.B.H. (West), where he gained golden opinions for his kennel management and courtesy and success in the field.

Plymouth Polo Club.—This garrison polo club seems to have suffered less from the war than Plymouth. Perhaps this is because they are a United Service club, and the players are drawn from both Army and Navy. One of the best matches played up to the time of writing was

R.G.A.	R.N.
Mr. Burnard.	Lieutenant Campbell.
Captain Bishop.	Captain Bayly.
Captain Seddon.	Lieut. L. Lambart.
Major Burney.	Lieut. Godfrey Faussett.
Umpire, Captain Woyun Browne.	

The naval men wanted more practice at good hitting. They lack style and neatness, and want more combination. On the other hand, they are very hard riders, and Mr. Lambart should make a really first-class player with practice. The R.G.A. played a very sound game, kept well together, and Captains Bishop and Seddon made some good runs, and supported each other as Nos. 2 and 3 should do. The game draws plenty of spectators, and it may be hoped the Plymouth Polo Club has come to stay.

Polo Pony Shows.—Two important shows were held last month at Ranelagh and at Liverpool. The Barn Elms Club had Lord Shrewsbury and Sir Humphrey de Trafford as judges. The heavy-weight class was won by Mr. G. A. Miller's Lady-love, Captain Fenwick's Dolly, and Mr. T. Gilbey's Early Dawn being second and third. In the light-weight class Policy, second at the Crystal Palace, won here, but she has improved since that, where she was undoubtedly too fat to look her best. Mr. Walter

Jones took second with a good pony, and a fine performer, Pearl, while Luna beat Early Dawn and other good ponies for the Championship.

Liverpool had a show, which if not better than Ranelagh, was in many respects more interesting on account of the classes for young stock. The judging was certainly better attended. Mr. Hutchinson and Mr. T. F. Dale officiated. The show was important on account of the general excellence of the breeding classes, which were well represented.

In the class for stallions, Mr. Montefiore, who had pluckily brought Mootrub all the way from Buckinghamshire, had a well-deserved win. This pony has some winning polo stock to his credit. In brood mares Mr. Midwood contributed a very taking brown mare, Luck, while Shyllass II. and Hazel, belonging to the same owner, showed what good polo stock is coming on. The Polo Pony Society have every reason to be pleased with the Liverpool Show.

In Polo Pony classes, Mr. Tyrer's Sirenia was first in heavy-weights. This mare was afterwards deservedly awarded the silver cup presented by Mr. Midwood for the best pony in the show.

Good as this mare was, Mr. Ashton Clegg's Housemaid was not far behind her, and won rightly and easily in the light-weight class.

This show was held on the fine ground of the Liverpool Club, at Childwall, on which was played a good polo match after the show.

The Wirral Club.—This is one of the oldest polo clubs in England, and has just made a new home for itself at Hooton Park. The last-named well-known place has been let to the Hooton Park

Club by Miss Naylor and Lady Rossmore, and is now under the capable management of Mr. Vicary, being worked up into a good class sporting club.

There is a racecourse, croquet lawns, and last, but not least, a well laid-out full-sized boarded ground. On this the Wirral Club will henceforth play, and few other clubs, except Ranelagh, have better surroundings. The ground is very level, and when the turf is settled, should be very good to play on. Besides the ground, there is a convenient pavilion, and not far off the clubhouse, one of the finest in England. The smooth lawn, the fine trees, and the great space make the Wirral people very fortunate in their ground. This has always been a keen and prosperous club. It ought now to be still more so.

Paris International Tournament.—Every effort was made to draw teams to the International Tournament, and I think seven was by no means a bad entry. It was rather a pity that Hamburg scratched, as I believe they are very keen. It was generally felt that the two teams from England would pass into the final, and Rugby looked on paper a very difficult team to beat. The Paris Bagatelle and North American teams were easily disposed of with hardly the semblance of a struggle, and the

RUGBY.
Mr. W. McCreery.
Mr. F. M. Freake.
Mr. W. S. Buckmaster.
Count J. de Madre.

FOXHUNTERS.
Mr. A. Kawlinson.
Mr. F. J. Mackey.
Mr. Foxhall Keene.
Captain Denis Daly.

were left to contest the final for the Grand Prix International de l'Exposition—a fine trophy.

The ground, unluckily, was cut up after the heavy rain, and not all Mr. Gill's efforts could make it good. This state of things just suited the Foxhunters, who were a very strong team of hard hitters.

To make matters worse for Rugby, Mr. Buckmaster had a nasty fall. Eventually the Foxhunters won by three to one. Their victory was not inappropriate, as there were two Americans, one Irishman and one Englishman in the team, so that the international character of the Tournament was maintained by the winners.

The Warwickshire Club.—

This good club brings off every year an interesting polo programme, and seems to have suffered but little from the war. The Sydenham Farm ground never lacks spectators, and their very well arranged tournaments always draw good entries.

The final of their last Handicap Tournament was played off on June 2nd, the following teams taking the field for the final match:—

D.
Mr. R. Richardson.
Mr. Hay.
Mr. Bland.
Mr. Flower.

C.
Mr. C. Dixon.
Mr. S. Flower.
Mr. J. Shaw.
Mr. A. Tice.

All these are well-known players, and had worked their way into the final by good hard play.

After a very sharp contest and some good galloping Polo, D rather outstayed their opponents, and won by 5 goals to 2.

The London Polo Club.—This club evidently meets a want, for it gathers a good many players, and Major Herbert is able to arrange some good matches. Among the leading players at the Club are Sir Charles Wolseley, Mr. Brammall, Lord Huntingdon, Dr. MacArthur, and last but not least, Major Herbert himself, who must be, I suppose, looked upon as a veteran from a polo point of view, though his play still shows keenness.

Wimbledon Park has sustained a loss by the retirement from the captaincy of the polo club

of Mr. T. B. Drybrough, which is much to be regretted. In other respects they have had a successful season so far.

National Polo Association of America.—A correspondent writes that at the Annual General Meeting of the Association, held in April last, the schedule of fixtures for the year was arranged. It was so devised as to give a succession of tournaments to be played at each club from March to October; and the adoption of this system excited much opposition, as it involved the absence from home of many teams during the greater part of the season. It was proposed as an alternative that three, or at most four, tournaments should be held under the auspices of the Association, being one for each section of the country. The other business transacted included the admission of four new clubs to the Association, which indicates in the most satisfactory manner the progress of the game in the States, the alteration in the date of the Championship matches at Prospect Park, Brooklyn, from late in September to the last week of June, and the arrangement of a Junior Championship for players whose handicaps do not exceed 20 goals. The winning team in this event will have the privilege of making a post entry for the premier Championship.

Light Horses at the Royal Show.—Exhibitors are not, as a rule, in love with the Royal. Entries have to be made a long time in advance, and in the *interim* a horse may be sold. Then the absence of men and horses from home for eight days is felt to be an inconvenience for which the amount of the prizes is not regarded as sufficient recompense. The show of hunters on Monday the 18th ult., when the Royal

opened its gates at York, was not particularly striking. There were but two heavy-weight brood mares, of whom Mr. Swales's Lady Grey, a roomy grey mare with capital shoulders and limbs, was put in front of Mr. Barker's Stella, a good-looking chestnut which won at the Bath and West of England Meeting. In the class for brood mares up to between 12 and 15 stone, the judges made no mistake in giving first place to Mr. Wilkinson's fine mare Lady Grosvenor, who has held her own at Peterborough, Doncaster, and other places. Mr. Andrew Brown's brown Wexford, the winner in the heavy-weight hunters' class, would be a very nice horse, as he has an excellent forehand and gallops nicely; but his hocks struck one, as they did on a previous occasion, as being weak, and on the whole Mr. Denison Faber's plainer Bay Prince might very well have occupied first position. In the light-weight class there was very little doubt that Mr. Stokes's King Bronze, the Richmond winner, would be again to the fore, and so it turned out, as from the outset his victory was a certainty, while Messrs. Ward's The Knight, which won at Islington, was relegated to fourth position, Mr. Wilkinson's Cavendish dividing Mr. Stokes's pair, his Briton, a beautiful mover, running second. The best of the hunter classes were the four-year-old geldings, which the judges commended *en bloc*. To Mr. Darrell, the well-known Yorkshire exhibitor, belongs the honour of having bred the winners of the first and second prizes, Mr. Hodgson's Volunteer and Shannon View. The four-year-old mares were not equal to the geldings, and the young stock was but moderate. In Hackneys Yorkshire hardly did itself justice, and considering the locality of the

Show, a better exhibition might have been expected. Sir Walter Gilbey's Bonny Danegelt very properly won the first prize for two-year-old stallions, and Mr. Livesey's well-known Orange Blossom was first in her class, and was the champion mare. Sir Walter Gilbey's Bright Spark, the winner of the three-year-old gelding class, is an excellent specimen of the harness horse, and Mr. Barker's Isoline, the winner in the brood mare class, is to be admired. The Clevelands and coach horses were good, and so were the ponies; but the mountain breeds did not include anything likely to be of use to poloists. The polo pony stallions were headed by Sir Walter Gilbey's famous sire Rosewater, who also won the champion prize. The Rev. D. B. Montefiore was first in the class for Eastern stallions with Mootrub. Mr. John Barker carried off three first prizes, and Mr. G. N. Midwood being first in the remaining class.

Hound Show at Ranelagh.—

An open show of hounds—fox-hounds and harriers barred—was held in the beautiful grounds of the Ranelagh Club, the second Saturday in June. It was, by the way, through the influence of the Duchess of Newcastle that the committee sanctioned the use of part of the polo enclosure for the purposes of the show, and Londoners present for the first time were loud in their praise of Ranelagh and its surroundings. The ground never looked better, and as all the hounds were judged in the open, visitors and critics alike saw them at their best, most of the judges requesting exhibitors to allow the hounds absolute liberty whilst under examination. The pocket beagle as well as the graceful borzoi, the massive though symmetrical Great Dane

and the majestic bloodhound were all exceedingly well represented, and it was gratifying to note that the Duchess of Newcastle handled her own exhibits and, with the eye of an expert, placed them so that all their best points were brought out. Two championships went to Clumber, Velsh Votru and Tsaritsa, being very fine specimens of the Russian variety, and, although the Sandringham hound, Alex, has many admirers, it is very questionable indeed if he would have beaten the former had both met at Ranelagh. Leading honours in beagles and bloodhounds went north, and Mrs. Horsfall, of Worcester, was the most successful exhibitor of Great Danes, whilst Mr. Hood Wright, of Frome, benched a fine team of deerhounds and secured both championships. Should the fixture become a permanent one, as is likely to be the case, other sections may be added another year, although it is scarcely likely that opposition to *the* hound show at Peterborough will be attempted.

The Peterborough Hound

Show.—Hunting men must on no account omit a visit to the Bond Street galleries of Messrs. Dickinson and Foster, where this interesting work is on view. The scene is the familiar arena at Peterborough, and the benches round are filled with Masters of Hounds, well-known hunting men and huntsmen, with a few of the ladies who take interest in hounds. The scheme of colour is pleasing in the quietness of its tones, but it is rather as a series of portraits that it claims attention. These are excellent. We recognise at a glance Lord Lonsdale, Mr. Wroughton, Lord Eglinton, Mr. Gerald Hardy, Mr. "Reggie" Herbert, Colonel Anstruther Thomson, Mr. Lancelot Rolleston,

whose name has lately appeared in the casualty lists, Mr. Cresswell, Mr. Ashton Radcliffe, Captain Cyril Stacey, the Hon. Lancelot Lowther, Mr. Heywood Lonsdale, Mr. P. A. O. Whitaker, Mr. Mashiter, Colonel Henry, hon. secretary of the Badminton, and a score of others among the hundred-and-forty-odd portraits. The hounds whose likenesses are given are, appropriately, the winners in last year's class for two couples of entered hounds, the Duke of Beaufort's Victor, Raglan, Ringwood and Woldsman, with the Pytchley team, which was placed second, Potentate, Marksman, Miner and Pageant. The central group is admirably arranged, if the artist has placed one or two of the hounds in positions which rendered it difficult to do them complete justice. Mr. Cuthbert Bradley's beautiful water-colour drawings of the pick of the Pytchley kennel deserve more than a passing glance; but some lover of hound pictures is sure to have made himself their owner before these lines are in print.

Stage Coaching.—It does not appear as though the coaches are going to have a very merry time this year. When things are *couleur de rose*, they are not too well patronised, and now there is a wave of depression passing over England it is unlikely that passengers will be too numerous. Captain Steed did a very good stroke of business when he bought a stud of hunters which were supposed to be in preparation for the Brighton "Comet," which at the last moment the Captain declined to put on the road, so he sold his horses, and they made good prices. The "Nimrod," under Captains Spicer and Hamilton, is running, and sometimes carries a fair number of passengers. Most of the

other coaches seen in former years are running; but there are one or two absentees.

The Coaching Club.—There was unquestionably an air of melancholy about the opening meet of the Club on May 26th. Many well-known faces of both coachmen and spectators were missing, and the small gathering of sixteen coaches showed that some members were kept at home by feelings of sadness and sympathy. Amongst the best teams were fine bays of Mr. Albert Brassey and Mr. F. Cook, Mr. Charles Hanbury's chestnuts, and those of Mr. Charlesworth (resembling those which used to be driven by the late Sir Talbot Constable) and Mr. Banbury. Mr. E. D. Stern drove his famous blue roans, while Lord Newland had his good-looking browns. The field of sixteen was made up by Mr. Horton, Major Jary, Mr. Forbes-Leith, Mr. R. Budgett, Mr. Milville, Sir Patteson Nickalls, Mr. Whitehouse, Mr. Faudel Phillips, and Mr. C. J. Phillips.

Major Dalbiac.—Among the many good sportsmen who have fallen during the continuance of the war in Africa is Major H. S. Dalbiac, who was killed at Senekal while with the Middlesex Yeomanry, with which corps he went out. He was formerly in the Royal Artillery; took part in the fighting at Tel-el-Kebir, and what he did there—he obtained the medal, star, and fourth class of the Medjidie—has been embodied in one of the Barrack-room Ballads. When at the "shop," as the Royal Military Academy at Woolwich is called, he quickly showed himself to be a first-class athlete, winning a number of contests, including the Challenge Bugle twice. He was a fine rider to hounds, and an elegant horseman, for he was

built for riding. When in the service he rode some steeplechases; he was the first manager of Lingfield racecourse, and of late years had done some journalistic work, writing on polo and racing, both on the flat and over a country.

The Late Lord Radnor.—Another ex-master of fox-hounds, patron of the Turf, and good all-round sportsman has gone over to the great majority in the person of the fifth Earl of Radnor, who died on June 2nd, at his London residence, after only three days' illness. The late Earl's father obtained the loan of some country round about Salisbury and started a pack of hounds in 1869, and on giving them up in 1883 sold his kennel to the Duke of Richmond, who had just then revived the Goodwood Hunt. The late Earl succeeded Lord Pembroke as master in 1890, and resigned in 1897. Lord Radnor liked racing in a quiet way and registered his colours in 18—, and though he occasionally ran horses at other places, he liked to see his colours carried at Bath and Salisbury. He won the Salisbury Cup in 1880 with Friar Rush, and carried off the Somersetshire Stakes in the following year, and his colours were last seen on the Turf during the present season.

The Richmond Horse Show.—As this show took place so long ago, there is no necessity to dwell long upon it. The weather was on the whole fine, and on the second day, Saturday, June 9th, there was a tremendous crowd present. Several members of the Coaching Club drove down, there being a special inclosure for them, and some of the stage coaches went to Richmond instead of to their usual destination. Richmond Show has "caught on," thanks to a great extent to the patronage of

the late Duke of Teck, whose death is so greatly mourned. The hunter classes were excellent, and Mr. Stokes was, as usual, to the fore, his horses, King Bronze, Good Health, Benedictine, Iron Stone, and Bertram winning first or second prizes to the extent of £105. The evergreen Gendarme, sold, it is said, to Mr. Gray for £800, won in his class, and was the champion of the Show. In the hack and harness classes, Mr. F. V. Gooch did well, as including a fifty-guinea Challenge Cup won in the class for American bred horses, his winnings came to £112 10s., to which must be added the value of a special prize for hacks of the value of fifty guineas, so that altogether the value of his winnings amounted to the respectable sum of £165, of which £60 was in cash. Mr. Heaton won the pair horse and tandem prizes with a grand pair of chestnuts, which were exceedingly well driven. The Richmond is one of the best managed shows in England, and every credit is due to Captain Gerald Fitzgerald for the excellence of his arrangements.

Ireland—Racing.—Since our last Irish notes were printed in the "Van" some high-class sport has been witnessed at Cork Park and Baldoyle, and some very interesting steeplechasing at Tipperary and elsewhere, when several young horses appeared who are quite certain to make their marks on better-known racecourses.

Cork Park was a most successful and admirably managed meeting, and with the Shandon Plate of £1,000 on the first day and the old-established Grand Stand Plate worth £500 on the second, it will be seen that the managers were far more liberal and enterprising than is usually the case in Ireland; indeed, all the stakes run

for were worth winning, and the wonder was that the fields attracted by them, good as they were, were not much larger. A field of eight contested the Shannon Plate, a five-furlong scramble for two-year-olds, and Lord Fermoy had no difficulty in securing this with his smart Eudocia filly, who was favourably mentioned in the last number of BAILY. The Tallyho Cup, a steeplechase of two miles five furlongs, was won by Mr. Lynch's John Peel, by Atheling, but an objection, on the ground that her rider, Mr. R. Norcott, was not qualified to ride in this race, was made. This was subsequently dealt with at the Baldoyle meeting, when the objection was withdrawn by permission of the stewards.

A right pleasant day concluded with the easy victory of Berril in the Queen's Plate. Lovely weather made the attendance on the second day even larger than on the first, and again the mixed programme was most interesting and the sport very good. The big steeplechase, the Grand Stand Plate, was won by Captain Eustace Loder's Mena, brought down by Mr. Lushington from Eyrefield Lodge and allowed to start at the nice price of 8 to 1 in a field of but seven competitors. The finish was a very exciting one, Mason on the winner, Hogan on Halldom, and Mr. Cullen on Fiddler's Green gave a fine display of riding, and half a length divided the winner from Halldom, a similar distance separating second and third. A rare good young 'chaser is Mr. West's Shipshape, who, strongly supported by his admirers, easily won the Dewhurst Plate, and this is a horse that will surely be heard of again; he is by his owner's own sire, Master Mariner, out of old Celeste, a mare that won Mr. West a good many races.

Two days' chasing at Tipperary were quickly followed by two days' racing and chasing at Dundalk, where Captain Dewhurst's stable was very successful; and then followed the more important Whitsuntide meeting at Baldoyle, where many who were seen at Epsom put in an appearance.

Seldom has a larger gathering been seen at Baldoyle than that which assembled there on Whit Monday in lovely sunshine, and those who came down by road from Dublin had something to say as to the dust on the way. Commencing with the Foxhunters' Plate, a Welter flat race of nearly two and a half miles, we saw a field of fifteen runners go out; but Mr. Leybuck's Venetian Monk, a four-year-old carrying 11st. 6lb., easily cleaned out the lot and won by two-and-a-half lengths. The winner is by the defunct Franciscan, a Hermit horse, who was the property of Messrs. Widger, of Waterford. The seventeen that contested the Howth Plate—six furlongs on the flat—were let go to a bad start, and the uncertain Glenart won after a good tussel with Fontenoy. Flying Hackle, who won so well at the Curragh, was quite the gentleman of the party for the Baldoyle Derby, but Golden Wishes was also much admired, as was Cerasus, who was receiving 20lb. from his stable companion, Flying Hackle, and had been well tried at home. It was a great race between the Osborne Lodge pair, for there was nothing else in it, and that "the Hackle" should have been able just to keep his head in front at the end stamps him as a real good colt as well as a very good-looking one; the condition of the pair reflected great credit on James Dunne, their trainer.

The two-year-olds for the Patriotic Stakes looked rather a

ragged lot, but all were glad to see the race captured by such a genuine sportsman as Mr. Maher, of Frigate fame, whose luck has been dead out of late. Mr. Maher's winner was a varmint-looking colt named Red Devil, by Bel Demonio—Minute Gun, who was less fancied than another in the same stable, but who came with a rattle at the end, and, going by his horses like a flash, beat the Hypatia colt by a length and a half, Blizzard being a short head behind the second. Then came the rain, and the steeplechase was secured by Johnstown Inn, a winner of two Farmers' races at Punchestown, who beat such well-fancied winners as Elfrida, Too Good and Cornelius, not to mention old Whitehead.

Hunting.—There is little hunting gossip from Ireland just now. Lord Huntingdon has agreed to hunt East Galway next season, and to kennel the hounds with his own. This is a tremendous undertaking for his lordship, who has not been very strong of late, and will now have an enormous stretch of country to manage. It is to be hoped that his plucky enterprise in the cause of sport will reap a full reward.

Mr. George Malcolmson is busy building kennels at Mount Bolton, Portlaw, and the new pack will, it is said, be called the Waterford Foxhounds. They have lately been augmented by six couples of Mr. Corbett's bitches, so that their numbers are nearly complete.

The Masters of Foxhounds Association will indeed do useful work if the medical investigations anent distemper, which have been commenced at their instigation, succeed in throwing any light on the causes of this dreadful scourge which has of late years increased so much in virulence. Last season in Ireland the United, the

Galway, and the King's County packs were thrown out of a good deal of work owing to this disease, and at Punchestown Mr. John Watson stated that the malady had been prevalent in the kennels at Bective ever since February 1st. It used to be thought by some that distemper appeared at its worst in certain old kennels where it annually paid a visit. But the kennels of the Galway Blazers were built by the present Lord Clanmorris on the most improved plans. The Meath kennels are also new, having been built by the master after careful selection of site and model, and Mr. Assheton Biddulph entirely rebuilt his kennels in King's County a few years ago, while the United kennels were looked upon as most healthy in every respect.

Polo.—The All Ireland Polo Club opened the season on the Phoenix Park on Saturday, May 26th, when they had a capital game with co. Carlow, which team they defeated by eight goals to three. This does not give one the idea of a good game, but it was so as a matter of fact, for Carlow ran away with three goals at once by very dashing play, then had bad luck and were defeated in the end by the superior combination of the All Ireland Polo Club.

Golf.—The victory of Miss Rhona Adair, the Irish Lady Champion, who won the English Championship since the "Van" last appeared, has, I am told, given a wonderful fillip to golf in Ireland, and a right good thing too. Ireland is proud of her Champion, and received the news of the victory with much gratification. Certainly it was a victory well deserved and was won by nerve and head. Miss Adair can drive a long ball, and 176 yards is easy to her, but one

of her fair antagonists drove 220 and 221 yards in their match. Miss Adair can use the putter well, but was several times out-played by her adversaries on the green, where she has still something to learn, but her approaches were splendid, and her nerve wondrous. Success or bad luck she took with equal calmness; was never flurried in the very slightest in all the trying ordeal, and, always playing the correct game, she quite justified the very high opinion formed and expressed by Mr. Hilton as to her merits.

The competition for the Irish Close Championship was held on the grand Portmarnock course, the final game taking place on Saturday, June 2nd. Mr. R. G. Henry, a young Portmarnock player, surprised and delighted the spectators by the excellence of the play, which secured him the championship after a very good game with Mr. M'Avoy, who had previously defeated the former Champion, Mr. H. E. Reade.

Erin has just cause to be proud of her military heroes just now, and the name of Colonel Bryan Mahon, of Belleville, co. Galway, the reliever of Mafeking and six months ago an active agent in the capture of the Khalifa, is worthy of a place in that roll of honour where Roberts, French and White head the list. Colonel Mahon, they say, is a lucky man, but he deserves his luck. May it bring him safe home to the hunting-field and polo-ground, where he shines so prominently!

But, alas! the death-roll of Irish sportsmen has greatly increased during the past month, and most prominent among the names is that of young Sir John Power, of Kilfane, co. Kilkenny, whose great-grandfather, the first baronet, founded the Kilkenny Hunt, and whose grandfather was

its greatest master, and one of the finest sportsmen ever known. The late Sir John was quite devoted to the chase, and his zeal and keenness were extraordinary. He held a captaincy in his county militia, but a sense of duty called him to the front, and he obtained a commission in the Yeomanry, and died of wounds received in the late fatal surprise.

In East Galway young Mr. Pollok will long be missed. There was no better or more promising sportsman among the rising generation, and when he joined the 9th Lancers one felt sure that he would have made a name for himself had he been spared; but the fatal enteric has caused more havoc than the bullet, and cut short a bright and promising career.

The sad news of the death of Captain Goff, 3rd D.G.'s, who was killed in action in Natal, will cause much real sorrow in Ireland, and particularly in the neighbourhood of Waterford, where his family resides. Captain Goff was a most universal favourite, and was well known in the hunting-fields of Waterford and Kilkenny as a remarkably forward and good rider to hounds, in whose work he took keen interest, while he had not a spark of jealousy in his composition.

Ireland has also lost another good sportsman by the terribly sudden death of Mr. C. A. L'Estrange, the master of the Sligo Harriers, who was also well known in the conquering Sligo polo team, and was secretary of the Club. The deceased was playing in a practice game on the county polo ground, when feeling faint he dismounted, but then sank to the ground and expired. This sad event occurred on May 21st.

Presentation Picture to Lord Willoughby de Broke.—Hearty congratulations are due to Messrs.

Cecil Cutler and Frank Paton on the success with which they have executed this admirable picture, on view at Mr. Carter Baird's galleries, 61, Jermyn Street. Mr. Cutler is responsible for the portrait of the recently retired master of the Warwickshire, which is an excellent likeness of him as he was known to the field with whom he was so popular. Mr. Paton is responsible for the greater part of the work—horse, hounds, and landscape; the horse, an iron-grey, is exceedingly well modelled and the hounds are perfect. Among those grouped on either side of Lord Willoughby are:—Tuscan, winner of the prize for the best unentered hound at Peterborough in 1897, and also one of the three couples which carried off Lord Middleton's Cup at the same show; Tancred, winner of the 1897 Champion Cup, the prize for stallion hounds and other awards; Talisman, Turncoat, and Trouncer, also successful at Peterborough in 1897 and 1898. The picture is well composed and the atmosphere of a November day is very cleverly conveyed. The picture is being engraved; artists' proofs, 250 in number, on India paper, £4 4s., prints £1 1s.

"Do Salmon Feed in Fresh Water?"—This much debated question, which was discussed at length in the Report of Investigation on the Life History of Salmon, prepared by the Fishery Board for Scotland a couple of years ago, has been briefly dealt with by Dr. A. Warwick Brown, the lecturer on Zoology at Aberdeen University. The investigators who furnished the report for the Scottish Fishery Board came to the conclusion—difficult of acceptance to anglers—that the salmon does not feed during its sojourn in fresh water, at all events until after spawning. They

were guided to this conclusion by the appearance of the stomach and digestive organs, and their verdict was by many considered a final settlement of the matter. Others, conspicuously Professor W. C. McIntosh, who set out his views in a paper, "Notes on the Food and Parasites of *Salmo salar* of the Tay," contributed to the Proceedings of the Linnean Society (Vol. vii., p. 145), was convinced that salmon in many cases at least do feed during their long stay in the rivers. And Dr. Warwick Brown, after over two years' investigation and study pursued under the circumstances most favourable to attainment of a correct opinion, is "pretty well convinced" that Professor McIntosh's view is the right one. He deals with the question "as viewed from the histological characters of the gut," and though the frequent use of scientific terms renders his arguments and deductions often obscure to the lay mind, his final conclusion is expressed clearly enough for all—"that river salmon, though they are not in a condition to feed voraciously as in the sea, still do feed occasionally, much depending on climatic conditions, such as the temperature, density and volume of water," which points in precisely the same direction as the experience of the angler.

The Disaster to the Yeomanry.—Owing to the temporary interruption of communications with the main Army in South Africa full details have not at the time of writing been received respecting the disaster to the Yeomanry. It appears to have resulted from the decision of some of the Boer generals to wait until Lord Roberts had passed northwards, and then to swoop down with several thousands of mounted men, wrecking the rail-

way, and attacking detached companies of our forces. They seem first to have overpowered and captured the Irish Yeomanry battalion and the 13th ("Duke of Cambridge's Own"), and a few days later the Sherwood Foresters Militia battalion were attacked in a similar manner. The Yeomanry battalions were composed chiefly of well-known hunting men and polo players, and the mishap has caused much anxiety in many country homes in England and Ireland. It is understood that the captured Yeomanry were sent to Vrede, in the North-east of the Orange River Colony, and we are glad to hear that a cable received from Cape Town the other day reported "All well." Lord Roberts, in his despatch announcing the disaster, expressed a hope that the captivity of the Yeomanry would be of brief duration, and a strong force has been sent to deal with the raiding Boer commando.

Trotters at Ashford Show.—Wednesday, June 13th, was quite a pleasant day at Ashford (Kent), where the horse parade and show were held. One could not help being thankful for the absence of the regular show horse, who reappears so many times during the season; and it was quite a welcome event to see the horse of the country by himself. The agricultural horses bore testimony to the good work accomplished by the Shire Horse Society and our foremost breeders. The farm horses were of good appearance and capitally turned out, while the hunters were far in advance of what might have been expected in a county which is not the most famous in England from a riding point of view, while the harness horses were of quite a good stamp. The feature of the afternoon, however, was the display given by Mr. Walter Winans and Mr. Louis

W. Winans of their trotters; they have about thirty between them. The exhibition should certainly do something towards popularising the American trotter and waggon in England. The bicycle and the motor-car (the latter so long as it lasts unimpaired and in order) are both faster than the ordinary horse, and now that there is a demand for fast travelling, it is difficult to understand why more attention is not paid to these fast horses and light vehicles.

Mr. Louis Winans' Moxie, a marvellous mover, trotted a mile on somewhat heavy grass in 2 min. 20 sec. Had he been on a track, he would have covered the distance in ten seconds less. His pacer, Merry Chimes, went round the ring at a tremendous rate, and there is something elegant in pacing, the action being like that of a camel, the two legs on the same side moving together; and pacing, be it remarked, is quicker than trotting. Mr. Walter Winans showed a pair of fast Canadian horses driven tandem fashion. Though not match-trotters, they can do a mile in three minutes, and the leader could possibly beat that. Barney F., an exceedingly fast horse, gave an admirable display, driven in a sulky; and Joe W., a bay horse standing no less than 17 h. 2 in., is the fastest horse in the world standing over 17 hands. He had to be steadied at the sharp turns, but in the straight he strode along in the most remarkable style. He has a tremendous stride, and it is not until he passes the spectator that his great pace is realised. Lake Erie and Princell made a very fast pair. It is unnecessary to say that all these American horses had long tails, yet not once did they get over the reins, although in every case, save in that of the tandem, the reins were close to

the tails. The display was quite successful and most interesting.

Sport at the Universities.—

Another summer term, and therefore another academical year, has now run its course. Very shortly Light and Dark Blues will have once more "scattered like swallows away" to almost every part of the habitable globe. Meanwhile, a very large proportion of them will first migrate to London to witness the final sequence of Inter-'Varsity contests to be decided within the next few days. On July 2nd and 3rd the representative lawn-tennis teams will do battle at Queen's Club, and this year the Oxonians should have the rare honour of winning both Doubles and Singles. They hold by far the best record, and (individually and collectively) have shown the greater consistency throughout. It is not that they are a great team particularly, but the Cantabs are much weaker than usual. On July 5th and following days the rival cricket teams contend for supremacy at Lord's, and in this direction also the Dark Blues appear the smartest and more consistent all-round combination. In batting and fielding there is no great disparity, albeit the Oxonians have always displayed a general level of excellence, whereas the Cantabs have fluctuated considerably. Still, Messrs. Foster, Bosanquet, Knox, Pilkington (Oxford), and Messrs. Taylor, Wilson, Daniels and Dowson (Cambridge), must all be labelled dangerous. It is in bowling that the Dark Blues excel and the Light Blues are so weak. In Knox, Bosanquet, Humphreys, &c., Oxford have a fine trio of bowlers; moreover, of varied style. For Cambridge, Fernie and Dowson are the best bowlers; and with Hind, they will bear the brunt of the attack.

Unhappily, however, their style is almost similar, hence if you thoroughly master one, the others have no terror. Altogether, we consider Oxford the better team, and anticipate their victory with a good deal of confidence. As usual, the tennis competitions proper will be played simultaneously with the cricket match; but, as last year—owing to recent alterations at Lord's—at the Prince's Club. Both teams are fairly strong, but the Cantabs are the smarter in our opinion, and we shall expect them to win. A very close and exciting tussle should be witnessed at Sheen House when the rival cycling teams meet on July 9th. We fancy H. B. Fitzherbert (Oxford) will seriously trouble Messrs. Curtis-Bennett and Engleheart (Cambridge) for premier position in most of the events, but the issue is decided on points. This being so, we shall expect Cambridge to win, inasmuch as H. W. Morse (Trinity) is riding with great power this season also. Of the Inter-'Varsity results as a whole we must chat in our final remarks (for the present year) next month.

At Oxford the Summer Eights attracted vast crowds during the week, while the racing was both exciting and fully average. Magdalen (stroked by Harcourt Gold) deposed New College of "Head of the River" honours, while Pembroke, Brasenose, University, Oriel, &c., all appreciably improved their position. The University Sculls were won by W. W. Field (Rossall and Exeter), and the University Pairs by F. W. Warre (Balliol) and T. B. Etherington-Smith (Oriel). Glorious weather marked the Cambridge "May's" this year, and vast crowds lined the banks of the Isis on all four nights of the

racing, which was very exciting and very sound. First Trinity retained "Head of the River" honours, and Peterhouse, Christ's, Third Trinity II., Clare, Jesus, &c., all justified the anticipations of their coaches. The "Lowe" Double Sculls this year were easily won by Messrs. Sanderson and Adie (First Trinity), these two famous "Blues" thus finishing up their University aquatic careers with a flourish of trumpets. As the result of the season's rowing, Cambridge will be very strongly represented at Henley next week. United Trinity, Trinity Hall, Christ's, Peterhouse and (probably) Emmanuel will send crews. *Per contra*, Oxford will be but poorly represented, only Magdalen, New College and University sending crews this year. We regret to state that Harcourt Gold, the famous Etonian, Oxonian and Leander stroke, who finished up his University career and, as it turned out, his active rowing career by taking his college crew to the top of the river on the *Isis*, subsequently strained his heart and has been forbidden to row again. Considering the large number of Old Etonians who have experienced the same fate of recent years, it is a moot point whether Eton does not over-do matters with their youthful oarsmen; but that is another story. Needless to add, the loss of such a heaven-born stroke as Mr. Gold will be severely felt generally. He has had to resign the captaincy of the Leander Club to universal regret, but has subsequently been re-elected.

Congratulations are due to Messrs. E. A. Dawson (Malvern and Worcester) and H. W. Workman (Shepton and Pembroke) upon their election as Presidents of the O.U.A.C. and C.U.B.C. respectively. Singularly enough, both are distance runners, hence

we look forward to another fine tussle for the three miles at Queen's Club next spring. Neither 'Varsity will be strongly represented at the Amateur Championships; albeit, C. G. Davison and H. E. Graham (Cambridge) and H. Gerdes and H. R. Parkes (Oxford) may compete. According to the eternal fitness of things, Light and Dark Blues will be very much in evidence at Bisley, and we ought to witness some extra-special shooting for the Chancellor's Plate, &c.

Aquatics. — Somebody once shrewdly remarked that the average Englishman can only think of one thing at a time. This is true of rowing and river men certainly, for Henley, and nothing but Henley is talked of just now. Despite the absence of American and Canadian entries, the prospects of the Royal Meeting are unco' rosy once again. Most of the leading metropolitan, University, provincial and public school clubs will be represented, while an added fillip to the proceedings will be given by the entry of several French and Belgian crews, not forgetting the re-appearance of Dublin University on the famous course. Exigencies of going to press prevent our giving the list of entries *in extenso*, but "coming events cast their shadows before," and the names of most of the crews are pretty well known thus early. From what we can gather, both the London and Thames clubs will be strongly represented, as also the Leander, Vesta, Molesey, Kingston, United Hospitals, Oxford, Cambridge, Eton, and Radley ditto in the usual events. Dublin University may have a shot for the "Grand," but, at any rate, they will compete for the "Thames," and maybe the "Wyfolds." Of the continental crews, the *Berliner Ruder* (Ger-

many) four will go for the "Stewards," and with every hope of success. Their record since 1896 is a very flattering one. The *Club Nautique de Grand* (Brussels) aspire to highest honours, and will go for the "Grand," and there is no doubt their credentials are of the best also. Last year they won three out of the five aquatic championships in their own country! For the "Diamonds," L. Plewel, *Club Nautique de Nice* (France), and Fritz Miller, *Royal Sport Nautique* (Brussels), have thrown down the gauntlet. Both are notable scullers in their own country, albeit there is no fear of their turning out a second J. J. K. Ooms—in any sense of the word. Happily, B. H. Howell (Amateur Champion of England) is going to defend his title for the last-named trophy, and the famous old Cantab is going as strongly as ever. Other scullers who will also show up prominently are Messrs. Blackstaffe (ex-Champion)—if he elects to row—C. V. Fox (London R.C.), E. G. Hemmerde (Leander R.C.), F. A. Boyton (London R.C.), &c. It is full early yet to predict the various results with any kind of confidence, yet if coming events really do cast their shadows before, perhaps that shadow is speculative thoughts! On current form (mark the reservation) we fancy they should turn out something like this:—"Grand," United Trinity (Cambridge) or Leander; "Thames," London or Kingston; "Ladies'," Eton or New College, (Oxford); "Stewards'," United Trinity (Cambridge) or Thames; "Wyfolds," Vesta or London; "Goblets," Leander or United Trinity; "Diamonds," Howell or Fox.

As last year, the course is to be boomed entirely on the Bucks side, and (for a hundred yards or

so) on the Berks side also, to prevent pleasure-craft intruding into the racing arena. A suggestion to boom both sides entirely was very sensibly set at naught by the Regatta Committee. This would be a work of supererogation, judging from last year's experience; besides which, there was the previous and important question of cost to be considered. The applications for house-boat, &c., space on the course are as numerous as ever, despite the restrictions now enforced by the powers that be. Thanks to the indefatigable exertions of the committee generally, and of the Hon. Sec., J. F. Cooper, in particular, the arrangements will be as perfect as ever, and all that is needed to ensure another successful meeting is fine weather. Shall we get this? Then follow a rapid succession of important class regattas thus:—Kingston (July 14th), the Metropolitan (July 16th). Staines (July 19th), Cookham (July 19th), Goring and Streatley (July 21st), Kingston Borough (July 24th), Bourne End (July 25th), and Molesey (July 27th and 28th). Keen competition for all these is promised, and all shall receive critical mention in due course. So much has been said concerning the abstention of English crews from the current Paris International Regatta that a few words under this heading may not be amiss. Above and beyond the absurd rules obtaining at this regatta—both the Light Pairs and Fours have to be rowed without coxswains, and five or six crews to start in one heat—Englishmen have a strong objection to competing on Sunday. As the finals of these races are fixed for the Sunday, despite the protests of English, American, and Canadian clubs, this has proved the last straw to our leading clubs. Very rightly (in our opinion) they re-

fused to countenance a practice tabooed in their own country. Above and beyond all this, the English first-class regatta season clashed with the Paris meeting.

General news must needs be of the condensed order. To universal satisfaction, the Boulter's Lock difficulty has been settled amicably on a sensible basis. It will be open as usual to the public, except on occasions when the pressure of traffic demands otherwise. That great sailing carnival, the Bourne End week, proved as successful as ever this year, both socially and from a racing point of view. A much-needed fillip is to be given to professional sculling by another race for the Championship of England on the Thames between G. Towers and J. Wray this month. It reflects somewhat on our English exponents, however, that both these men are Australians! For very sport's sake, it is to be hoped that our native talent is not yet exhausted. The presumption is that there are as many English minnows as usual, but very few (if any) Tritons. Socially, it has once more been made patent that boating is a sport which increases in favour the more it is practised, and the better it is understood. Nor is the reason far to seek—*i.e.*, rowing combines more completely than any other open-air sport or pastime the best features of physical training.

Golf.—While the Open Championship meeting at St. Andrews gives birth to many new problems likely to exercise the mind of the golfing community for some time to come, it, at any rate, kills one old problem—namely, whether the play of our best men in these days is equal to that of men of the past like Tommy Morris, David Strath, Allan Robertson, the Dunns and the Parks.

Granted that the round at St. Andrews has become easier in some respects in recent years, and that the implements used in the game have been improved, there cannot be a shadow of doubt that the play of J. H. Taylor in the four rounds of the open Championship was the best golf ever witnessed in the whole history of the competition. Critics there were in plenty at the meeting—men like old Tom Morris and others who can speak from experience of the two schools, and this was their unanimous and unhesitating verdict. As a test of golf, St. Andrews is perfect. Its round is the very embodiment of the game—the explanation and justification of the laws which govern the game. "Far and sure" are the watchwords of golf, and both have to be observed with the strictest accuracy by anyone who thinks to play well at St. Andrews. The records of the open championship prove St. Andrews to be the most difficult of courses. In the old days, when only three places were visited, it was common enough to have scores well under 160 at Musselburgh, and a little over that figure at Prestwick, but at St. Andrews you find results like these—in 1873, Tom Kidd won with 179; in 1876, Bob Martin with 176; in 1879, Jamie Anderson with 170; in 1882, Bob Ferguson with 171; in 1885, Bob Martin with 171; and in 1888 Jack Burns with 171. The play this year also demonstrates very clearly that the modern school is steadily improving its standard. Taylor was regarded as a golfing phenomenon when, in 1894, he did the four rounds of Sandwich in an average of 81½, and as a still greater wonder when, in the following year, he did the four rounds of St. Andrews in an average 80½ strokes. But against

these performances we have Taylor this year doing St. Andrews in an average of $77\frac{1}{4}$ and Vardon last year doing Sandwich in $77\frac{1}{4}$ strokes. With regard to Vardon at St. Andrews it is beyond dispute that he played with less than his accustomed and expected accuracy. During his third round he duffed a tee-shot—surely a rare thing in his bright career—and more than once in this round and in others he showed weakness and uncertainty about his putting. Taylor, on the other hand, played without a fault. It will be remembered that, during the early part of last season, the Richmond professional suffered from a manifest loss of form, but that towards the end of the season he came away with a strong game and pulled off matches against Vardon, and this season he resumed operations at the very top of his form. It is, of course, foolish in these days of record breaking to indulge in prophecy, but Taylor's fourth round in 75 cannot fail to be long remembered, as was the famous round in 77 of Alexander Herd during the Championship contest in 1895.

"Kitty Grey" at the Vaudeville.—Mr. James Pigott's version of the French play, "Les Fédards," reflects the greatest credit upon the adaptor. It is not everyone who could, from the materials of MM. Mars and Hennequin, fashion a play suitable to a London audience, and we doubt if anyone could have turned out more neatly and discreetly such an attractive evening's entertainment as Mr. Pigott provides in "Kitty Grey." Amongst the players the honours fall to two ladies, Miss Ellis Jeffreys and Miss Miriam Clements, who play respectively the part of the uneasy wife and the

easy actress. There are two scenes between these ladies, the one in Kitty Grey's dressing-room at the Frivolity Theatre and the other in the apartments of the King of Illyria whilst supper is on, which would themselves make a play go well. Besides the genial presence of Miss Lillie Belmore, aunt and dresser to Kitty Grey, there is a bevy of attractive stage ladies headed by Miss Bobbie Robina. To the men engaged in this production we cannot give the highest praise. Mr. C. P. Little makes a careful study of the foolish Lord Plantagenet, but both Mr. W. L. Abingdon (promoted from villany to sovereignty), as the King of Illyria, and Mr. Ross as Sir John Binfield, are disappointing. To the author and to Miss Ellis Jeffreys and Miss Miriam Clements is Mr. George Edwardes mainly indebted for what is certainly a great success.

Curious Accident to a Pony.—A singular mishap is reported by the *Asian* of Calcutta. In course of a game one of the ponies received a blow from a stick high above the hock which broke the leg like a pipe-stem. It is suggested that the pony was the produce of an aged sire and dam, as it is said by veterinary surgeons that such offspring are remarkable for the fragility of their bones and the ease with which they are broken by shock or concussion. This is notably the case among Arab horses and ponies, as in Arabia it is customary to breed from old stock as long as they are productive. A case is cited in which an Arab stallion at Bareilly broke his hip-bone when cast, preparatory to an operation, on a deep bed of straw. A *post mortem* showed that this animal's bones were friable and lacking solidity, presumably because his parents had been very old.

Sporting Intelligence.

[During May—June, 1900.]

DURING practice of the Sligo Polo Club, at Hazlewood, on May 21st, Mr. C. A. L'Estrange, J.P., Master of the Sligo Harriers, became faint at the end of the first ten minutes' play; he was advised to come off his horse, and he immediately dismounted, when he dropped dead. Deceased, who was a keen hunting man, was very popular.

At the Gun Club, on May 26th, Mr. Harold Barker killed 37 pigeons running, and won three sweepstakes. He was twice standing at 30 yards, and once at 30½ yards.

Beauclerc by Rosicrucian, dam Bonny Bell, bred by the late Mr. W. P'Anson in 1895, was found in his box at the Blink Bonny stud, Malton, where he was bred, on May 27th, with his off shoulder broken. The old horse, who had been infirm for a long time, was at once shot.

Another good sportsman has passed away in the person of Major Orr-Ewing, who was killed at Kheis on May 28th, while in command of the 5th Company Imperial Yeomanry. The deceased gentleman at one time owned the famous steeplechaser Cloister.

The famous Australian breeder and owner of racehorses, Mr. W. R. Wilson, died on May 28th. As proprietor of the St. Albans stud, he bred Aurum, Auraria, Newhaven and many other celebrities of the Australian Turf, and formerly owned Trenton.

On Derby Day, May 30th, 11,000 telegraph messages and 60,000 words of press matter were telegraphed from the telegraph-office on the course at Epsom. 3,000 messages were handed in between 3.17 p.m. and 4.15 p.m., a large number being for South Africa.

On May 31st, Hayward, the Surrey professional, succeeded in recording 1,080 runs for the season, of which 120 were made in April. Mr. W. G. Grace, in 1895, scored 1,000 runs, all made in the month of May.

Captain Launcelot Rolleston, who relinquished the mastership of the Rufford foxhounds to take up a command in the 3rd battalion Imperial Yeomanry, was reported severely wounded in the fighting near Lindley during the week ending June 2nd.

The Earl of Radnor, whose death occurred unexpectedly at his London residence on June 3rd, was a thorough sportsman, and, until a few years since, hunted the pack now called the Wilton. He was elected a member of the Jockey Club in 1896, and at the last Salisbury Meeting his colours were successfully carried by Blumenau, which won the Cup.

A telegram from New York, dated June 5th, states that Mr. F. J. Madden, of Kentucky, had completed negotiations for the purchase of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales's racehorse Sandringham, own brother to Persimmon and Diamond Jubilee. The price was rumoured to be £10,000.

Mr. William Stout, who won the Diamond Sculls at Henley in 1868, rowing in the colours of the London Rowing Club, and winner of the Wingfield Sculls the same season, died at his residence at Gloucester on June 8th.

The following is from the *Sporting Life* of June 13th:—"High honours are again attained by sportsmen in the great Mathematical Tripos, which was issued yesterday. The Second Wrangler, Arthur Cyril Webb Aldis, Trinity Hall, is a well-known la crosse player, while the fifth, J. Chadwick, Pembroke, has done a good deal of rowing for his college. R. Casson, St. John's, who was bracketed ninth, is also a well-known oarsman, and rowed bow in his college second boat in the recent Mays. A. Blair, of Clare (bracketed 31), is a Rugby half-back, and is no mean exponent of the game. J. S. Bookless, of Hall (bracketed 30), is a good all-round man, and has played a lot of Rugby football and cricket. G. L. Bradley, of Jesus (bracketed 17), has frequently rowed for his club.

"G. Flowers, of Emmanuel (bracketed 25), for the first two nights rowed No. 7 in his college crew in the recent Mays, but owing to an accident did not take further part in the races. P. M. Shanks, of Christ's (49), is best known as the Light Blue athlete, and this year he represented his Alma Mater against Oxford in both the 100 Yards and Quarter-mile. G. E. Sunderland-Taylor, of Emmanuel (52), plays lawn tennis with great success, and has this term been representing his University. W. G. Swainson, of Corpus (51), last week stroked his college boat in the May Races.

"Coming to Part II. of the same Tripos, there is one notable triumph of sport. P. V.

Bevan (Trinity), the Australian and well-known Light Blue athlete, who was Fourth Wrangler last year, has improved tremendously, and this year, in Part II., gains a Division I. in Class I., and thus equals the achievements of the two Senior Wranglers of last year."

The victory of Diamond Jubilee in this year's Derby credits Richard Marsh with the third Derby winner trained at his stables.

The following horses have won both the Two Thousand Guineas and the Derby, making, with Diamond Jubilee this year, eighteen:—Smolensko, 1813; Cadland, 1828; Bay Middleton, 1836; Cotherstone, 1843; West Australian, 1853; Macaroni, 1863; Gladiateur, 1865; Lord Lyon, 1866; Pretender, 1869; Shotover, 1882; Ormonde, 1886; Ayrshire, 1888; Common, 1891; Isinglass, 1893; Ladas, 1894; Galtee More, 1897; Flying Fox, 1899; and Diamond Jubilee, 1900.

Mr. David Buchanan, whose death took place at Rugby at the end of May, at the age of 70 years, represented Cambridge against Oxford at cricket, and was for many years associated with first-class cricket.

Writing in *Longman's Magazine*, Mr. Andrew Lang pays the following tribute to the late Captain Boyle, of the Oxfordshire Yeomanry, who was killed near Boshof:—"He was, with, perhaps, the exception of Mr. Kortwright and the Rev. Mr. Barclay,

the fastest bowler that I ever saw. He played football (Rugby) for England, and his Scottish opponents said that they had never seen a finer man. He gave up wealth of his own creation and all the happiness of home, and laid down his life at the call of his country. He fell, an example to all men of patriotism, energy and chivalrous courage and self-sacrifice."

Trooper A. Marshal Porter, of the Irish Yeomanry, son of the Irish Master of the Rolls, whose death is reported from South Africa, captained the Dublin University cricket team three years ago, and also represented Ireland in all the Hockey Internationals up to last season.

The following appeared in the *Kentish Express*:—"All true sportsmen in East and Mid-Kent will hear with regret that Mr. Augustus Leney has resigned the mastership of the Mid-Kent Staghounds, but still more will they regret the cause of his retirement. In announcing his retirement at a hunting gathering at Hildenborough on Thursday, Mr. Leney said he had found during the past season that he had not had that authority in the field which he considered a master of hounds should have. He had had nearly forty years of hunting, and did not believe that he had an enemy amongst the landowners and tenant-farmers, but he had had very great trouble this season. His authority had been utterly defied, and he refused to allow the name of Leney to countenance conduct which he did not approve of."

TURF.

GATWICK.—SPRING MEETING.

May 18th.—The Alexandra Handicap of 877 sovs.; six furlongs.

Lord W. Beresford's b. f. Lutetia,	
by Pontiac—Luella, 3 yrs., 7st.	
5lb. J. Reiff	1
Mr. E. Melly's br. m. Bewitchment, 6 yrs., 7st. 12lb. ...Jones	2
Sir E. Cassel's ch. f. Sonatura,	
3 yrs., 7st. 4lb. O. Madden	3
10 to 1 agst. Lutetia.	

May 19th.—The Prince's Handicap of 879 sovs.; one mile and a half.

Mr. C. S. Newton's b. h. Ameer,	
by Orme-Quetta, 5 yrs., 8st. 3lb.	
(inc. 9lb. ex.) O. Madden	1
Mr. J. Musker's b. f. Lady Schomberg, 3 yrs., 6st. 12lb. ...J. Reiff	2
Lord Stanley's ch. c. Loretto, 5 yrs.,	
6st. 13lb. (car. 7st.) Sloan	3
7 to 1 agst. Ameer.	

YORK.—SPRING MEETING.

May 22nd.—The Great Northern Handicap Plate of 440 sovs.; one mile and a half.

Lord Ellesmere's b. g. Middleton,	
by Thurio — Lady Clarendon,	
4 yrs., 7st. 10lb. S. Loates	1
Mr. M. D. Peacock's ch. g. Lord	
Oxenholme, 3 yrs., 6st. 7lb.	
Heppell	2
Mr. Vyner's ch. f. Queen of the	
Netherlands, 3 yrs., 6st. 7lb.	
G. Sanderson	3
6 to 4 agst. Middleton.	

DONCASTER.—SPRING MEETING.

May 24th.—The Doncaster Spring Handicap of 525 sovs.; the Sandall Mile.

Lord W. Beresford's b. g. Jolly	
Tar, by The Sailor Prince—Joy,	
4 yrs., 7st. 9lb. J. Reiff	1
Mr. E. Bonner's ch. f. Light	
Comedy, 4 yrs., 8st. S. Loates	2

Mr. H. C. White's, ch. g. Form,
aged, 8st. 6lb. L. Reiff 3
9 to 2 agst. Jolly Tar.

May 25th.—The Chesterfield Handicap of
500 sovs. ; one mile and a half over
the Old Course.

Mr. E. Melly's b. m. Miss Tailor,
by Orvesto—Dorothy Draggletail, 5 yrs., 9st. T. Loates 1
Sir J. Blundell Maple's b. c. Avidity,
4 yrs., 8st. 1lb. S. Loates 2
Mr. Impricata's b. h. Sheriff's
Officer, 6 yrs., 7st. 2lb.
B. Lynham 3
7 to 1 agst. Miss Tailor.

EPSOM.—SUMMER MEETING.

May 29th.—The Egmont Plate (Handicap)
of 300 sovs. ; five furlongs.

Mr. H. J. King's b. c. Wild Irishman, by Melanion—Irish Stew,
4 yrs., 7st. 4lb. Sloan 1
Captain Bewicke's br. h. Conquering Hero, aged, 7st. Lynham 2
Mr. Arthur James's ch. g. O'Donovan Rossa, 3 yrs., 7st. 4lb. (car.
7st. 6lb.) O. Madden 3
3 to 1 agst. Wild Irishman.

The Woodcote Stakes of 25 sovs.
each, with 200 sovs. added, for
two-year-olds ; last six furlongs of
the Derby Course.

Mr. R. Siever's b. c. Toddington,
by Melton—Minera, 8st. 9lb.
S. Loates 1
Mr. J. Gubbins' ch. c. Revenue,
8st. 12lb. M. Cannon 2
Mr. L. de Rothschild's b. c. San
Francisco, 8st. 12lb. K. Cannon 3
11 to 4 on Toddington.

The Epsom Plate (Handicap) of 500
sovs. ; seven furlongs, on the New
Course.

Mr. Leopold de Rothschild's ch. h.
Sacripant, by Brag—Abess, 5
yrs., 8st. 6lb. T. Loates 1
Colonel H. McCalmont's br. h.
Argosy, 5 yrs., 7st. 10lb. Dalton 2
Mr. Edgar Cohen's b. g. Oban,
aged, 7st. 12lb. E. Jones 3
5 to 1 agst. Sacripant.

May 30th.—The Derby Stakes of 5,450
sovs., for three-year-olds ; about one
mile and a half.

H.R.H. the Prince of Wales's b. c.
Diamond Jubilee, by St. Simon
—Perdita II., 9st. H. Jones 1
Duke of Portland's b. c. Simon
Dale, 9st. M. Cannon 2
Mr. James R. Keene's b. c. Dis-
guise II., 9st. Sloan 3
6 to 4 agst. Diamond Jubilee.

May 31st.—The Royal Stakes (Handicap)
of 1,000 sovs. ; six furlongs on the
New Course.

Duke of Devonshire's ch. c. Dieu-
donné, by Amphion—Mon
Droit, 6 yrs., 8st. 7lb.
M. Cannon 1
Mr. L. Neumann's b. m. Water-
hen, 6 yrs., 8st. 11lb.
F. Rickaby 2
Mr. A. F. Basset's ch. g. Good
Luck, 4 yrs., 8st. 12lb.
K. Cannon 3
3 to 1 agst. Dieudonné.

The Epsom Cup of 500 sovs. ; the
Derby Course (about one mile and a
half).

Lord W. Beresford's b. g. Jolly
Tar, by Sailor Prince—Joy, 4
yrs., 8st. 4lb. J. Reiff 1
Mr. D. Seymour's b. f. Clarendon,
4 yrs., 8st. 4lb. S. Loates 2
Mr. A. Henderson's ch. f. Guid-
wife, 3 yrs., 7st. 4lb.
O. Madden 3
6 to 1 agst. Jolly Tar.

The Durdans Plate (Handicap) of
1,000 sovs. ; the last mile and a
quarter of the Derby Course.

Sir J. Miller's ch. c. Marconi, by
Sainfoin—Countess Macaroni,
3 yrs., 6st. 12lb. J. Reiff 1
Mr. J. A. Miller's br. c. Innocence,
4 yrs., 8st. 7lb. Halsey 2
Lord Ellesmere's b. h. Pheon, 5
yrs., 8st. 1lb. S. Loates 3

10 to 1 agst. Marconi.

June 1st.—The Oaks Stakes of 4,150 sovs. ;
for three-year-old fillies ; one mile
and a half.

Duke of Portland's b. f. La Roche,
by St. Simon—Miss Mildred,
9st. M. Cannon 1
Mr. W. H. Walker's b. f. Merry
Gal, 9st. K. Cannon 2
Mr. J. Musker's b. f. Lady Schom-
berg, 9st. J. Sloan 3
5 to 1 agst. La Roche.

The Acorn Stakes of 10 sovs. each,
with 300 sovs. added, for two-year-
old fillies ; five furlongs.

Mr. J. Musker's b. filly by Melton,
—Schoolbook, 8st. 12lb. Sloan 1
Lord Ellesmere's br. f. Sabrinetta,
8st. 9lb. S. Loates 2
Sir R. Waldie Griffith's b. filly by
Ladas—Vitula, 8st. 12lb.
F. Rickaby 3

5 to 2 on Schoolbook filly.

LINGFIELD PARK.—SPRING
MEETING.

June 5th.—The Lingfield Spring Two-year-old Plate of 500 sovs.; five furlongs straight.

Mr. J. Musker's br. c. Lord Melton,
by Melton—La Rosiere, 9st. 2lb.
Sloan 1
Mr. J. A. Miller's b. filly by Sain-
foin—Miss Preston, 8st. 8lb.
Halsey 2
Mr. J. Wallace's ch. c. Caedmon,
8st. 10lb. M. Cannon 3
4 to 1 on Lord Melton.

June 6th.—The Third Imperial Stakes of
1,200 sovs.; for three-year-olds;
one mile.

Mr. L. Brassey's b. f. Greenaway,
by Blue-Green—Merry Miser,
9st. Rigby 1
Mr. P. Lorillard's ch. c. Jouvence,
9st. 6lb. Sloan 2
Mr. Arthur James's b. f. Duck Gun,
8st. 6lb. M. Cannon 3
100 to 8 agst. Greenaway.

MANCHESTER.—WHITSUNTIDE
MEETING.

June 6th.—The Summer Breeders' Foal
Plate of 1,000 sovs.; for two-year-
olds; five furlongs.

Mr. John Musker's b. f. Princess
Melton, by Melton—Schoolbook,
8st. 12lb. L. Reiff 1
Captain E. Loder's ch. c. Star
Shoot, 8st. 9lb. T. Weldon 2
Mr. L. de Rothschild's br. c. First
Fruit, 8st. 12lb. T. Loates 3
11 to 4 on Schoolbook filly.

June 7th.—The Beaufort Handicap of 500
sovs.; second receives 50 sovs.; five
furlongs.

Mr. J. S. Curtis's ch. c. Star of
Hanover, by Hanover—Star
Actress, 3 yrs., 6st. 7lb. J. Reiff 1
Mr. H. J. King's b. g. Zanoni,
5 yrs., 8st. 10lb. Sloan 2
Mr. T. Cannon's b. g. Deep Sea,
aged, 8st. 7lb. (car. 8st. 8lb.)
M. Cannon 3
3 to 1 agst. Star of Hanover.

The De Trafford Handicap of 500
sovs.; one mile and a quarter.

Mr. R. W. B. Jardine's br. filly
by Queen's Birthday—Sweet-
briar, 3 yrs., 7st. 9lb. T. Loates 1
Mr. E. Melly's b. m. Miss Tailor,
5 yrs., 9st. 4lb. S. Loates 2
Mr. T. Cannon's ch. c. Pantheon,
3 yrs., 7st. 9lb. K. Cannon 3
7 to 1 agst. Sweetbriar filly.

The John o' Gaunt Plate of 500 sovs.;
for two-year-olds; five furlongs.

Sir R. Waldie Griffith's ch. c.
Veles, by Isinglass—Veleda, 9st.
2lb. Sloan 1
Mr. R. W. B. Jardine's b. colt by
Tarpory—Maude, 8st. 10lb.
M. Cannon 2
Mr. E. C. Clayton's ch. c. Patron
Saint, 8st. 5lb. L. Reiff 3
7 to 4 on Veles.

June 8th.—The Manchester Cup of 2,500
sovs.; one mile and three-quarters.

Duke of Portland's b. f. La Roche,
by St. Simon—Miss Mildred, 3
yrs., 7st. 9lb. K. Cannon 1
Mr. J. C. Dyer's b. c. Joe Cham-
berlain, 3 yrs., 6st. 13lb.
J. Sloan 2

Mr. Covington's b. m. Charina, 6
yrs., 8st. 7lb. L. Reiff 3
7 to 4 agst. La Roche.

The City Plate of 300 sovs., for two-
year-olds; five furlongs.

Lord Falmouth's ch. c. Battlement,
by Enterprise—Ivy Mantle, 8st.
1lb. S. Loates 1
Lord W. Beresford's ch. g. Zip,
7st. 12lb. J. Reiff 2
Mr. Wm. Gardner's Spirited, 7st.
12lb. O. Madden 3
2 to 1 agst. Battlement.

June 9th.—The Salford Borough Handi-
cap of 1,000 sovs.; one mile.

Mr. Carlton's ch. c. Pindar, by
Deuce of Clubs—Lyrique, 4 yrs.,
7st. 5lb. (car. 7st. 6lb.)
C. Leader 1
Lord Ellesmere's b. h. Pheon, 5
yrs., 7st. 13lb. S. Loates 2
Mr. T. Davidson's ch. c. Dandy
Fifth, 4 yrs., 6st. 8lb.
G. Sanderson 3
10 to 1 agst. Pindar.

ASCOT MEETING.

June 12th.—The Trial Stakes of 640 sovs.,
the New Mile (seven furlongs and
166 yards).

Sir S. M. Lockhart's br. colt by
Torpedo—Rinovata, 3 yrs., 7st.
8lb. T. Loates 1
Sir J. Blundell Maple's bl. c. or br.
c. Aquascutum, 3 yrs., 7st. 11lb.
S. Loates 2
Mr. J. Gubbins's b. c. St. Jacques,
3 yrs., 7st. 8lb. Sloan 3
6 to 1 agst. Rinovata colt.
The Prince of Wales' Stakes of 2,050
sovs., for three-year-olds; New
Course (about one mile and five
furlongs).

Duke of Portland's b. or br. c.
Simon Dale, by St. Simon—
Ismay, 8st. 13lb. M. Cannon 1
Lord Rosebery's b. c. Cateran
Lad, 8st. 3lb. C. Wood 2
Lord Harewood's br. c. Phalaris,
8st. 3lb. J. H. Martin 3
4 to 1 on Simon Dale.

The Coventry Stakes of 1,809 sovs.,
for two-year-olds; T.Y.C.
Captain Creer's ch. c. Good
Morning, by Gallinule—Bonnie
Morn, 9st. L. Reiff 1
Mr. Theobald's b. c. Volodyovski,
9st. T. Weldon 2
Mr. J. Musker's b. c. The Parson,
9st. J. Sloan 3
9 to 4 agst. Good Morning.

The Ascot Stakes (Handicap) of 1,675
sovs.; once round, starting at the
distance post (about two miles).
Lord Carnarvon's b. c. Baldur, by
Sheen—Sunshine, 4 yrs., 7st. 1lb.
J. Sloan 1
Lord Durham's b. g. Osbeck, 5
yrs., 8st. 10lb. F. Rickaby 2
Lord Rosebery's ch. c. Tom
Cringie, 5 yrs., 8st. 4lb.
C. Wood 3
4 to 1 agst. Baldur.

The First Year of the Forty-third
Ascot Biennial Stakes of 1,232
sovs., for two-year-olds; T.Y.C.
Mr. Fairie's b. or br. f. Galicia, by
Galopin—Isoletta, 8st. 10lb.
K. Cannon 1
Sir R. Waldie Griffith's br. filly,
by St. Simon—Sweet Duchess,
8st. 10lb. J. H. Martin 2
Mr. G. F. Fawcett's b. g. Tin
Soldier, 8st. 10lb. F. Rickaby 3
10 to 1 agst. Galicia.

The Gold Vase of 620 sovs.; two
miles.
Sir E. Cassel's b. c. Solitaire, by
Ayrshire—Soleisky, 4 yrs., 8st.
4lb. L. Reiff 1
Mr. Reid Walker's b. c. Revoke,
3 yrs., 7st. 1lb. J. Sloan 2
Sir J. Blundell Maple's br. c.
Goblet, 3 yrs., 7st. 8lb.
S. Loates 3
3 to 1 agst. Solitaire.

The Third Year of the Forty-sixth
Triennial Stakes of £654 10s., for
four-year-olds.
Lord William Beresford's b. g.
Jolly Tar, by Sailor Prince—
Joy, 8st. 10lb. J. Reiff 1
Prince Soltykoff's b. or br. c.
Arimasian, 7st. 10lb.
O. Madden 2

Sir J. Blundell Maple's b. c.
Royal Whistle, 8st. 10lb.
S. Loates 3
5 to 4 on Jolly Tar.

June 12th.—The Second Year of the Forty-
Second Ascot Biennial Stakes of
1,196 sovs., for three-year-olds;
Old Mile.

Mr. J. W. Larnach's b. c. Strong
Bow, by Morion—La Fleche,
8st. 10lb. M. Cannon 1
Lord Harewood's b. g. Night-
shade, 8st. 3lb. J. Sloan 2
Mr. Douglas Baird's b. c. Sospello,
8st. 7lb. F. Rickaby 3
2 to 1 agst. Strong Bow.

The Royal Hunt Cup of 2,400 sovs.;
New Mile (seven furlongs and 166
yards).

Mr. J. A. Drake's ch. h. Royal
Flush, by Favo—Flush, aged,
7st. J. Reiff 1
Mr. A. F. Basset's ch. g. Good
Luck, 4 yrs., 8st. 1lb. K. Cannon 2
Mr. E. A. Wigan's b. h. The Reeve,
5 yrs., 7st. 13lb. B. Rigby 3
100 to 7 agst. Royal Flush.

The Fern Hill Stakes of 620 sovs.;
five furlongs.

Mr. J. Musker's ch. c. Hercules,
by Orion—Dunover, 2 yrs., 7st.
2lb. J. Sloan 1
Sir E. Cassel's ch. f. Sonatura,
3 yrs., 8st. 11lb. E. Jones 2
Mr. J. A. Drake's ch. c. King's
Courier, 3 yrs., 9st. L. Reiff 3
4 to 1 agst. Hercules.

The Coronation Stakes of 2,750 sovs.;
for three-year-old fillies; Old Mile.

Mr. L. Brassey's b. f. Winifreda,
by St. Simon—Melody, 9st. 3lb.
T. Weldon †
Mr. Douglas Baird's br. f. Sainte
Nitouche, by St. Simon—Fleur
de Marie, 8st. 3lb. F. Rickaby †
Sir R. Waldie Griffith's b. f. Vain
Duchess, 8st. 10lb. J. H. Martin 3
5 to 1 agst. Sainte Nitouche;
5 to 1 agst. Winifreda.

The First Year of the Forty-eighth
Triennial Stakes of £759 10s.; for
two-year-olds; T.Y.C. (five furlongs
136 yards).

Sir R. Waldie Griffith's ch. c.
Veles, by Isinglass—Velleda,
9st. 3lb. J. H. Martin 1
Mr. Musker's br. c. Lord Melton,
9st. 3lb. J. Sloan 2
Mr. L. de Rothschild's br. c.
Doricles, 8st. 12lb. T. Loates 3
7 to 2 agst. Veles.

The Ascot Derby Stakes of 1,750
sovs. ; for three-year-olds ; Swinley
Course (1 mile 4 furlongs).

Duke of Devonshire's b. c. Ecton,
by Sheen—Balornock, 7st. 13lb.
O. Madden 1

Sir R. Waldie Griffith's br. c.
Rice, 8st. 10lb. ... J. H. Martin 2
Lord Falmouth's b. c. Crown
Equerry, 8st. 3lb. S. Loates 3
5 to 1 agst. Ecton.

The Second Year of the Thirty-
seventh New Biennial Stakes of
1,050 sovs. ; Old Mile.

Mr. Reid Walker's ch. g. Courlan,
by Gallinule—Clarion, 3 yrs.,
7st. 11lb. J. T. Sloan 1

Lord Roseberry's b. c. CATERAN
Lad, 3 yrs., 7st. 7lb. (carried
7st. 8lb.) S. Loates 2

Sir E. Cassel's b. c. Solitaire,
4 yrs., 9st. 4lb. L. Reiff 3
6 to 1 agst. Courlan.

The St. James's Palace Stakes of
1,950 sovs. ; for three-year-olds.

Sir E. Cassel's ch. c. Bonarosa, by
Bona Vista—Rose Madder, 9st.
L. Reiff 1

Lord Cadogan's br. c. Sidus, 8st.
7lb. T. Loates 2
Prince Soltykoff's b. c. Vulpio, 9st.
J. T. Sloan 3

100 to 30 agst. Bonarosa.

The Gold Cup of 3,360 sovs. ; about
two miles and a half.

Mr. Jersey's ch. h. Merman, by
Grand Flaneur—Seaweed, aged,
9st. 4lb. J. T. Sloan 1

Mr. R. A. Oswald's b. c. Scintillant,
4 yrs., 9st. K. Cannon 2
Mr. J. G. Clarke's b. g. The
Grafter, aged, 9st. 4lb.

M. Cannon 3
100 to 7 agst. Merman.

The New Stakes of 1,928 sovs. ; for
two-year-olds ; T.Y.C.

Mr. J. Musker's b. colt by Melton
—Limosa, 8st. 10lb. J. T. Sloan 1
Mr. H. J. King's b. c. Orchid, 8st.
10lb. Rigby 2

Captain Eustace Loder's ch. c.
Star Shoot, 8st. 10lb. T. Weldon 3
6 to 1 agst. Limosa colt.

The Rous Memorial Stakes of 970
sovs. ; New Mile (seven furlongs and
166 yards).

Mr. Douglas Baird's b. h. Champ
de Mars, by Martagon—Fleur
de Marie, 5 yrs., 8st. 12lb.
F. Rickaby 1

Mr. L. de Rothschild's ch. c.
Hulcot, 3 yrs., 7st. 12lb.

T. Loates 2

Mr. Elliot Galer's b. f. Cara Mia,
3 yrs., 7st. 11lb. J. Reiff 3
5 to 1 agst. Champ de Mars.

The First Year of the Thirty-eighth
New Biennial Stakes of 880 sovs. ;
T.Y.C. (five furlongs 139 yards).

Mr. Russel's b. g. Rigo, by Buc-
caneer—La Gitana, 2 yrs., 6st.
13lb. J. Reiff 1

Lord Wolverton's b. colt by
Oberon—St. Isabella, 2 yrs.,
7st. 2lb. (car. 7st. 5lb.)
O. Madden 2

Sir E. Cassel's ch. f. Sonatura,
3 yrs., 9st. 11lb. L. Reiff 3
5 to 2 agst. Rigo.

June 15th.—The Queen's Stand Stakes of
500 sovs. ; T.Y.C.

Mr. L. Neuman's b. h. Eager,
by Enthusiast—Greeba, 6 yrs.,
10st. 2lb. W. Cannon 1
Mr. Keene's f. 2 yrs., 6st. 9lb.

J. Sloan 2
Mr. C. Archer's Corn Flag, 2 yrs.,
6st. 9lb. C. Archer, jun. 3
7 to 4 agst. Eager.

The Wokingham Stakes of 15 sovs.
each, with 500 added ; last three-
quarters of New Mile.

Mr. W. H. Parson's ch. c. Bridge,
by Deuce of Clubs—Ionia, 4 yrs.,
7st. 12lb. J. H. Martin 1
Mr. L. de Rothschild's Vatel,
5 yrs., 7st. 4lb. T. Loates 2

Duke of Devonshire's Dieudonné,
5 yrs., 8 st. 3lb. W. Cannon 3
7 to 1 agst. Bridge.

The Hardwicke Stakes of 2,000 sovs. ;
Swinley Course.

Mr. L. Brassey's b. c. Boniface, by
St. Simon—Merry Miser, 4 yrs.,
8st. 4lb. Rigby 1

Sir R. W. Griffith's Vain Duchess,
3 yrs., 8st. 5lb. J. H. Martin 2
Lord W. Beresford's Jolly Tar,
4 yrs., 9st. 7lb. 3
10 to 1 agst. Boniface.

The Alexandra Plate of 1,500 sovs. ;
about 3 miles.

Sir E. Cassel's b. f. Gadfly, by
Hampton — Merry Duchess,
4 yrs., 8st. 10lb. L. Reiff 1
Mr. J. Hammond's Chubb, 5 yrs.,
9st. 6lb. K. Cannon 2

Prince D'Arenberg's Gosbick,
4 yrs., 9st. 11lb. Dodd 3
6 to 1 agst. Gadfly.

E. BROWN & SON'S

7, GARRICK STREET, LONDON, W.C.,
and 26, RUE BERGERE, PARIS,

Boot Preparations

SOLD EVERYWHERE.



MELTONIAN BLACKING
As used in the Royal Household.
Renders the Boots Soft, Durable,
and Waterproof.



ROYAL LUTETIAN CREAM.
The best for Cleaning and
Polishing Russian and Brown
Leather Tennis Shoes, Polo
Boots, &c.



NONPAREIL DE GUICHE
Parisian Polish
For Varnishing Boots and
Shoes, is more elastic and
easier to use than any other.

SPECIAL ADVANTAGES TO PRIVATE INSURERS The Imperial Insurance Co., Ltd., **FIRE.**

1, OLD BROAD STREET, & 22, PALL MALL, LONDON.

ESTABLISHED 1803.

Subscribed Capital, £1,300,000. Paid-up Capital, £200,000.

Invested Assets (Capital and Reserves), over £1,500,000.

The distinguishing characteristics of this Institution are:—MODERATE RATES; UNDOUBTED SECURITY; PROMPT AND LIBERAL SETTLEMENT OF CLAIMS. Steam Threshing Machines allowed without extra charge. Loss and Damage from Explosion of Gas and Lightning made good. Applications for Agencies invited from Professional and other Gentlemen of influence.

E. COZENS SMITH, General Manager.

HINTS TO HUNTSMEN.

By Colonel J. Anstruther Thomson. Fourth Edition. Price 1s., post free 1s. 1d.

THE LATE LORD HENRY BENTINCK ON **FOXHOUNDS.**

Remarks on the late WILLIAM GOODALL'S Method with the Belvoir Hounds.
Price 1s., post free 1s. 1d.

VINTON & CO., LTD., 8, NEW BRIDGE STREET, LUDGATE CIRCUS, E.C.

Horse, Carriage, & Cattle Insurance

The Horse, Carriage, and General Insurance Co., Limited,

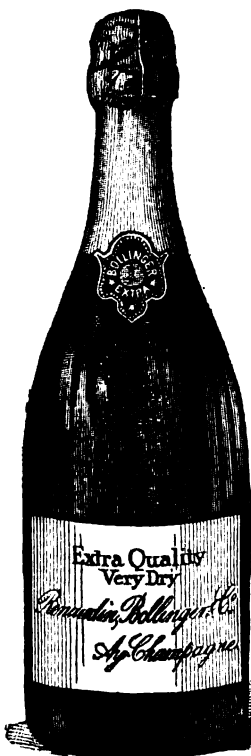
Chief Office: 17, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, LONDON, E.C.

The Oldest and Largest Office of its kind in the United Kingdom.

Claims Paid Exceed £270,000.

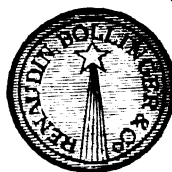
A. WATERS, Managing Director.
R. R. WILSON, Secretary.

BOLLINGER'S



CHAMPAGNE.

By Special Appointment
to
HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN
and
H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES



BRAND
ON
CORK
SINCE
1829

Vol.
LXXIV.

MONTHLY.
ONE SHILLING.

BAILY'S MAGAZINE OF SPORTS and PASTIMES

AUGUST, 1900.

CONTENTS.

Sporting Diary for the Month	12
Portraits and Biographical Sketch of Mr. Walter S. Bunkmaster	79
The Salmon Question. By FREDERIC M. HALFORD	82
Footnote. By "BORDERER"	96
Tenneys, Ancient and Modern. By W.C. & H.	98
A Queen's Cup Yacht Race	95
On a Welsh Bog. By E.C.P.	100
The History of the Prize Ring. By G.W. MILBURN	102
Believed (Verres). By HARRY L.	106
Young Hawks. By E.B.M.	108
Delicat	114
Ouse Hunting. By LIONEL LEWIS	143
Anecdotal Sports. By "THORALANDY"	123
Another German Trout River. By J.C.L.	126
The Sportsman's Library	130
"Our Van"	131
Sporting Intelligence (June-July, 1900)	187

MINTON & Co., Limited

12, NEW BRIDGE STREET, LUDGATE CIRCUS, E.C.

H. L. SAVORY & CO.'S CIGARETTES.

BY SPECIAL WARRANT OF APPOINTMENT TO H.M. THE PRINCE OF WALES.

Obtainable at all the Leading Hotels in the Empire, and may be had at all Retail Dealers.
Please note the name of the cigarette issued by the Prince of Wales.

S. & H. HARRIS.



MANUFACTORY: LONDON, E.

MARTELL'S THREE STAR BRANDY.

When buying, see that the capsule is GEMENTED to the bottle.

"A Genuine old Brandy made from Wine."—
Medical Press, Aug., '99.

ONLY ONE ADDRESS,
Established 1840.
**Day & Sons,
Grewe.**
Great Horse and Cattle Medicines

DAY & SONS'
"ORIGINAL" MEDICINE CHESTS
For Horses, Cattle, and Sheep, **2s.**, **2s. 6s.**, and **2s. 1s.**
For Horses and Colts, price **2s.**, **2s. 6s.**, and **2s. 1s.**
Illustrated Prospectus Gratis, and Post Free.

DAYS' BLACK DRINK
Cures like a Charm, Colic or Gripes, Chills, Debility and Fatigue in Horses and Cattle, Hoven, Scour and Weakness in Cattle and Sheep, &c., &c.
10/- per half doz., or 19/- per doz. Bottles, Carriage paid.

DAYS' "ZOMO-SAL."
A Saline Blood Tonic for Horses and Beasts.
For Humours, Anæmia, General Weakness, Surfeits, Off Appetite, Lack of Force and Stamina, Indigestion, Staring Coat, Hidebound. Should be given before and after Foaling.
4/8 per doz. packets, 6 doz. for 25/-; or in Tins at reduced prices, 7/8 and 20/-, Carriage paid.





G. H. Thompson, Standard photo

W. J. Alvingham, son

Walter S. Buckmaster

MAGAZINE

AND PASTIMES

1906 VOL. LXXIV.

CONTENTS.

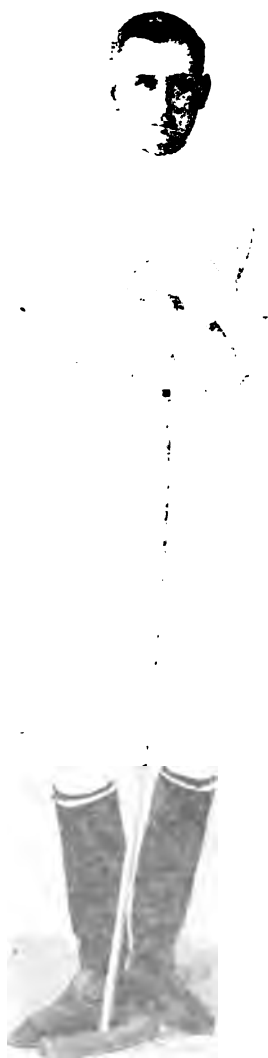
	Page
THE NEW ZEALAND FAIR	134
THE NEW ZEALAND FAIR	136
THE NEW ZEALAND FAIR	137
THE NEW ZEALAND FAIR	137
THE NEW ZEALAND FAIR	137
THE NEW ZEALAND FAIR	137
THE NEW ZEALAND FAIR	138
THE NEW ZEALAND FAIR	138
THE NEW ZEALAND FAIR	139
THE NEW ZEALAND FAIR	140
THE NEW ZEALAND FAIR	140
THE NEW ZEALAND FAIR	143
THE NEW ZEALAND FAIR	144
THE NEW ZEALAND FAIR	146
THE NEW ZEALAND FAIR	146
THE NEW ZEALAND FAIR	147

Portrait of Mr. G. S. Buckmaster, Esq.
 LONDON, 1906. PRINTED BY THE LONDON LITHOGRAPH CO.

Walter S. Buckmaster.

Every adds to the fact that he hunted the
 of Mr. W. S. Buckmaster, Esq. of the West Essex Polo
 knowledge of the game, being good hitters like
 ing word of the game, and the fact that he
 n any polo field, and with envy marked
 lay. But the science that is applicable
 ight up to the fact that on football could be
 to sent to the fact that good accents in polo.
 h perhaps a good combined play was
 en to the fact that in infancy and the game
 nolars of the game, which less scientifically played
 there is a fact that it came to be the case a little
 when the well known Mr.
 when the well known Mr.
 when the well known Mr.

Mr. Buckmaster thus served



Walter S. Buckmaster

BAILY'S MAGAZINE

OF

SPORTS AND PASTIMES

No. 486.

AUGUST, 1900.

VOL. LXXIV.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE		PAGE
Sporting Diary of the Month	ix.	Polo	134
Mr. Walter S. Buckmaster	79	Hunting	136
The Salmon Question	82	Hunting Men and the War	137
Sledmere	86	Essex Hunt Puppy Show	137
Foxhounds, Ancient and Modern	90	Puckeridge Hunt Puppy Show	137
A Queen's Cup Yacht-Race	95	Herts Hounds Puppy Show	137
On a Welsh Bog	100	Mr. Merthyr Guest's Hounds and Hunters.....	138
The Ethics of the Prize Ring	102	Sale of Arabs at Crabbet Park	138
Relieved (Verses).....	106	The Coaching Club	139
Young Hawks	108	Horses at Peterborough	140
Cricket	114	Irish Notes	140
Otter-Hunting	119	Death of Richard Daft	143
Anecdotal Sport	122	Sport at the Universities.....	143
Another German Trout-River	126	Aquatics	144
The Sportsman's Library	130	Golf	146
"Our Van" :—		"The Casino Girl".....	146
Between Ascot and Newmarket ...	131	Sporting Intelligence, June—July.....	147
Newmarket First July.....	132		

WITH

Steel engraved portrait of Mr. WALTER S. BUCKMASTER.
Engravings of FOXHOUNDS, BETSY, TROJAN and PYTCHLEY POTENTATE.

Mr. Walter S. Buckmaster.

BAILY's portrait gallery adds this month the picture of Mr. W. S. Buckmaster, acknowledged throughout the sporting world to be the finest player on any polo ground at the present day. Born in 1872, he was brought up in the country, and in 1886 sent to Repton, a school which perhaps owes more of its renown to its athletes than to the scholars it has produced. While there he devoted his energies to Association football; but even in those early days he acquired his taste for the saddle. During his summer holi-

days at Epping he haunted the ground of the West Essex Polo Club, watching good hitters like Mr. Arthur Waters and the late Mr. R. Ball, and with envy marked how the science that is applicable to Association football could be turned to good account in polo. At that period combined play was yet in its infancy and the game was much less scientifically played than came to be the case a little later when the well-known Mr. John Watson drew up the new rules.

Mr. Buckmaster thus served

his apprenticeship to polo as a schoolboy: when a player was wanted to make up a side to its full strength he was sometimes lent a pony by a friend, and the tastes thus afforded him of the finest game in the world naturally whetted his keenness. He went to Trinity College, Cambridge, in 1891, and became the proud owner of two ponies, one named Wardie, which cost him £22 10s., the other an importation from Argentina, which he got for £14. Wardie was a good pony in every sense of the word, and was generally seen carrying his owner in every match in which he took part for seven seasons.

While at Cambridge, polo in the summer, hunting and football in the winter, were his amusements. During the winters of 1892 and 1893 he played in the majority of football matches for the 'Varsity and for his college, which in each of those years won the Inter-collegiate cup. It is his sorrow that he never played against Oxford, but he can console himself with the recollection that he was one of the Cambridge polo team each year of his residence, and that they defeated Oxford on both occasions. In the last year Cambridge put into the field what was probably the strongest team that has ever represented either University; it comprised G. Heseltine (No. 1), W. C. Harrild (No. 2), W. S. Buckmaster (No. 3) and L. McCreery (Back).

As whipper-in of the Drag Hounds he had duty to do at Cambridge; but the Fitzwilliam saw him most frequently, and he also hunted with the Oakley, Cambridgeshire, Essex and Lord Rothschild's. He remembers, on one occasion, hacking sixty-five miles with a couple of friends to meet the staghounds ten miles

on the other side of Leighton Buzzard.

After leaving Cambridge, Mr. Buckmaster began playing polo regularly at Hurlingham and Ranelagh and with the Stansted Club. He has, we believe, made one of the winning team for every cup there is to be won, in London, Dublin and Paris. It was in June, 1895, that Messrs. S. Hohler (No. 1), A. Rawlinson (No. 2), E. B. Sheppard (No. 3), with the subject of our sketch playing back, won the Paris International Open Tournament. In August of the same year he played back in the winning team at the Rugby Open Tournament. In June, 1896, the Freebooters, Mr. Gerald Hardy (No. 1), Lord Southampton (No. 2), Mr. A. Rawlinson (No. 3), and Mr. Buckmaster (back), won the Open Champion Cup at Hurlingham. In July of the same year the Stansted Club team, Messrs. Guy Gilbey (No. 1), Gerald Gold (No. 2), Archie Gold (No. 3), and W. S. Buckmaster (back) won the County Cup at Hurlingham. In 1897 he renounced the place he had made his own and began to play No. 3. In June of that year the Comte de Madre (No. 1), Captain Renton (No. 2), Mr. Buckmaster (No. 3), and Mr. W. T. Drybrough (back) won the Paris International Open Cup. In 1897 he played No. 3 for the Ranelagh Cup with Mr. A. Rawlinson, Dokal Singh, and Mr. W. T. Drybrough (back) and this team of 1897 was, in Mr. Buckmaster's opinion, the strongest he ever played with: a glance at the names will convey more to polo players than any eulogy that could be passed on the men composing it.

When the Freebooters' team was broken up in 1897, owing to Mr. John Watson's renunciation

of play for that season, Mr. Buckmaster got together the "Old Cantabs," which consisted of Messrs. G. Heseltine (No. 1), F. Freake (No. 2), Lawrence McCreery and himself, Mr. McCreery playing back, while Mr. Buckmaster played No. 3. During the last two seasons this team has played in all the tournaments, and, though a young one, has given exhibitions of combination hard to beat. The "Old Cantabs" came within a goal of winning the Open Cup Tournaments at both Hurlingham and Ranelagh last season, and this season the same team have won it outright. They secured the Rugby Open Tournament in August, 1898, after a very stiff fight against the Warwickshire Hunt, Mr. Buckmaster hitting the winning goal in the last ten minutes. In the Hunt Cup at Ranelagh last season, in which Mr. C. Nickalls, Captain Renton, Mr. Buckmaster and Mr. P. Nickalls, (the Pytchley team), played the Warwickshire Hunt, consisting of Messrs. F. Hargreaves, Mackey, F. Freake and W. J. Drybrough, the result of the final also remained in doubt till the last moment: and, as in the final of the Rugby Open Tournament, was won by Mr. Buckmaster's scoring just before the bell rang.

Mr. Buckmaster's concluding success last season was at Stansted, where a Tournament was organised on the American system; four teams entered, and each goal scored counted one point, each game won counted three, and a draw one point and a half. Mr. Buckmaster's team, Messrs. Ormond Blyth (No. 1), G. B. Game (No. 2), and George Game (back) won by two points and a half after a close final with Messrs. Gerald Gold, P. Bullivant, A. Lobb and R. Blyth.

On June 28th last, at Hurlingham, the Old Cantabs, Mr. Buckmaster, Messrs. Walter and Lawrence, Mr. McCreery and Mr. F. M. Freake, won the Champion Cup, beating in the final by three goals to one, the Hurlingham team, Mr. Johnstone, Captain the Hon. J. Beresford, Mr. Foxhall Keene, and Mr. John Watson. The same team, after an exciting contest in the semi-final against Ranelagh on July 12th, won the Open Challenge Cup at Ranelagh on July 14th, when the opposing side of Freebooters, (Captain the Hon. Reginald Ward, Mr. A. Rawlinson, Captain D. St. G. Daly, and Major Reginald Hoare) were beaten by eight goals to one.

It is worthy of note that Mr. Buckmaster considers the best matches he has played in, two in which his side was beaten. One was the final for the Open Cup at Hurlingham in 1897, when the famous Rugby team, consisting of Mr. G. A. Miller, Captain Renton, Mr. E. D. Miller, and the late Mr. W. Drybrough, won the Tournament for the first time, beating Messrs. A. Rawlinson, Gerald Hardy, John Watson and himself, by two goals to love. That was really a great game. The one he couples with it in memory is the final for the Hunt Cup at Ranelagh in 1898, when the Warwickshire, Messrs. W. J. Mackey, F. Freake, F. Hargreaves, and W. Drybrough, beat Messrs. H. Cumberland Bentley, Captain Renton, F. Drage, and himself. The Hurlingham game is memorable for Mr. John Watson's play on that occasion; it was, says Mr. Buckmaster, who has played No. 3 to most backs in England, the finest game at back he has ever seen. Like every other player, Mr. Buckmaster is a great admirer of the Master of the Meath on the polo-ground.

He would rather play No. 3 to Mr. Watson's back than to any other in the kingdom. Mr. Watson is not a strong hitter, rather the contrary; but his generalship and tactics are unequalled. Many young players who have come to the front in recent years owe much to Mr. John Watson's tuition and example.

Mr. Buckmaster is a finished horseman, and has few equals as a trainer of polo ponies. He knows a good one when he sees it, indeed, his judgment is so sound that he frequently officiated as judge of polo classes at the leading shows. The best ponies he has ever owned and made are the Canadian Bendigo (which, by the way, won twenty-three races before he crossed the Atlantic) and the English pony Sunshine. Others nearly as good are The Cat, Early Dawn, Mainspring, Fusilier, and Patricia.

Were anyone called upon to form a team to play for the Kingdom and Colonies, his first

choice would fall upon Mr. Buckmaster, who as No. 3 would, so to speak, form the foundation-stone of the combination. He has been a playing member of the Stansted Club for several years, but the Essex ground naturally sees little of him during the height of the season, when the game is in full swing at Hurlingham and Ranelagh. He is as good over a country as he is on the polo ground, and has twice won the Essex Hunt Cup, namely, in 1894 and 1897, on Success.

Though a member of the Stock Exchange, he contrives to find time for polo in summer and hunting in winter. For the last few seasons he has leased a hunting box in the Pytchley country, where he keeps his horses. In June, 1896, he married Miss Ida Blyth, daughter of Mr. Henry A. Blyth, of 45, Portland Place, who shares his love of hunting, and is known as a good and keen rider to hounds.

The Salmon Question.

A ROYAL Commission appointed to inquire into the causes affecting the yield of salmon fisheries in England, Wales and Scotland is now sitting, and hence it may be deemed an appropriate time to consider this most important and complicated question in all its aspects. That the interests of the owners or lessees of net fisheries are identical with those of the anglers is a fact which cannot be too strongly impressed on all who are interested in the subject. Unless a sufficient proportion of

the salmon are allowed to ascend the rivers in search of suitable spawning grounds, the natural reproduction will be inadequate to supply a stock of mature fish in future years, and the consequent results to the netting industry must be disastrous. The presence of a fair stock in the rivers will conduce to improved sport for the rod fisherman, but the aggregate number killed by anglers even in the best of seasons during the spring and summer is too insignificant to have

any serious effect. During the autumn, however, the indiscriminate slaughter of fish in which the ova and milt have reached an advanced stage of development should be rendered illegal. Some steps should be taken, too, to insure legislation on this point being put in force, whether the offenders are netting in the estuaries or rivers, fishing with rod and line, or snatching or poaching in other ways.

Chairmen and members of salmon fishery boards, clerks to various fishery districts, and others with local experience in different parts of the country are being examined before the Commission. In this way a vast bulk of evidence is being accumulated concerning the causes to which the great decrease of salmon in Great Britain is to be imputed, and many of these witnesses are suggesting remedies for the evil. This evidence is no doubt of the greatest possible value, emanating as it does from those who are best able to formulate the conditions affecting each district. Whether the resulting pages of Blue Book will, after digestion by the members of the Commission, enable them in their report to suggest a form of legislation likely to effect any real improvement in the state of our salmon rivers is open to doubt.

Excessive netting, both in salt and fresh water, will probably be considered largely responsible for this decline of our fisheries, and it may be confidently predicted that the necessity of legislation to check this undue slaughter (partly in the form of an increased weekly close-time for the nets and partly in other restrictions) will be prominently brought forward in the report. It is also probable that the removal of obstacles to the free passage of the salmon to the

head-waters will be recommended. Although presenting difficulties, especially in reconciling or compensating the various interests, it should not be impossible to devise means of carrying out this recommendation.

Attention has already been directed by some experts to the results of improved land drainage as tending to allow flood water to run off rapidly and thus check the ascent of the fish to the upper reaches of the rivers and their tributaries, where the best spawning shallows are generally situated. There appears to be no practicable remedy for this evil; in fact, it is likely to increase not only by further improvements in land drainage but also by the abstraction of more water from the higher portions of the streams to give an increased supply of pure water to the towns and villages in the respective districts.

Pollution, whether by sewage or by refuse of gas or chemical works, tanneries, paper or other factories, or from mines, has no doubt played a prominent part in the gradual deterioration of the fish-producing capabilities of the rivers of the United Kingdom. Where the pollution has been very great, it has, in some instances, even been sufficient to prevent the adult salmon from entering the rivers at all. Evidence will probably be invited from practical pisciculturists, and this evidence will all be to the effect that the hatching-out of fertilised ova is reduced to a minimum by the presence of a very small proportion of sewage or other impurity above the spawning beds.

Theoretically, there should not be any great difficulty in amending the law so as to prevent the introduction into rivers of any foreign matter likely to be preju-

dicial to the life or reproduction of the Salmonidæ. Unfortunately, however, it is one of the necessary concomitants of increased civilisation that manufacturing interests should not be unduly hampered by legislation, and, in fact, in the House of Commons as at present constituted, it would be fatal to any Government to introduce a Bill which would seriously rouse the opposition of the entire mercantile portion of the community. Any measure which, if carried, would effectually stop the pollution of our rivers by manufacturers would infallibly be negatived or *amended* to such an extent as to render it altogether nugatory.

The difficulties of preventing pollution by factory or mining refuse may be great, but those of dealing with the sewage question in small towns or villages is a hundredfold more so. The population is supposed to be protected by statute against the wholesale poisoning of rivers by sewage, but the local authorities seem to be able to postpone indefinitely anything like decisive action on their part to carry into effect the laws on the subject. Even on the Thames and its tributaries, where the Conservancy has special and most stringent powers under Act of Parliament, we read in the Press from time to time of Salmonidæ and coarse fish being killed wholesale by pollution, and yet there seems to be no means of controlling or punishing the offenders.

Further from the metropolis the case is even worse. Take, as an example, the town of Dorchester, where, for nearly twenty years, the Local Angling Association and a few of the more enlightened inhabitants have been continuously agitating to prevent the effluent sewage from being

turned directly into one of the most beautiful and prolific chalk-streams. By various expedients the local authorities have succeeded in keeping them at bay, and as lately as last year I can testify, from personal observation, that the volume of filth was still poured into the river, being occasionally intensified by the addition of poisonous disinfectants. The result has been that trout in small numbers were from day to day found killed by the untreated sewage, and at intervals the proceedings have been varied by hundreds of splendid fish being poisoned presumably by the deadly constituents of the so-called disinfectants. The only marvel is that an epidemic of typhoid or cognate disease has not decimated the population and thus stirred up the Local Government Board or the military authorities to take steps to allay the nuisance.

From the above statements, no one of which is in the smallest degree exaggerated, it may be reasoned that if the Royal Commission is able to agree on the measures necessary to prevent excessive netting of the salmon, and to remove obstacles to their free passage up the rivers, they will be confronted by the insurmountable difficulty of checking pollution in the head waters. It must be remembered, too, that the intensity of such pollution will in the future be increased by the further abstraction of pure water for supply to towns and villages in the watershed.

The effect of this pollution being to decrease to an alarming extent the natural reproduction by choking the ova when deposited, it is obvious that some plan must be adopted to supplement this deficiency. There is grave danger of the evidence on

this most important branch of the question being overlooked, and yet in the opinion of many experts no scheme devised without due consideration of the best modern means of introducing new stock can be deemed a satisfactory solution of the problem.

In one of the annual reports of the United States Fishery Commission for the State of New York it is stated that in consequence of abnormally low water during the winter it was deemed necessary in a Canadian river to remove from the redds the eggs deposited by the salmon and hatch them out artificially. This report adds, that a careful count of these eggs revealed the fact that only two per cent. were fertilised. Doubts have been expressed over here as to the accuracy of this statement, and practical fishermen have from time to time estimated the percentage of fertilised eggs in a state of nature at from ten to twenty-five. Granting for the sake of argument that the maximum estimate is a fair one, and making no deduction for the number which from various causes do not hatch out on the redds, and seeing that in a modern hatchery certainly not less than ninety per cent. of the eggs produce alevins, the distinct economy of artificial propagation seems to be conclusively established.

Salmon fry have been turned into various rivers of the United Kingdom, being taken from the hatcheries just before they commence feeding, and it is here that the greatest mistake has been made. The heaviest death-rate prevails among the young *Salmonidæ* when the alevins having absorbed the nutriment contained in the yolk-sac require food from outside sources. The pisciculturists' staff is at this period chiefly employed in providing finely

minced food which is given to the fry many times during the day, and the least negligence is only too likely to prove fatal to the future prospects of the venture. Among the fry in the river only the strongest survive, and even they are so helpless as to fall an easy prey to the ravages of other fish, birds, crustaceans, larvæ of water-bred insects—in fact, to any living things present in the water.

When the fry have once commenced feeding freely the rest is easy sailing. More space in the troughs is given to them as they grow, and later on they are removed into streams or ponds amply supplied from springs. They are watched and fed until they have arrived at the stage when they may be safely trusted to shift for themselves in the river. The above is briefly the plan adopted by the modern trout breeder, and wherever in a suitable stream his advice of stocking with yearlings, two-year-olds and even larger fish has been followed the results have been almost invariably satisfactory.

The stock arguments adduced against following a similar plan with the salmon are not very cogent. It is said with truth that we are supremely ignorant of the life history of the migratory *Salmonidæ* from the time of their dropping down to the sea in the smolt stage until they return to the river in the grilse stage for the purposes of reproduction. It is also said that the treatment which suits young trout may not be equally successful with young salmon. As a clinching argument we are reminded that there is little or no evidence that the adult salmon returns to the same river in which it was bred.

What does all this amount to? Simply a desire to shelve the question. Scientific research will

some day reveal to us the habits and *habitat* of the salmon in the sea, and meanwhile it does not seem a wise policy to risk the extinction of the salmon as a British fish. As salmon up to the smolt stage live in the same character of water in the same rivers as the young trout it would certainly seem probable that they would require similar food and similar surroundings.

Whether the smolts after descending a particular river to the sea return to that or some other neighbouring river is not very material. It may fairly be argued from analogy that given in an estuary a number of rivers of which some are more suitable for salmon than others, the greatest number will frequent the most suitable rivers. This argument only goes to show that the question is not purely a local one, and had better be treated from a national point of view.

It is above all to be hoped that the report of the Commission will deal with this branch of the subject exhaustively.

The alarming decrease of salmon in our rivers is only too clearly demonstrated. The introduction of fresh stock is shown to be

necessary to restore the rivers to anything like their pristine condition. Artificial propagation, keeping the young salmon in streams or ponds and feeding them until they arrive at the smolt stage is suggested here as at once the most efficacious and economical form of stocking. Up to the present time, owing to the difficulties of marking the young fish so as to identify them at the grilse stage, it has not been demonstrated that the salmon returns from the sea to the river in which it was bred, and for this reason it is urged that the attempt should not be made.

Surely a step towards the solution of the problem should be the establishment of hatcheries and the necessary ponds for growing the fry up to the smolt stage on certain selected rivers. As, however, it is possible that these selected rivers may not benefit directly by the operation of these hatcheries, it is not just that the locality should bear the expenditure. This and the general importance of the work all point to the conclusion that it should be undertaken by a Government Department instituted for the purpose. FREDERIC M. HALFORD.

Sledmere.

How often small occurrences are inscribed on our memories so as to bring things of bygone times back to us as of yesterday. So it has been with Sledmere. It was after the great sale in the late Sir Tatton Sykes' lifetime, somewhere about 1860, when his hoard of mares and youngsters of all ages were brought to the hammer, that a sporting young farmer bought

and brought into our district a thoroughbred grey mare by Sleight of Hand (foaled in 1849), and with her bred some useful horses. Some years after I chanced to be at our hunt kennels. I saw there an ancient flea-bitten grey mare that was about to become hounds' meat. I quickly recognised the mare as the old daughter of Sleight of

Hand, and thought from the look of her that there was a chance of her being in foal. So having had her caught, I persuaded the huntsman, Rise Jones, to get me a bucket of water. On her drinking it, I distinctly felt a foal move in her, and agreed for a sovereign or so to save her life.

In those days farmers were not so averse to hunter breeding as now, and in a friendly farmer's hands she produced in due time a colt foal by, as it turned out, Findon, a son of Touchstone. He went into Worcestershire, and won steeplechases, as well as being a distinguished hunter. This colt was foaled in 1873, when the mare was 24 years old. Thus I always had an agreeable recollection of Sledmere, having paid periodical visits there, and having a spare day in the Royal Show week, went over there from Scarborough.

How different now are the denizens of those snug, yet lordly paddocks, from the time when the keen old hunting Baronet had his enormous stud herded by the score in a semi-wild state. His finely bred mares by Hampton (son of Sultan), Cervantes, Hetman Platoff, Comus and Sleight of Hand, were mated chiefly with Rifleman, Colsterdale, Fernhill, Womersley, Daniel O'Rourke, and Fandango.

In 1860, before the dispersal of his mammoth stud, he had no less than 46 mares by Sleight of Hand entered in the stud book, and hardly one of which had the honour of a name; they must have hardly been more distinguishable from one another than his sheep.

The Sir Tatton Sykes of to-day has chosen wisely to act upon an exactly opposite principle. He has not, and I believe never has had, a thoroughbred sire upon

the premises. His motto is small and select—rather, should we say, fashion and first-rateness without alloy.

Sledmere itself must have been so often described in your pages that I will forbear picturing to you its almost unrivalled beauty and snugness, nestling amid the Yorkshire Wolds, gaunt and bare as they are between Driffeld and Malton. We have ere to-day gazed on those great woodland slopes, and wondered how Grant, Lord Middleton's huntsman, can ever induce the foxes to quit such quarters for the miles of open wold that intervene, ere another haven of shelter can be reached.

But here a box-door opens, and instantly our mind is on other things intent. Its occupant is a colt by St. Simon out of Lady Yardley, a half-brother to Buckingham, Disraeli, and other good horses. "Are you not going to show me the worst first?" is my exclamation. "Perhaps not, sir," is the quiet reply, and I stand before a colt that will have few compeers at Doncaster, or elsewhere; so full of quality and good looks, with sufficient size and to all appearances an excellent temper. His white star is the only relief to his brown colour, and in vain I look for cause of criticism. Here indeed is blood, fashion, and good looks combined, and as I turned away reluctantly I could not refrain from saying, "Can you show me a better one?" "Perhaps not, sir," again came the reply.

The next box contained a bright bay colt by Royal Hampton out of Mimi (an Oaks winner), a great raking horse, taking much after his sire, only with bigger limbs. The only possible fault to be found with him was the placement of his hocks. Those, however, who remember, as I do, the

extraordinary way in which Mimi's hocks used to wobble as she moved in slow paces, will perhaps think lightly of this, for otherwise this looks like a grand young racehorse.

No. 3 was quite of a different type—a chestnut colt, with four white legs, by Gallinule out of Tragedy, and therefore a brother to the St. Leger winner, Wild-fowler, and like him, a deep-bodied, short-legged youngster, with a hardy cut about him—one certain to repay his training bill. If he does not emulate the exploits of his brother, you may fairly describe him as “quite the gentleman.”

Next him was a brown son of Common and Clarabel, that hardly shone after the three prior gems. Nevertheless, he stands on good limbs, and looks a hardy sort. Besides which, his breeding is unexceptionable. He will not lack friends at Doncaster.

“That is all the colts, sir, but we have three fillies, which perhaps you would like to see?”

And at once I was ushered into the presence of a very fine bay mare by Melton out of Wedlock, a sister to Best Man. Long, low, of great power, and grand in her forehand, this filly will take a lot of buying, although some may say that her back is a trifle long. This often in fillies is not a detriment. Would that I were her owner.

No. 2 was a whole brown filly by Persimmon out of Reprieve. A sweet filly from head to heel, perfect in shape, as far as my judgment goes, and a gem of the first water.

In these days of high prices it is idle to prophesy what she will make at Doncaster. There may be bigger ones there, but here is a rare specimen of Persimmon's first get that to my mind stamps

him as A1 among the sires of to-day.

One more filly, and I have done. This was a chestnut filly by Ayrshire out of Solesky (Solitaire and Zyagiga's dam). A sturdy, strong-quartered filly is this, of great merit, that looks like staying and standing training. Many a good judge will, I fancy, cast a longing eye at her, but he will have to harden his heart to capture her.

“Well, and will 12,000 gs. suffice for this lot?” was my half soliloquy. “Perhaps not.” And yet were I asked to advise a rich young man determined to go into racing, it would be the acme of my ambition to instigate him to have a dash with the offer of £10,000 for these seven yearlings, thus saving Sir Tatton the risk of sending them into the Sale ring, a far and better investment this for that eager nodder this week at Newmarket than the Ornament filly at 10,000 gs., because here you would have animals all bred from *winner-breeding mares of the first class*, and would be almost sure of some plums out of such a pudding.

The pleasures of a visit to Sledmere were still at their zenith when we strolled through the shady paddocks, for here were some of the choicest matrons in the world. La Flèche, the queen of all, and curiously enough mistress here of all others, as she was on a racecourse, has now settled down into a sober matron. Her price, 12,500 gs., has now become a moderate figure in comparison with those of this week at Newmarket, and I fancy that Sir Tatton must have become quite reconciled to his outlay. She looked splendid, with her brown filly by Ladas, the exact counterpoint of herself, with the promise of more bone and size, and she

was in foal to Isinglass. Wedlock was proudly tending a really magnificent colt, a brother to Best Man, that I shall look forward to seeing next year as a grand yearling. Bonnie Morn (Kilcock's dam) rejoiced over a bay filly by St. Simon. Good at all points, and promising to be another gem for 1901, and the mare appeared to be again in foal to St. Simon. Marchioness had by her side an own sister to Altesse (by Amphion), another good one, and was in foal to St. Simon. Soleski was the mother of a handsome bay filly by Royal Hampton, and Quilt had rather a late colt by St. Simon, Mimi, which, if his hocks improve with age, will not disgrace his sire.

Three matrons with foals I was denied the pleasure of seeing, although they were expected home that evening. These were Lady Yardley with a bay colt by Kendal, and gone to him again; Plaisanterie, with a bay colt by Orme, and The Bat with a colt by St. Serf, and gone to Royal Hampton.

The barren mares were Tragedy, covered by St. Simon; Reprieve, by Isinglass; Mimi, by Martagon; Chrysalis, by Kendal; The White Witch, by Janissary; Lad, by Gallinule; and Heresy, by Ladas.

What lover of high breeding will deny that in this short inspection I had not revelled in a galaxy of excellence, which should not only shed lustre on their owner, but also glory on the English Turf?

While Sir Tatton Sykes undoubtedly holds the palm in the female line of our breeding studs, I opine that His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales bids fair to beat all others on the male side, and with those two distinguished

brothers, Persimmon and Diamond Jubilee, he will tread in the steps of Mr. Chaplin and the Duke of Portland, and reap a rich income from their services. Perhaps I am overstepping my rightful position as a scribe when I express the earnest hope that neither of these horses will ever leave the Prince's possession. It is such big horses as these that we now want, with constitutions and limbs of the best, to counteract the growing tendency of breeding for speed alone. With those two great horses, not brought into competition with each other, or passed on to the foreigners, His Royal Highness will hold the key of the position for, let us hope, many a long year.

We had intended to supplement this article by some account of the Eaton youngsters, had it not been that they have already become public property, and their worth advertised to the world. Let me, however, congratulate Sport, and the Turf in particular, on its acquisition of the young Duke of Westminster into its ranks. He is evidently about to take to the sport *con amore*, for not a single horse in his late grandfather's stud did he inherit, and has wisely chosen the gems. He could afford to give an extravagant price for the Kissing Cup colt, when he coupled him with the brother to Flying Fox at a less figure. I opine that the latter will turn out the plum of the sale, notwithstanding the fact that, like his great brother, he cannot now be written of as a grand colt. He has the identical characteristics, and, like all really good horses, has great heart room and lung power. Nor do I believe that his Grace will ever regret not becoming the owner of the Ornamant filly. Her dam's hitherto

breeding record is not a good one, and even should this Persimmon filly turn out a smasher, he will

have the opportunity of breeding one like her in the future.

BORDERER.

Foxhounds, Ancient and Modern.

THE illustrations which accompany this article may well set breeders of foxhounds thinking on the origin and progress of the hound which is in such great request to-day. Of theories there are plenty; of definite information we have next to none, and we are left virtually in the dark as to how the foxhound has been bred, and how the present evolution has come about.

Two facts are clear, viz.: that long ago there were at least two kinds of hounds, the heavy southern hound, and the lighter northern hound mentioned in the "History of Manchester"; and the chances are that the foxhound of the present day is, like our thoroughbred horse, a composite animal made up of the above-mentioned hounds, and probably the bloodhound, though some people have entertained the idea that the bloodhound has had little to do with the building up of the foxhound. We are unfortunately without any definite information as to the kind of hound which commended itself to early masters; but we may take it for granted that the old southern hound played a prominent part in many kennels.

Then again we have to take into account the real staghound of old. In the seventeenth century the Earls of Lincoln hunted the stag in Lincolnshire and Nottinghamshire; the Badminton hunted the stag, and it is generally believed that there were staghounds at Belvoir Castle before the limited liability company started

the famous foxhound pack. The Devon and Somerset were, we know, the old staghounds, as were the Royal pack, and it is quite probable that the staghound was found in other staghunting establishments, including the Epping forest. The Devon and Somerset hounds went to Germany in 1825, and the Royal to France about 1813, when the Duke of Richmond gave up his country, and presented his foxhounds to the king; and, so far as can be ascertained, there were no real staghounds left in England after the Devon hounds were disposed of.

There appears little room to doubt that the staghound was crossed with the lighter hound; but at a time when the same pack hunted fox, hare, the marten, and perhaps an occasional fallow deer indiscriminately, not very much attention was paid to breeding to type, nor up to any particular standard. Nevertheless, there have always been some masters of hounds in advance of their time, and both the Bridgewater and the Charlton (Goodwood) hounds were carefully bred and hunted the fox alone prior to the year 1700. Of the Bridgewater hounds we know little or nothing; but of the Charlton pack more details are forthcoming. They appear to have been very much like the foxhound of to-day, and so were those of the proud Duke of Somerset, who started a rival pack, inasmuch as the Duke himself once mistook his own hounds



From a painting by W. Barraud.]

BETSY.

The property of Mr. John Warde.

for the Charlton, then under the management of Mr. Roper, who when upwards of eighty years of age fell from his horse in a fit when hunting in the Findon country, and died on the spot. Mr. Roper had devoted himself to hound breeding for something like sixty years, as even when he had to leave England with the Duke of Monmouth he took the management of some hounds in France, to resume his connection with the Sussex pack when the storm had blown over.

That the Charlton were pure foxhounds, as the term was then understood, is a certainty; but at that time foxhounds were not all built on the same lines, as in the pages of *The Sporting Magazine* for 1827 we find old Tom Grant, huntsman to the Duke of Richmond at Goodwood, saying that Sir John Millar's hounds, bought by the Duke, were different to their own, and improved the pack a good deal, probably because the Goodwood were much inbred, judging from the only list extant. Still the Goodwood was for some time the source to which most masters had recourse from year to year, and eventually Mr. Noel's (the Cottesmore), Lord Yarborough's, the Belvoir and the Grove became the purest packs of England. As time has gone on, however, puppy shows have been established, and more and more masters have bred, at any rate some of their hounds, instead of depending almost entirely upon drafts from those kennels which remained in the same families from generation to generation, upon those breeders who, though they frequently changed their countries, nevertheless made breeding a science.

Mr. Meynell never had but one country, the Quorn, and it was not till very many years after he

gave up that the Quorn kennels became famous. Mr. Meynell, Mr. Warde, Lord Yarborough and Mr. Osbaldeston were, however, the most reputed breeders of their day, and it is in connection with Mr. Warde and Mr. Osbaldeston that the accompanying engravings are interesting. Everyone knows the story that Mr. Warde and Mr. Meynell would never use each other's stallion hounds, and the former obtaining two of the latter's cast-off, christened them Queer'em and Quornite; never entered them, and used to show them to his friends as "the things with which they hunted foxes in Leicestershire."

Now Mr. Meynell was an admirer of a rather small active hound, whereas Mr. Warde favoured a large and somewhat heavy kind, which were known as "John Warde's Jackasses." The story runs that some one asked Mr. Warde why he liked hounds with such big heads, and the answer was that he preferred "large knowledge boxes," because when his hounds once had their noses on the ground their heads were so heavy that they could not get them up again. This being so, one regards with a certain amount of surprise the portrait (by Mr. William Barraud) of Betsy which appeared in *The Sporting Magazine* for 1829, painted to the order of Mr. Warde, and the same hound figures in the picture in which Mr. Warde appears mounted on the famous hunter Blue Ruin, so called because he was bought from a distiller. Mr. Barraud was, as everyone knows, a most clever artist; but whether he was a judge of hounds is another question. Mr. Assheton Smith changed his taste in hounds more than once. When he hunted the Quorn country he could scarcely breed them too big; when in Hampshire

he changed to a small stamp, and while in the Burton country he altered his mind as to stature.

Remembering that Mr. Warde's standard varied little if at all, one can hardly think that the engraving of Betsy is an accurate likeness, for there is surely no indication of the big and heavy head. On the contrary, the head and neck are decidedly light; while the shoulders and quarters are those of a heavy hound—at any rate, of a massive specimen. Betsy's head is rather of the pointer order, and it is not a little curious that a hound painted to the order of the master should be so unlike his alleged ideal in so important a particular as the head.

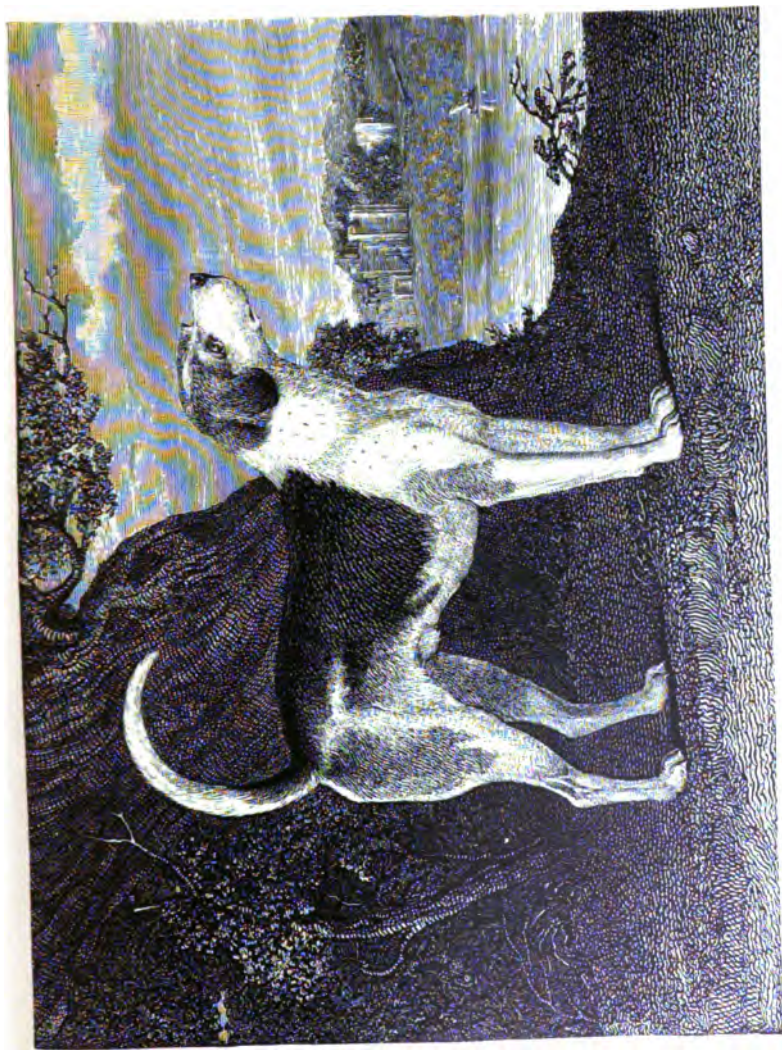
Now if we look at the representation of Mr. Corbet's Trojan we have what is to all appearance a far more massive hound than Betsy, though of course we must not forget the difference in sex.

Mr. Corbet, who hunted "from Warwick to Shrewsbury," was rather partial to a smaller hound, and Trojan was quite a chance bred hound. Mr Corbet bought at Tattersall's (about 1779) some harriers, among them being a bitch named Tidings, of good looks but unknown pedigree. On being tried she proved herself excellent in the field, so Mr. Corbet decided to breed from her, and after being sent to the Pytchley True Boy, her litter included the famous Trojan, whose blood was subsequently predominant in the Warwickshire pack, and "the blood of all the Trojans" was long a standing toast in Mr. Corbet's Hunt. Trojan himself, however, never saw Warwickshire, as he was whelped just ten years before Mr. Corbet succeeded John Warde. The latter hunted the country somewhere between 1780 and 1790, and Mr. Corbet came in 1791. Tidings, as we

have seen, was bought about 1779, and she was bred from in 1781, that being the date of Trojan's birth. It is a somewhat curious fact that although Trojan's blood stood in such high estimation there is not at the present moment a single hound in England which traces back to that once famous sire. Trojan was, it must be remembered, whelped in the last century, and Betsy was about thirty-five years junior to him. However, putting trifling details aside, the hounds represented in the two engravings above-mentioned do not materially differ from Pytchley Potentate by the Belvoir Gordon, the champion hound at the recent Peterborough Show.

Some years ago there was at Messrs. Vokins's galleries in Great Portland Street a picture by Stubbs of a pack of stag-hounds which in the last century were owned by the Grosvenor family, of Eaton Hall, and the hounds did not materially differ from the present day foxhound. In fact, as long back as one can find any hunting pictures, all the hounds shown are distinctly of the foxhound character, though they differed in bone, height and colour just as they do now. When the Duke of Richmond revived the Goodwood Hounds in 1883 he bought some of the Grove Hounds (Lord Galway's), and also those with which Lord Radnor had been hunting in Wiltshire; there was as much or more difference between the two as there would be between a hound of 1800 and one of 1900.

In treating of hound breeding it would be ungrateful to omit special reference to Mr. Osbaldeston, who was without doubt one of the greatest of breeders, and the remarkable thing is the celerity with which he improved every pack he owned. He more than



Painted by Stephen Elmer, A.R.A.]

TROJAN.

[Engraved on wood by F. Babbage.]

once sold most of his hounds, yet in a wonderfully short space of time he had another good-looking pack; he seemed to have an instinctive knowledge of what strains would nick, and it may be mentioned that when Mr. Merthyr Guest's hounds were sold at Rugby a few weeks ago there was among them one which traced back to the Squire's Furrier, the famous hound which was not straight, owing, as report said, to his having been tied up so much at walk. Sir Bellingham Graham, Mr. George Lane Fox, Mr. Foljambe and Lord Portsmouth are only a few in the list of masters of hounds who have made breeding a science, and helped the ever coming and going masters of subscription packs.

Potentate's portrait brings us to the last Peterborough Show, and to the up-to-date foxhound. The show took place just as the July number of this magazine was leaving the hands of the publisher, so at this lapse of time there is no necessity to make lengthy reference to the prize list. The building in which the show was held on Wednesday, June 27th, was packed to repletion, while a number of ladies took enough interest in the proceedings to retain their seats from the beginning of judging till luncheon-time, and from the resumption until all was over; but hunting men other than masters and ex-masters were not very strongly represented. By the way, the show was the twenty-third which has taken place at Peterborough, the Duke of Beaufort being president on the occasion. Twenty-one packs were represented, the number being the same as last year, but the entries were more numerous than ever. It is always a pleasant sight to see masters and ex-masters and those who are neither, yet who still take

an interest in hounds, looking on at these shows, and among those who watched the proceedings were the Duke of Beaufort, the Marquis of Zetland, Lord Southampton, Lord Orkney, Lord Annaly, Lord Yarborough, Sir Gilbert Greenall, Sir H. H. Langham, Sir William Curtis, Colonel Anstruther Thomson, Captain Browning, the Rev. Cecil Legard, Colonel Jago, the Hon. Douglas Pennant, Messrs. E. P. Rawnsley, C. W. Wicksted, G. Lane Fox, W. H. Dunn, F. Ames, W. Coryton, Yorke-Scarlett, Selby Lowndes, R. Hill, J. Watson, F. Slingsby, J. Hargreaves, R. Corbet, jun., Heywood Lonsdale, Merthyr Guest, Baker White, Owen Williams, C. M. Prior, E. E. Barclay, Cazenove, Usher, Wilson, Fernie, Seymour, Hulkes, Fullerton, Wharton, Wroughton, Preston and Rawlence.

The three couples class was this year eliminated from the programme, and, I venture to think, rather happily, for as entries have increased, judging has been prolonged to an inconveniently late hour, while the pack which won in the two couples class for either dogs or bitches were nearly certain to win in the three couples, unless they had to make up their team with a very inferior couple. Still, with these two classes out of the card the judging lasted some time. Some of the critics thought that the young hounds were wanting in class, and certainly they scarcely seemed up to the standard of some previous years. Mr. Wroughton, as master of the Pytchley and owner of the Woodland Pytchley, now under the management of Lord Southampton, held a somewhat strong hand, and few would find fault with his Goblin and Merlin, which carried off the first prize for the best couple of unentered

hounds. Without being hounds of very great substance they had at least fair bone, which they carried well down. The Oakley couple took the second prize, and when it came to picking out the best hound for the special prize it was found that there were no fewer than three Despots running, coming from the Atherstone, Duke of Beaufort's and the North Cheshire, but the victory rested with the Oakley Guardsman, a very nice hound with plenty of substance and fashion. It was, however, when the entered hounds came into the ring that an improvement was visible, eight packs competing. The Warwickshire were the winners with Tuscan, Turncoat, Tudor and Ganger. Mr. G. P. Elystan Evans, one of the joint masters of the Cambridgeshire, and Mr. W. E. Rigden, judged the doghounds, and after luncheon Mr. E. Lycett Green, Master of the York and Ainsty, and Mr. P. A. W. Carnegie looked after the bitches.

The unentered class was a strong one of fourteen, and the Oakley carried off the first prize with Dowager and Hopeful. One of the couples was slightly roach-backed and had sustained some injury to one of her feet, but this was not a bar to her success. The Master of the Southdown showed a wonderfully nice couple, but the one thing against them was their colour, that being very light; and although in the hill countries,

where foxes are followed on foot, these badger pied hounds are preferred as being easy to see at a distance, they are not in favour in more fashionable districts. There were no better necks or shoulders, however, in the show, and they ran close not only the winners, but also the Warwickshire couple, which were placed second. The special prize for the best single hound went to Mr. Fernie's Harmless, a very promising bitch; while the best bitch coming from that pack which had not won a first prize since 1895 turned out to be the Atherstone Gleeful, who just beat the Southdown Bonnylass. It was, however, a close thing, and Mr. Straker, Master of the Tynedale, was asked to step over the barrier to give the casting vote. Mr. Fernie scored another success with two couples of entered bitches, three of which were by Belvoir sires. The North Cheshire Rantipole was adjudged to be the best brood bitch, and was also the champion.

Taken all round the show was perhaps hardly so good as some of those which have gone before, but no exception can be taken to the two champions Potentate and Rantipole. The Warwickshire bitches appeared to show hardly so much substance as some of the representatives of that kennel seen in years gone by, though of course among the competitors were some excellent hounds of both sexes.

W. C. A. B.



PYTCHLEY POTENTATE, 1896.

CHAMPION AT PETERBOROUGH, 1900.

A Queen's Cup Yacht-Race.

"THERE goes the preparative gun, and they have run up the white flag at the club-house to tell us that we have to go the westward course. This means a short beat to begin with, but I daresay we'll fetch round in a couple of tacks. You may try a bit pull at your topsail tack, and see that you have your spinnaker gear all ready for carrying it on the star-board side. We have ten minutes yet before they hoist the Blue Peter and give us the 'five minutes gun,' and we'll take a stretch outside to see the sort of weather we are going to have and what the others are doing. If we are first round the Lepe, we shall take a lot of catching in the run to the Warner." So speaks the captain of the noted Clyde racing-cutter *Clutha*, just as we are on the eve of starting for the Queen's Cup at the annual regatta of the Royal Yacht Squadron at Cowes.

Since the first starting-gun to open the season was fired at Gravesend, neither skipper nor crew have been idle. From the Thames we have raced to Harwich, and, the Royal Harwich Regatta over, home again to the Nore Light. Round the back of the Goodwin Sands we have thrashed her through a stiff breeze and a jumping sea in the Channel match to Dover, there off the historic chalk cliffs to fight for the Royal Cinque Port trophies. Across the English Channel to Cherbourg at a pace which would have made the owners of the old-fashioned packet boats think that even the sunken vessels of ancient times had ghosts; and next morning, with the early sun and the last drain of the ebb tide, we were off to round Land's End for the northern circuit.

The first week of July found us fighting through the high seas which sweep before the south-west winds over the Mersey Bar, and the last gun for Liverpool Regatta was our starting one for the Clyde. A fortnight under the Royal Northern crown and anchor and the Royal Clyde crown and lion, and another stormy passage round the dreaded Mull of Cantyre had to be encountered ere we got into snug moorings at Bangor, in Belfast Lough. The Dublin Bay matches followed fast on the Royal Ulster, and then came the cheery call, "Round Land's End, my boys, and away for the Isle of Wight," the ancient and still well recognised British yachting capital.

Hard work all this, but our crew are as thorough a set of modern Vikings as ever smelt salt water, and the more they get of it the better they seem to like it. Our skipper is from the old Ayrshire town of Largs, our mate from Gourrock, and after that, if we take them hammock and hammock as they sleep o' nights, we find them to hail from different seaports round the British coast. Duncan, the burly, brown-bearded boatswain, is an out-and-out Skye man, and when the mainsail is in the stops and the anchor light on the forestay is casting a glimmering lustre on the waves, stalks loftily up and down the deck with his head thrown back so far, the mate observes, as would make you think he had burst the bobstay to his somewhat bowsprit-like proboscis under the heavy squalls from his own bagpipes. The skipper will jocularly tell you that in a crowded anchorage Duncan's pipes are as useful as a good few fathoms of chain cable

to swing by, the other boats preferring a wide berth; but the Celt laughs at them all, for he declares, "*Clutha* always carries her own preeze along with her, which iss more than other fessels can do whateffer," and he squeezes the bag under his elbow significantly. Let them joke at Scotch music as they will, rousing and plaintive and wailing as it may be under particular circumstances, we have never enjoyed anything better in some quiet anchorage when, with a winning flag flying under our club burgee, Duncan, bagpipe and breast heaving together with the knowledge of victory, has given us "*Where Gaudy Rins*," or some other of his favourite airs.

The banks of the Colne give us at least half-a-dozen oyster men, the close time for the succulent bivalves freeing them for this class of work, in which they greatly excel. George, the cook, is a native of Harwich, and possibly the first work of a general character he did in that way was when he was a lad with his father and on the Gunfleet Sands helped to boil the newly-caught shrimps for the average Londoner's afternoon tea. What he does now in the original family line lies in cutting ashore quickly with the dinghy and "commandeering" all the fresh fish in the market for the cabin table. It has to be kept in mind that, when the yacht-racing fleet reaches a small regatta town, an unusual demand for breakfast provisions at once sets in, and that there is great rivalry amongst the catering division. George has a clever assistant in Joe, the little steward, who hails from Spithead and possesses all the instincts of his mother, who was an old bumboat woman. The crew tell many anecdotes of Joe, one of them to the effect that he sat up all night to hear

the hens cackle, in order that he might impound the eggs as soon as laid; another that he once worked a full watch at a churn himself so that he might be certain of the fresh butter. Only on one occasion was he thought to have been fairly "neaped," and that was when the water-casks had to be filled early in the morning before a start for a channel race. No fewer than twelve boats got into the pier by the only town well before him. They found, however, that he had unshipped the pump-handle the night before, and that they had all to wait until he had first turn.

Sam, our bowsprit-end man, is from Southampton, and when the boat is laid up there on the muddy banks of the river Itchen will he be found in winter almost daily inspecting the ship from stem to quarter, and polishing up by times the gilt effigy of the chan-ticleer, which, full amount of win-nings considered goes to the cock boat of the year.

Jack Dart, on the cross-trees, is Sam's dearest friend, having done many years of bowsprit-end work in his time and been fished in half drowned with a boat-hook on scores of occasions. As mast-head man he seems to be happy and contented, having no ambition for the tiller. From his perch aloft he gets a good idea as to when sails are properly trimmed or the rigging is set up too tight, and promptly lets the skipper know that "she wants a little more flow to her jib sheet, and she don't like a screwing and a racking o' things, she don't." Jack's pedigree, so far as it is known, goes back through a long line of racing boats, forty-tonners, twenty-tonners and ten-tonners to a five-tonner, the famous old *Lass o' Torbay*, of which he talks so affectionately at times as to make

one think she were all the mother ever he had. Old Commodore Drake, who owned *The Lass*, used to declare that Jack ought to be a real, good, hard-weather sailor, for he was born under short canvas. If asked, "What ship?" he would say, "A gipsy tent on Dartmoor," the truth being that, when on an angling excursion, he had picked him up for a plug of tobacco from a gipsy woman who had more, he thought, than she could count, let alone feed and look after.

Our competitors in the race number five in all, a big entry, considering that only Royal Yacht Squadron yachts are eligible, two schooners, two yawls, and a cutter, the *Tamesis*, the latter representing the yachting interests of the Thames, just as our own boat does those of the Clyde.

After a stretch across to the Hampshire mainland, we stand in to await the first or Five Minutes Gun, knowing that it is in the working off these five minutes to the tick of the three-hundredth second so as to get a good start, and at the same time weather berth, lies much of the success of modern yacht-racing. "The Gun" comes the call at last, and ere the report reaches us from the Castle Battery, we see the Blue Peter running up above the smoke to the peak of the signal flag-staff. "Now give us good time and tell the minutes as they run." Soon comes the call, "One minute gone," from our timekeeper, who sits with a stop-watch in hand. "One minute gone! Ready about! Lee helm!" is the skipper's quiet response, "we'll run her well up above the line by East Cowes." "Two minutes gone!" follows, and finds us standing into leeward of the *Tamesis*, which is just going about and across the bows of one of the big schooners.

"Three gone!" Three gone. Ready about, my boys. Lee helm. Round she comes. Keep your foresail to windward. "Four gone," comes the next call, and we are fast closing down, with *Tamesis* forward on our lee bow. Four and a half gone; let draw the foresail. Three-quarters gone! Ten seconds to go; five to go. The gun, and out we shoot across *Tamesis'* bows with considerable way on clear lead, and the coveted weather berth. A glance shoreward shows that no "Recall" number is hoisted, and with an all-round pull at sheets, we set ourselves to the task of weathering the mark and preparing for the run up to the Warner. Our sailing instructions are, "Twice round the course, leaving the Lepe and the Warner marks on starboard hand, no notice to be taken of the flag-boat in Cowes Roads till we are finishing."

The desire of our captain to get first round the Lepe mark-boat is fully gratified, and with our spinnaker smartly set to starboard for the run up the Isle of Wight shore. *Tamesis* is close in our wake, and behind her are the yawls and schooners, each like ourselves cracking on everything that will hold on—stay, sheet, or tack. As the *Tamesis* has to allow the smaller boat ten minutes seventeen seconds for the tonnage over our size, the longer we can keep ahead of her the more difficult towards the close, if she gets ahead at all, of her rubbing it off. Under Osborne the breeze which has been freshening up gets too bare for our spinnaker, so we take it in and set out our jib topsail. Sometimes with the rail under and the water churning and hissing in our lee scuppers, we hold our lead up past Ryde pier, on to which we can see the holiday folks crowding to witness the

sight. Favoured with the sudden freeing of the wind, the schooners on their best point now close up with the yawls almost abeam.

Off Noman Fort, from the loop-holes of which we can see the soldiers in their red jackets watching us keenly, a heavy tide meets us, and hangs us up for a little, but eventually we haul round leading boat, *Tamesis* close astern. The wind we soon find has gone back with some softness to its old direction, which eventually proves to be as near as possible its true direction, and we elect to try a long board on the port tack away over by the Calshot, while *Tamesis* chooses to work down the side of the Isle of Wight. When we cross to meet again and fight the real duel of all true yacht fencing, we are on the starboard tack, and by the rule of the road at sea claim the right to hold on our way. As we draw nearer we see that it must be a very close shave. Still we are on the governing tack, and if she cannot cross she must pass astern. Force us if she will to go about or alter our course to avoid a collision, and our ensign in the rigging as a protest flag will rule her out of the race altogether. A favouring puff helps her, and eventually across our bows she steams, our skipper clearing off as the wind is shaken well out of his mainsail. Determined not to let us slip away again, she flings quickly round to starboard tack, thus making a certainty of her right to a clear course when she meets us next time. Rounding the Lepe slightly in wake of the Thames cutter, off we go under spinnaker for the Warner again. One of the schooners has by this time borne up and gone out of the race, her mainmast carried away by a squall, whilst the other has found the windward work too much for

any chances of success, and made for her anchorage in Cowes Bay. The yawls still hold on, but have almost lost their chances of winning within their time allowances to cutters for rig.

As we run across to East Cowes we can make out the brilliant garden-party in the castle grounds, and occasionally over the noise of the broken water a strain of music from the band reaches our ears. We know, however, that the gay crowds there are thinking more of sunshades and gowns than topsails and mainsails. A few hard-weather old yachtsmen will, however, be watching us through their marine telescopes, and wishing that they could sail their old races over again. Alas for folks of moderate means, first-class yacht racing is now only within the reach of him whose fortunes border upon those of the millionaire.

The America Cup challenges are not alluded to, these having from the material used in construction and other considerations long been considered outside the range of practical yacht-building. *Valkyrie III.* cost £10,000, and after winning but a race or two is now for sale at £4,000. *Shamrock*, which won all the trials to which she was put but failed in her real errand, cost her owner more than £20,000 clear of all incidentals attending the transatlantic passage and the race; and if put into the market would show possibly as great a depreciation in value. So far as home racing is concerned the expenses are still rising. Twenty years ago good fast vessels like the *Vanduaara*, the *Samana*, or the *Irex* could be turned out fully equipped for a little under £10,000, and raced for "the round" for about £4,000. Now a boat like the German Emperor's *Meteor* costs £13,000, and it takes the

Kaiser, who is one of the most enthusiastic of yacht-racing men quite apart from the high position he holds in the world, £5,000 to keep her in complete order between the first starting gun and the last winning gun of the season. True, there may be a little set-off in the winnings after allowing the skipper five per cent. and the crew's one pound a race over a winning start, and ten shillings over a start in which they lose, but it runs to little when accounts are squared.

And now, after a hard sailed race of two rounds of the course, we are fetching up to the Lepe mark once more, the *Tamesis* leading about two minutes ahead, which will, however, make her a full quarter of a minute outside of her time allowance. If we can rub off that quarter of a minute and a few seconds more the Queen's Cup may still be ours. Still the short run under the spinnaker to the winning line is only five miles, and will be reeled off in twelve minutes, the seconds travelling too quickly to be picked up by a man on the bowsprit end. Judgment and seamanship has snatched many a good race out of the fire, and they may do it now. The wind will be blowing almost straight aft once we have rounded the windward mark, but increasing a point or two either way like the tail of a salmon when steady-ing himself to leap a linn. On which side shall we carry our spinnaker? Our spinnaker boom is "topped up" on the starboard side. Our opponent, though shifting to catch a light air made in the last run to the Warner, has got his on port. On the port side he has evidently determined to carry it. Our skipper resolves to carry his on starboard regardless of all consequences, knowing that it

must be a near thing as to which will prove to be on the right gybe. However, we are just on the edge of our time allowance, and we might lose a few seconds in shifting the boom over, always an awkward operation under the most favourable circumstances. Our opponent wears round with a wide sweep of the mark, and hauling out spinnaker, goes away for home, her skipper feeling almost certain that he has got the prize safe in his plate locker. We gybe our main boom over easily and square it off just as our mast-head man casts off the spinnaker boom, and soon we have our extra wing hauled out, and are away at a tearing pace after *Tamesis*, which we have timed to be a few seconds at most out of her time allowance.

Were the distance twelve miles instead of six we might trust to our boat's faster running powers, but it seems scarcely possible to do it in half a dozen. All depends upon whether we get the wind more favourable for keeping the course and the spinnaker drawing or whether she does, and at present things look bad, as we are sailing by the lee. This literally means that the slightest puff of wind catching our main-sail aback would mean its coming over and making a clean sweep of everything. Well does the skipper remember that terrible gybe of *Oimara* off Langs' pier when the spinnaker boom was smashed into a dozen pieces, and *Volantes'* gybe at Harwich in 1873, when the end of the broken main boom went clean through the breast of one of the crew. Soon we can perceive that our opponent finds the wind so bare that he has to keep his vessel drawing too, to keep her head for home. Being on the very opposite gybe what is his loss is our gain, and we feel that luck is with us, at any rate. It

must be a very near thing now as to which is winner, and we can see the crowd gathering down to the Battery Point to witness the strange sight of two crack cutters sailing a desperate finish before wind with spinnakers on opposite sides. He is just crossing the line! There goes his gun! Now call off the time. One minute gone! and we are driving hard down before an extra puff which has been overtaking us. Two gone! and we are almost on the line—ten seconds, twelve seconds

—the gun. So we have won with our time allowance by at most three or four seconds; close work over a forty-eight mile course in a breeze which has been fairly steady throughout. Three cheers and one more we get and give back as we gybe and stay through the fleet with our winning flag under our burgee, and at night we are quickly lulled to sleep by Duncan's pipes as he paces the deck as proudly as he were Ossian or even the great Fingal himself.

On a Welsh Bog.

It is now many years since when I by chance discovered what was known afterwards among us all as "the Bog." Well do I remember that glorious September day. A little party of three of us had been shooting the fringe of the moor almost under the shadow of the Carmarthenshire Van for partridge and wild grouse, and contrary to expectation everything had gone right, the day was perfect, three strange dogs worked well together, backed well, and, wonderful to relate, showed no jealousy of each other. The grouse lay well in the hot September sun, and when we finished the day and the shades of evening were falling, we had six brace of grouse and as pretty a bag of partridge, snipe and teal as one would wish to see. But the greatest event of the day was the discovery of "the Bog." I saw it first coming over the crest of a hill, situated in a long, rushy depression of about quarter of a mile wide and about a mile long, with a very narrow and very deep stream issuing from its middle.

On asking about it, I was told that it was very seldom shot over, that there was a place in the middle wired all round that was "dangerous," that it abounded in snipe, duck and teal, and, best of all, that I might shoot it as often as I liked. So it came about that for some years, owing to the kindness of the occupier, who I am glad to say is still to the fore, I enjoyed some of the nicest snipe and duck shooting that I ever had out of Scotland. Indeed, talking of the latter place, "Murthly Moss," by the late Sir J. E. Millais, always vividly brought back our bog to my mind.

But one day on it stands out amongst many others by reason of two things—the intense cold, and the excellence of the sport. It was in January. Snow had fallen, followed by severe frost, and my second son, Jack (known at school as "the poacher" from his extraordinary love of sport of any and every kind), opined that the following day would be a glorious day for the Bog. I agreed, making it a *sine qua non* that it

was only if the frost broke up that I would go, as the cold was so severe. On the following morning, at about seven, a little knock came to the door, and a voice implored me to get up, as it was a beautiful morning and the frost had broken up nicely. So telling him to order my breakfast and to get some sandwiches cut, I got down. It seemed cold in the dining-room for such a balmy day; but Jack had gone for the retriever and bag whilst I got my gun, and started for the eight o'clock train, which, after a twelve-mile journey, would land us within three miles of our bog. No sooner had I put my nose outside than I realised I had been done. A bitter north-easter came cutting up the street, but John stoutly maintained the softness of the day (but not of me); the retriever shivered at my heels, and I noticed that Jack, like a wise boy, kept as much to the rear as possible, although every now and then a wicked grin would overspread his countenance.

After a bitterly cold journey we reached our little station at about twenty minutes to nine, where the station-master expressed his open-mouthed surprise at my turning out on such a morning. I said nothing, I was past it, but thought the more, and in single file, I leading, Nell the retriever next, and Jack a long way behind, we set off towards the Bog. The snow crunched under our feet as we tramped and slid down the steep hill by the station, and panted up the opposite one, where we reached our ground. The first bit before we got to the bog proper was a piece of about 100 acres of rotten peat land, with a trench about three yards wide cut down its entire centre; water supplied by a spring ran slowly down this, and I never saw it frozen.

On this morning it was still open, and I think I never saw so many ducks on it as there were there; small lots kept getting up and going to the Bog, but it was almost impossible to get a shot, and a teal was all we had to show when we got to the end.

Over another field, then through a rough plantation, and we land on our bog. The place was alive with duck and teal, whilst out of every little open place snipe would go "scaping" away. I marked one down close by me, and putting two snipe cartridges in, went to get it, when up sprang a duck and mallard. I smother the first with the small shot, and the old bitch has her directly, but the mallard, although hit hard, disdains to come down, and pitches in the little stream running out of the Bog, so I go down after him, and knock him over as he crosses the wire fence, the sun now shining on his gloriously green head. On coming back to the Bog a hare jumps up, and I kill her as she crosses over in front of me to the hill. I then did what I have often read about but had never before been able to accomplish, for springing a little trip of seven teal, I got two out of them, and breaking up the remainder, managed to bag them all singly.

The day had now much improved, and Jack's face and the sun were shining together, and as the duck were all gone, we devoted ourselves to snipe, of which I got a good few, and we then paid a visit to an old lady of doubtful temper who lived in a small cottage near the Bog. If she was in a good humour she would make us a cup of tea each and give us a piece of nice cake for a shilling; if she was not, she would declare that she had no tea or cake in the house; but upon the whole the shilling tempted her. On this

day the cold (and the shilling) melted her, and we had, with our sandwiches, a pleasant lunch and a good warm. Afterwards we tried round the Bog again, getting a duck and a teal, and then commenced to beat our way homewards. We next walked up the big gutter, but the ducks were too wary. However, I killed a jack snipe, and on the old bitch going to fetch it, she brought it up quickly and went back to the same spot. I then knew something was there, and on going to the bitch, who was working strongly, as she always did if she was told, but not else, I saw an old jack hare sneaking away, and had just time to stop him as he slipped round a fringe of rushes. Our bag had now assumed respectable proportions, and had I killed all

the snipe I shot at it would have been a record day, but the intense cold had disconcerted the aim of, shall I say, "an experienced snipe shot." So we trudge away to the station, where we nearly lost the train owing to my listening to the wiles of Jack and shooting at a green plover on the ice; it was a wonderfully long shot, and the bird being winged it was some time before he and the retriever could gather it. This caused serious delay, but I hate losing a wounded bird. So we hasten on our way, panting and toiling up the last stiff hill to the station, where, leaving a hare for the kindly occupier, we just catch the train, and in a few minutes are speeding down the beautiful valley of the Usk towards the comforts of home.
E. C. P.

The Ethics of the Prize Ring.

WITH REMINISCENCES OF

THE LATE SIR JAMES BOSWELL, BART.

LOOKING over some old BAILY MAGAZINES lately, I found that I had made many marginal notes on a fine article by the Hon. F. Lawley—on "A Word for Pugilism" (BAILY'S MAGAZINE, January, 1874), among others: "Indubitably commendable, kindly too, clearly the workmanship of a cultured gentleman, and a *true*, as distinguished from a pseudo-humanitarian sportsman."

"One strong man in a blatant land—one who *can*, and is not afraid to defend the old manly sport of honest, fair, stand-up pugilism."

"Sir," said Dr. Johnson to Boswell, "clear your *mind* of cant; you may talk as other people do, but don't *think* foolishly."

On another occasion the "great lexicographer," the high priest of eighteenth-century ethics and criticism, the whole-minded, pious, big-hearted Johnson, used these words and said:—

"I am sorry that prize-fighting has gone out; every art should be preserved, and the art of defence is surely important . . . Prize-fighting made people accustomed not to be alarmed at seeing their own blood or feeling a little pain from a wound."

THE CURSE OF GAMBLING.

I even go further than Mr. Lawley. Prize-fighting *did* foster "heroic qualities" and other virtues without destroying or deaden-

ing gentler and more humane characteristics. That was prize-fighting *per se*, the prize-fighting of our forefathers, honest, manly prize-fighting. What ruined, by degrading this sport, was gambling, and gambling touches no sport it does not defile. It has depraved and ruined wrestling. I speak from knowledge when I declare that few men have seen a square, honest, stand-up wrestling match at Grasmere, or anywhere in the Lake District, for many years where the stakes were worth "Barneying" for. Dr. Johnson himself was no mean boxer. Mrs. Piozzi says he was taught by an "Uncle Andrew," an adept at the science, and a worthy Christian gentleman. At the end of the last century another Johnson had arisen who knew how to use his fists, and came to be a champion of the ring. Johnson the bruiser must have been a downright good, honest man to boot. For instance, in the London *General Evening Post* of January 8th, 1788, I find the following interesting paragraph about this man:—

STORY OF JOHNSON, THE BRUISER.

"The story of Johnson the bruiser's generosity, published in a morning paper, is not exactly true; though in its true statement the anecdote is highly to his honour. A companion in the same employment fell down with a burden and broke a bone, which disabled him for two months, during all which time Johnson worked over hours, and earned twenty-seven shillings a week more than usual, which he regularly delivered to his confined friend. Thus we see that the practice of boxing is by no means inconsistent with the most generous emotions of the heart."

THE MENDOZA-HUMPHREYS FIGHT.

In the same paper I find a racy account of the great match between the Jew bruiser, Mendoza, and Humphreys, fought at Odham on the previous day in presence of a vast crowd. "The paddock," says the reporter, "was well defended against the multitude by Tring, Ryan, Dunn, and a number of the others of the strongest men in England, who, with clubs, looked like so many giants,"—just the sort of fellows we should like to see at some of our great football matches in this the last decade of our enlightened and "eminently superior" nineteenth century. Humphreys, who gave Mendoza a square and effectual hiding, was seconded by the aforesaid Johnson, and with your permission I will reproduce the contemporary account of the great battle:—

"The combatants mounted the stage exactly at one o'clock, and after the usual salutation Mendoza instantly began the onset with all the heat and impetuosity of a man determined to victory. He threw himself in with such activity, and displayed much showy enterprise, while Humphreys retreated and avoided the blows. The latter bore himself with great reserve, and the Jew was accordingly the assailant in the first six or seven rounds. In these Mendoza, being more hazardous and more successful than Humphreys, the bets, which were two to one in favour of the latter before the battle, changed to six to four, seven to four, and at last two to one against him. Several blows of Mendoza had their effect. He cut Humphreys under the left eye, and of course endeavoured to follow up the wound; but in this he was disappointed by the superior address of his opponent.

The stage, from the wetness of the day, was extremely slippery, and for some time neither of them could keep their feet so as to give firmness to their action. To remedy this, Humphreys threw off his shoes, and got a pair of worsted stockings, in which, without shoes, he continued the battle with improved footing. After they had fought eighteen or nineteen minutes, Humphreys began to manifest his superior skill, and the bets again changed in his favour. He planted a dreadful blow on the neck, or near the jaw of the Jew, which sickened and almost disabled him. He continued the battle, however, with much determination of spirit, until extravasated blood and exhausted wind made him so helpless that he lay on the stage unable to rise, and yielded the contest. A battle in which there was so much dexterity and skill, with such equality of strength and muscle, perhaps never was fought."

It is poor "sport" that is unattended by personal danger. In honest boxing, the maximum of what I may term "pluck culture," open, manly, fearless antagonism, is obtained at a minimum of personal risk.

THE HIGHER ETHICS OF THIS QUESTION,

more directly, however, in its relation to field sports, was a few years ago very brilliantly dealt with by Mr. W. Earl Hodgson, in the *National Review*, who logically riddled Mr. Herbert Spencer's doctrine that "such sports as angling, coursing, deer-stalking, game-shooting, &c., were less reprehensible than prize-fighting, because the attainment of food affords a partial motive." The fact that sport produces food,

says Mr. Hodgson, may, of course, determine our view of sport, but it cannot, if we wish to be true to the one science or the other, influence us as it has influenced Mr. Spencer. Either it is no justification at all, or it is justification absolute. It is no justification at all if our ethics are absolute. If sport is wrong because it is accompanied by pain, it is no less wrong because it is accompanied by gain. On the other hand, that sport produces food is an absolute justification if economics is absolute. If the production of food is in itself righteous, its righteousness is in no measure mitigated by the fact that the production is necessarily accompanied by pain. I am not prepared to advocate the resuscitation of prize-fighting, for I verily believe that in the present state of society its admitted evils would be aggravated by that which has ruined wrestling, and is destined to ruin football. I humbly join with the Hon. F. Lawley, and use the familiar phrase, "Give even the devil his due." Let us frankly recognise the great fact that our honest, John-Bull reputation for fair, stand-up fighting, as contrasted with the use of the Boer white flag, the Corsican dagger, the Borgian "cups of wine," the Nihilist or other Anarchist dynamite bomb, the bullet sneakily fired from behind a hedge, or revengeful "houghing" of God's dumb creatures, owes much to the fact that boxing was at one time a manly national sport.

REMINISCENCES.

SIR JAMES BOSWELL, BT., AND
"JAMIE GOUDIE."

One of my earliest reminiscences of the "noble art" is linked with the degenerate bearer

of a great historic name—Sir James Boswell, Bt., of Auchinleck, grandson of Boswell, Johnson's biographer, and son of the brilliant and ill-fated Sir Alexander Boswell. With him I associate the close companion of his latter days, James Goldie, or "Jamie Goudie," the once famous Glasgow bruiser. Sir James inherited a noble estate and nobler family traditions. But pride of ancestral prestige, stretching back in an unbroken line to pre-Reformation days; veneration for the memory of one of the most illustrious pillars of the Court of Session in the eighteenth century, his great-grandfather, Lord Auchinleck; pride of the literary fame of his grandfather (in fact, of *that* he was rather ashamed); or respect for the memory of his worthy and illustrious father, Sir Alexander, he was utterly destitute, or cared very little indeed.

And yet Sir James Boswell in his better days must have been a man of innate gentlemanly, even chivalric and generous impulses. He had what we Ayrshire people familiarly describe as a "sklate off" his head and the devil drink had got inside possession. One of his mad freaks was the unlimited preservation of rabbits on his estate. For this he employed several gamekeepers; some of them arrant rogues who connived at poaching, ferretting and netting, by farmers' sons and the villagers of the Haugh, Mauchline, Catrine and Ochiltree, with whom they shared the proceeds. I know of several farmers, tenants under long leases, who were hopelessly ruined by the rabbit pest, and in winter, when the rivers Ayr and Lugar were frozen over, the starving brutes, having eaten up every blade of grass and barks of trees as far as they could reach on their own hunting ground,

invaded the lands of Ballochmyle and Barskimming, where they were legitimately destroyed. In time, farmhouses and farms became tenantless, thousands of beautiful and useful forest trees perished slowly for want of the natural sap and root sustenance, whilst vast tracks of once rich and fertile land degenerated into huge rabbit warrens. On Willox Hill Moor the adjoining farms of Braehead, Sklate-hole, &c., I have seen rabbits lying dead in dozens, starved and frozen to death, not worth picking up and hardly affording food for the hawks and wood and barn owls which in those days were plentiful in that part of Ayrshire. There was a well-grounded tradition in the neighbourhood that Sir James had "sworn an aith" that if ever he met Stuart of Dunearn, the Factory Inspector, who shot his father in the famous duel in Fife (1822), on any of his visits to the Catrine or Haugh Mills, he would blow his brains out. No such encounter ever took place, but I well remember the anxious look-out for Sir James when the dreaded Inspector paid his visits.

Sir James, who had associated with and been taught the "noble art of self-defence" by Goldie in his wild days, greatly befriended that poor fellow, and to my knowledge kept him frequently and long *about* the "big house"; never *in* it, I believe. To do the man justice, he had a kind of chivalric respect for Lady Boswell, a most perfect gentlewoman of high religious and pure moral character, given all her life to acts of devotion and charity. Nothing delighted Sir James more than to assemble a number of boys in a large loft of a building in front of the dog kennels, and, under his own and Goudie's instructions, set a boxing match

agoing. This was great fun, and sometimes hard knocks were given. I must say, however, to the credit of both "teachers" that they strenuously inculcated the great fighting principle of "hitting above the belt" and squarely. I have seen many a bout between Sir James and Goudie, and although the former was a good boxer, and frequently pommelled the professional bruiser, even to the "claret-tapping" point, I fancy the latter allowed it on the ancient principle, that "it pleases him and does me little harm." Goudie sank into a state of comparative obscurity, if not poverty, and I have heard that in his fallen days he was almost, if not exclusively, supported by his old patron.

A TOUGH FIGHT.

One of the toughest contests I ever saw in the ring took place on a bitter December morning many years ago, near Mugdock old castle, a few miles from Glasgow. I acted then as representative of the *Sportsman*, edited by the late Mr. Thomas Wilson Reid, and had to play the part of referee and stake-holder. The money having been sent to the *Sportsman* office, I was furnished with a cheque for the amount, I think £50 in all, a blank space being left for the name of the winner.

The snow lay a foot deep, but there was, nevertheless, a fairly large audience, and, if I mistake not, the combatants were from Glasgow. The battle was a tough and a close one, lasting more than an hour. A furious dispute raged over the result, and I found myself cornered. A happy thought struck me; I said I would *write out* my decision, and deposit the cheque with a publican who kept a noted sporting house in the neighbourhood of the Trongate of Glasgow. I knew that very few of my friends could read writing, especially *my* writing, and I so worded my decision that fully ten minutes must elapse before anyone would be able to master the "true inwardness" of the precious document. By mutual consent I was to throw it into the middle of the ring. This I did, and took to my heels like a deer, reaching Glasgow long before any of the disappointed ruffians, who would probably have "gone for me" in the heat of their animal exuberance.

I think poor Jamie Goudie was dead before that event—at least, I never saw him after the January of (I think) 1859, when I met him in King Street, Glasgow, and stood him a "dram" and talked over "auld lang syne" and his patron Sir James, for whom he had a grateful affection.

G. W. MURDOCH.

Relieved.

MAY 17TH, 1900.

THEY are rescued! They are rescued!
 Who have borne the siege so long—
 And to-day the voice of England
 Shouts aloud in joyous song.
 They have kept the flag a-flying,
 And old England's foes defying,

And they never dreamt of parley, but they answered shot for shot ;
 And they knew that all their nation
 Watched in anxious admiration,
 And they knew at home in England they would never be forgot.

We were watching them in England
 As the news came slowly through,
 And we knew that Baden-Powell
 Would do all that man could do ;
 He would keep the flag a-flying—
 But the heavy strain grew trying,
 As the days to weeks ran onward, as the weeks to months soon grew.
 We were watching south and nor'ard
 For the columns getting for'ard,
 But to-day the joyous tidings—of the columns getting through.

Then fling the standard to the winds,
 And toss the colours high ;
 Let tower and steeple send the news
 Re-echoing through the sky.
 They have kept the flag a-flying
 O'er the famished and the dying,
 'Midst the whistling of the bullets and the shrieking of the shell,
 Though the food was all but finished,
 Though the rations were diminished,
 For the honour of their country and the Queen they loved so well.

All honour to our gallant men,
 Rescuers and rescued too ;
 All honour to the men who led .
 And saw the struggle through ;
 To the wounded and the weary,
 Through the siege-days dark and dreary,
 To the weak and gentle women, dim of eye and wan of face :
 When the hope of aid grew slender,
 Still they whispered not "surrender,"
 And they watched the flag a-flying as the emblem of their race.

Worthy sons of gallant fathers,
 Men who held the Delhi ridge ;
 Daughters worthy of the mothers
 Who looked out o'er Lucknow bridge.
 They, too, kept the flag a-flying—
 Sons and daughters with them vying,
 Now, to-day, may stand their equals on the glorious roll of fame ;
 Bearing all they bore, and longer,
 Women weak, and sick, scarce stronger ;
 They will never be forgotten while their country has a name,

HARRY L.

Young Hawks.

At the time of year when spring is about merging into summer, the question presents itself to many an honest gamekeeper what he is to do with a hawk's nest that has been found in his demesnes. Half a century ago probably there would have been little hesitation in solving such a problem. A charge of shot would have slain one of the parents, waylaid in ambush near their home, and the young birds would be left to perish by hunger and cold. In those days a nest more or less, even of the larger hawks, was of little account in the British islands, or at least was not supposed to have much importance in determining whether the whole class of predatory birds should become extinct in this country. At the present day a keeper, who claims to have kept up with the times, cannot so readily dispose of this apparently simple matter. There are several reasons—putting altogether aside considerations of humanity—which may make him hesitate before either setting an insidious ambushade for the parent hawks or leaving the nestlings to perish. In the first place, employers are beginning, as we said a short time ago, to doubt whether the indiscriminate slaughter of hawks is a good thing either for their game or their tenants. In the case, at least, of the mousing kestrel and the insect-eating hobby, probably the majority of landowners, if consulted in the matter, would order them to be spared. On several of the largest sporting properties exemption is granted even to the eagles and peregrines and all other birds of prey; and in not a few districts the wanton destruction of these creatures and

their offspring in the breeding season is prohibited by law. But, secondly, the keepers on not a few estates are beginning to find out that, in murdering live hawks, and especially nestlings, they are needlessly depriving themselves of a source of legitimate profit. A live hawk, with uninjured feathers, is worth, roughly speaking, at least three or four times as much as one which is dead or mutilated. There is a moderate but steady demand every season for the nestlings of every species of hawk or falcon which can be used for sporting purposes. The owner or finder of a nest has only to communicate in reasonable time with one of the numerous newspapers which now concern themselves with field sports, and, by that medium, with some falconer who is on the look out for what he calls "eyesses of the year." The latter will always give, for young birds that are properly taken, a very much higher price than could be got for them in any other way.

While thus there are inducements to the keeper who has a nest at his disposal to save the inmates alive, there are, it must be confessed, few considerations to urge him in the contrary direction. For if the employer is a foe to hawks, it can matter very little to him whether the young birds are destroyed or are sold into captivity. And if the employer is a friend to them, then the servant by his proceeding is only anticipating by a short time the action of the parent birds, who, if left to their own devices, would drive away their children to other hunting-grounds as soon as they are able to prey for themselves. It is very seldom, and then only

on the largest estates, that the rearing of a brood of nestlings by the parent hawks results in an increase in the total number of hawks living on the property. As a rule the old birds which made their home in it before remain still in possession of the field, and the grown-up youngsters are chased away by them to seek their fortunes on some other estate which has no hawks upon it. Some days will elapse, no doubt, between the time when the nestlings can fly and when they can kill quarry for themselves; but as soon as their education in this respect is completed, they will disappear from a radius of at least several miles round the nest where they were reared. It matters, therefore, mighty little to the keeper or his employer whether this dispersal of the young hawks takes place in the natural course of events or by reason of their having found their way into the trainer's hands. Only in the one case a few pounds or shillings, as the case may be, result from the transfer, and in the other they do not.

So much for the young birds. As regards the old ones, there is more to be said. Occasionally there may be a valid reason for getting rid of them, or at least of one of the partners. When any young pheasants are allowed to run about unprotected, it will be found sometimes that a sparrowhawk, which has her nest and family near the place, develops a habit of saving herself trouble by swooping down on the helpless little creatures and carrying them off. And when a hawk of this kind takes to this line of conduct, she often becomes strongly addicted to it, very much as a man-eating tiger acquires a special liking for man's flesh. Sparrowhawks are, however, the only

hawks which at all commonly give way to this failing. Instances occur where an unusually bold and lazy kestrel commits similar depredations; but the temptation must be very strong which impels her to such an unusual method of supplying her larder. In these cases the gamekeeper, or whoever is in charge of the young pheasants, will naturally take measures to free himself of the depredator, whether sparrowhawk or kestrel. But here there is even less need for him to do so by the death of the offender. Nothing is easier than the capture of such a hawk, which will command in the market a very much higher price than nestlings of the same species. For a hawk which has once taken a hand-reared pheasant-poult may always be attracted by another used as a bait; and if a couple of fine nets are hung screen-wise at the side of the bait, the hawk, dashing at it from either side, will knock down one of the nets and be entangled in its meshes.

For hundreds of years everyone who pretended to know anything about sport was tolerably well aware how to manage, or at least to keep alive and uninjured, a nest full of young hawks. But in these days probably not one in twenty, either of gamekeepers or their employers or assistants, is able, even if willing, to accomplish this very moderate feat. Accordingly the few specimens of valuable hawks which are rescued from the gun and purchased by amateur falconers after some delay are generally found to have their plumage dirty and disarranged, if not actually broken, or deformed by the fatal "hunger-traces" caused by a too protracted fast. It is for the advantage of all these people, as well as of hawking men, that some explanation should

be given of the simple measures by which a newly-taken hawk can be saved from such injuries and preserved in fair condition until she can be handed over to an owner who will make use of her. It can be no satisfaction to any man or boy to possess a poor, timid and ill-tempered creature which fears and hates her captor and mopes or limps about with ruined feathers and dejected air, when, by the exercise of a little care and patience, he can transform his captive into a smart-looking and cheerful pet which has some enjoyment in life and some friendly feeling towards her owner.

Young hawks should not, in the first place, ever be taken from the nest until they are nearly ready to fly. The attention which the parents can give them is so superior to any that can be afforded by human beings, that an eyess too early taken is hardly ever worth training. The captor should, therefore, wait until the white down, which at first covers the whole of the young bird, has mostly become hidden by the brown feathers which gradually grow through and over it. Peregrines and kestrels will, in many or most cases, have advanced to this stage by about the beginning of the second week in June. Sparrow-hawks do not advance so far till later in the month or the beginning of July, and need very rarely be taken till about July 6th. Still later are the hobbies, which often do not hatch their eggs until late in June, and whose young are seldom ready to fly before the middle or end of July. Of course where a pair of any hawks have had their first nest of the year destroyed and have made a second, these dates must be postponed for a time, varying from a few days to

a whole month. If the moment of capture can be deferred till the youngsters can take short flights at a few inches off the ground, the better it will be for their prospects in life.

A young hawk newly taken will, in nine cases out of ten, feed readily enough, provided only that two or three precautionary measures are taken. One of these is that she should be kept quiet and in the dark, and another is that nothing is done to frighten or anger her. Night is the best time for removing the captives from the nest, because they may then immediately go to sleep in their new home, and awake with an appetite when the morning light is first let in upon them. But any very unwonted sight or sound suddenly presented to them will awake their ready suspicion, and inspire in them a distrust of their foster-parents which may very quickly develop into aversion and dislike. A good deal of caution and gentleness is required in approaching the artificial nest in which they have been laid, and in offering the morsels of warm meat on a stick to them, in order that they may from the first look upon the appearance of the feeder with equanimity and pleasure, instead of with a feeling of surprise and alarm. But if only the movements of the keeper are slow and quiet the work of conciliating them to their new surroundings will be found unexpectedly easy, and the behaviour of the adopted children will be more exemplary than anyone would suppose. Four or more feeds a day may be given as long as there is any down visible on the growing bodies, and, unless any great mistake has been made, before the pupils can fly about they will have learnt to come willingly to their teacher whenever they have the chance.

Thus it is quite possible for a keeper or groom or any person, who comes suddenly into the possession of a nest of hawks, to keep them in good condition for the short time which may be required to find a purchaser for them.

There is, however, no reason why the person who has found a hawk's nest should not begin with them in orthodox style the education which they would undergo if they were in the most competent hands. No popular idea is more erroneous than the belief that all hawks are wild and intractable. Treat them in a rational and considerate way, and they will be found to accommodate themselves as quickly and easily to an artificial life as any animal or bird. And the discipline to which a young hawk ought first to be subjected is less irksome and elaborate than any other. For some weeks, indeed, the chief object of the trainer is to give them the greatest amount of liberty possible. They are, to use a technical term, turned out "to hack." In other words, they are allowed to roam about entirely at their own will, wherever they choose to go. The freedom allowed to a foal or a puppy is abject thralldom compared with that which the eyess peregrine or merlin enjoys. This latter chooses every evening the branch or post or rock or other eminence upon which she chooses to pass her night. If she feels inclined to shift her quarters, and to make a moonlight journey on the wing to a more comfortable spot, nothing hinders her from doing so. With the earliest streak of dawn, or at whatever later time she prefers, she can flit thence to whatever place is most attractive to her. At breakfast time her food is put out, either on a board or on a

"lure," whence she may eat it at her ease; and as soon as her appetite is renewed she is served in like way with her dinner and her supper. The life of a young hawk at hack only differs from that of a wild one in the fact that her meals are provided for her by a man instead of by her natural parents.

During all this time the owner, whether he is an expert falconer or knows not a jot of falconry, has no more to do with the hawks under his charge than he may have had to do with the robins and sparrows to whom in winter he threw breadcrumbs from his window. He merely provides their food, and, meting it out in rations proportionate to their sizes, attaches it to the lures or feeding places at set times in the day. Half a pound of beef, rabbit, or pigeon suffices for the two or three daily feeds offered to a peregrine; and it is easy to calculate how much food will be required for a smaller hawk according to its size. But the idea, apparently now widely prevailing amongst the common herd, that any inferior meat is good enough for a hawk, is altogether mistaken. The quality and freshness of all meat and other viands supplied to these creatures, whose natural food is perfectly fresh-killed birds, ought to be even more beyond suspicion than what is supplied to a man. Thus, though the care of hawks during their period of hack, requires no skill, and only a very small amount of trouble, it entails a certain daily expense. But all expenditure upon hawks at this time of their life is worth far more in increasing their value than its mere money price. The price of a hawk which has been well "hacked" ought to be, and is, about double that of one which comes straight from the

nest. There is accordingly no reason why a keeper or farmer, or anyone who can dispose of an open place where the birds can fly about, should not, when he becomes possessed of nestlings, give them a good hack, and charge a fair price for doing so. Peregrines may be hacked for a month after they can fly, and the smaller hawks for a fortnight or more. But as soon as they begin to make serious attempts to kill quarry for themselves they must be captured and again reduced into captivity.

How is this to be done? The unlearned spectator, who has seen young hawks dashing about in perfect liberty, with the speed and fickleness of the winds, is apt to think that there may be a difficulty. As a matter of fact, however, there is no difficulty at all. When the man in charge has determined to call in his wandering flock, or any one of them, he merely spreads a net by the portion or portions of food put out for the next meal. A very simple arrangement of springs or running lines enables him to contrive that when the hawk comes down the net shall quietly enmesh her in its folds. He will, if he is a sensible fellow, have so arranged that the future master of the captive or captives shall be in attendance to receive them, as it is at this time that injuries to feathers, as well as to the hawk's temper, are most likely to occur. But should this not be the case, or should anyone who is ignorant of the falconer's art happen to catch a wild hawk in a net, the expedient to be adopted is simple and obvious enough. Let the captor merely fetch an old sock—or, if he is in a great hurry, take off one that he is wearing, and pull it right over the head and body of the prisoner, so that it

fits tight like a big bandage. Unless the sock is very close-knitted it will not be so air-tight as to stifle the sufferer, but the safest plan is to cut off a part of the toe of the sock, so that there may be no risk of any such disaster. A hawk thus pinioned will perforce remain quiet and uninjured, and may be carried about with great ease and convenience, or left to rest for several hours, until an expert can be called in or sent for to hood her and take her in hand.

Even when it is for any reason impossible or inconvenient to turn young hawks out to hack in the open air they may generally be shut up in a spare room of some kind, with plenty of seed or sawdust strewed on the floor, and some blocks and perches whereon they may stand if they have a mind. If they are always made to take their food from or on the hand, they will become tame from the first, and may afterwards, if circumstances permit, be indulged with a bout of real hack. Some hawks which have never done any flying at all until they had been reclaimed have acquitted themselves in the field with credit and renown. And there are not a few good falconers to be found who maintain that for the short-winged hawks—goshawks and sparrowhawks—hack is never necessary. The small falcons may be safely liberated in a comparatively small domain, as long as there is no risk of hedgerow sportsmen with gun in hand. Peregrines, however, require a wide space within which to air themselves; and their owners must be satisfied that no enemy within a circuit of several miles will do them a mischief.

Any amateur, however unused to hawks, who will trouble himself to "hack" a nest of them,

can hardly fail to become interested in his charges. There is so much intelligence and vivacity in them, and so many qualities in which they resemble other creatures which have been pressed into the service of sportsmen, that it is impossible not to watch their movements with pleasure. Amongst such amateurs, who out of curiosity, or in the hope of gain, or possibly from an unfashionable and sentimental reluctance to massacre the young birds, have proceeded thus far on the road towards becoming falconers, there will always be some who are tempted to take a few steps further. Such aspirants will find, if they consult the authorities on the subject, that the ulterior steps are not altogether unattractive. To reclaim a kestrel and fly it to the lure is no very difficult matter; and anyone who limits his ambition at first to this very humble attempt will thereby have made a great advance towards training a more useful hawk.

If the Raptore, as represented in Great Britain, are to be saved from extinction, and allowed to remain to us as some of the most beautiful and distinctive forms of created life, it can only be by some such compromise and concession as has been pointed out above. The old days when hawks could build in inaccessible places

and escape the notice of the all-destroying naturalist and the greedy game-preserver, are irrevocably past. The prejudice against peregrines, and even against such harmless hawks as the surviving merlins and hobbies, is too deeply rooted to be eradicated in time to save them from extermination. But by instructing their servants to save the young hawks alive, and to sell them to falconers, landowners and shooting men can do a great benefit to these latter without any detriment to themselves. There is yet time, but only just enough, to rescue from dying out the few lingering families of falcons which still come to our islands to breed. Every year the waning supply is supplemented to a small extent by the loss of trained hawks, some of which have come to our shores from Holland and other countries. Two falconers at least are in the habit of annually turning loose the trained hawks which have served them through the season; and some of the open country in Wilts is quite a little paradise for lost hawks which have settled there. But if the time should come when the upturned eye can no longer ever descry the majestic falcons which now soar proudly over Salisbury Plain, we shall have lost one of the most beautiful features of English country life. E. B. M.

Cricket.

THE Inter-University Match of 1900 is memorable for a record score on the part of Oxford, who, winning the toss, put together a total of 503 runs, considerably the highest score ever made in this series of matches. Mr. R. E. Foster, the Dark Blue Captain, subscribed a magnificent innings of 171, thus beating the record of Mr. K. J. Key, whose score in the second innings of the 1886 match was 143. Mr. H. C. Pilkington, who invariably comes off at Lord's, made a fine score of 87 in the best Eton style, and later in the day Mr. H. Martyn, the wicket-keeper, flogged the worn-out Cambridge bowling to the tune of 78 runs in forty minutes, although on the following morning, overweighed by his approach to a three-figure innings, he succumbed with his score at 94. Cambridge are to be congratulated upon their very plucky uphill fight; for in response to the mammoth score of Oxford, the Light Blues ran up a total of 392, or only 111 runs behind their opponents. From the moment that Cambridge saved the follow-on, there was never any prospect of the match being finished; in fact, we ourselves had made up our minds, before even a ball was bowled, that the game must be drawn. During the three days 1300 runs were scored for the loss of only 28 wickets, which gives an average of over 46 runs per wicket, and you cannot on such terms as these finish a match in three days.

It can be but seldom that only one freshman takes part in the 'Varsity match, but this year Mr. E. M. Dowson, who was captain at Harrow last season, was the only man of his year playing for

either side. Mr. Dowson batted admirably for 65 runs, and taking seven wickets in the match, proved the most successful of the Cambridge bowlers. The highest score made for Cambridge came most appropriately from the Captain, Mr. T. L. Taylor, who also kept wicket admirably, giving away but four byes in the Oxford innings of 503, whilst Mr. Mortyn was equally efficient for the other side, for whom but three byes were scored in their innings of 392. It speaks volumes for the magnificent condition of the wicket that there should be so few byes, and that throughout the match there should have been apparently no opportunity of a catch at the wicket. Mr. R. E. Foster has had a wonderful season for Oxford; out of nine matches he has won five and lost none, and whilst he has scored no less than five centuries, he has the fine average of 77.50, with an aggregate of 950 runs made in 13 innings.

The Eton and Harrow match last month proved one of the most exciting that has ever taken place between the two schools. Up to lunch time on the second day, everyone was agreed that an unsatisfactory draw was likely to be the only way in which the game would end. Between 1.45 and 7 p.m. on that Saturday no less than nineteen wickets fell, Harrow winning a historic match by one wicket. Upon a first-class run-getting wicket at Lord's it was very remarkable that two teams who had in the first innings scored totals of 294 and 388 should have been dismissed so cheaply on the second day, and it is probable that the wicket must have given way and crum-

bled not so much by fair wear and tear as by some of the bowlers unfortunately running down the pitch. The total of 388 made by Harrow is the highest innings scored in the series of matches, although Eton a few years ago made 386. Amongst other notable features of the game was the performance by Mr. Whately of the "hat trick," and that at a crisis when never was a hat trick more badly wanted, the two first Harrow batsmen having scored 36 of the 127 runs required for victory. It was a long bowl that Mr. Whately had in the second innings, and, throughout the two hours the game lasted, he and Mr. Bernard bowled unchanged. Of cricketers who are likely to be heard of again, Messrs. Tod and Longman stand out prominently as batsmen on the Eton side, whilst Lord Dalmeny demonstrated his ability as a hitter with a score of 52 in the first innings. Mr. Cookson, the Harrow captain, is probably the best bat on the Harrow side, and was unfortunate in cutting a ball into his wicket when he had scored 88 and looked certain to secure the coveted century. Mr. Wilson did very good service in each innings at a time when runs were badly wanted, and although upon each occasion he paid the penalty for over-zeal, his smart running between wickets proved demoralising to the fielding side. To Mr. R. H. Crake immense credit is due for his share in the Harrow victory. Going in last but one, he scored a good innings of 47, but the merit of this contribution cannot compare with his second innings, when going in with the score at 104, he won the match with a gallant not-out contribution of 21. As a wicket-keeper, too, Mr. Crake did extremely well. In the long first innings of

Eton he did not give away a single bye, whilst in the match he caught three men out as well as catching another off a no ball. Of the bowling in this match we are not inclined to express any very high opinion. Mr. Carlisle performed a great performance in the second innings of Eton, taking five wickets at a cost of but 15 runs, all his victims being bowled. We have already referred to Mr. Whately's bowling, and in the first innings of Harrow he took three wickets, but we expect that, on the whole, Mr. Bernard, of Eton, is the best bowler on either side. Mr. Buxton, with his high-tossed leg breaks, was of considerable service to Harrow just before lunch on Saturday, when Messrs. Longman and Cassavetti both fell to his wiles within a few minutes. Harrow have now won 31 matches to Eton's 28, whilst the drawn games which have of late years been so numerous now amount to 16 in number.

Time was when the Leicestershire County Cricket Ground was by no means a paradise for batsmen, and veterans of the Surrey team could recount many a tale of disaster with which the name of Pougher could be found not wholly unconnected. This season, however, we must regard the ground at Leicester as one of the most run-getting in this country. Certainly the recent match played there between Leicestershire and Sussex was one of the strongest evidences of what good wickets can do for batsmen. Leicestershire began the match with a score of 609 for eight wickets, and then declared their innings closed. To this Sussex responded with a score of 686 for eight wickets, so that in three full days' cricket only sixteen wickets fell, whilst nearly 1300 runs were made. There were six individual innings

over 90 runs apiece, whilst Ranjitsinhji made top score with a mammoth contribution of 275. A batsman with an average of 76 runs per innings might well be content to retain his place, but the Indian Prince actually by this score succeeded in increasing his average from 76 to 86. Mr. Fry was to the fore with 135 runs as his contribution, whilst Knight, of Leicestershire, who has lately been in a run-getting mood, made 182. Such cricket as this is very amusing for the batsman, but beyond that and the fact that the match lasts the whole of three days, there is little else to attract attention. Essex were unable to hold their own against Surrey in their return match, and the trans-pontine county avenged their defeat by 7 runs early in the year at the Oval by defeating the home team at Leyton by 261 runs. Abel made the top score of the match, scoring 137, and this must be extremely gratifying to the little Surrey batsman, considering how often he has had to hear the story that he cannot stand up against fast bowling and is likely always to fail before the attack of Mr. Kortright. Tom Hayward, in the first innings of Surrey, was 99 not out, a very unusual score, as now-a-days there is generally some kind-hearted bowler who gives the batsman an opportunity of scoring three figures when he wants but one run more. Lees is a useful man for Surrey, and in this match made scores of 38 and not out 75, whilst Tom Richardson, in the second innings of Essex, showed much of his old skill, taking eight wickets for 90 runs, after having secured six wickets at about the same price in the first innings. Surrey would appear to have but little chance of securing the County Championship again this year, as

up to the middle of July they have lost three matches, whilst Lancashire and Yorkshire have neither of them lost a match at all, and each had scored eleven victories up to mid-July. Notts are somewhere near their old position, and stood third in the middle of July; whilst unhappy Hampshire, with most of its good men unavailable, fill the bottom of the bill with eight reverses out of eleven matches played. Notts have this year been showing better sport than for some years past, and in their home match the other day against Kent, Mr. Jones, by declaring the innings closed, when Kent had to score 359 runs at the rate of about 60 runs per hour in order to win, succeeded in gaining a victory for Notts by the narrow margin of 12 runs. For a long time Mr. Jones must have thought that his temerity would turn out disastrously; for Kent at 5.30 had five wickets in hand, and only wanted 35 runs to win. Then it was that Wass, who had been indisposed during the afternoon and not fielding, came out to bowl and speedily secured three wickets, Notts winning after six o'clock by 12 runs. Mr. Jones is to be complimented upon his valour, which made victory possible for his side, and we wish that cricket were more often played in such a sporting spirit. The West Indian team have been having some weather more after their own hearts. They have also been having some more fielding practice, and at Trent Bridge, against a team of Notts, which only included some two or three of the regular county eleven, our visitors had to field for over 500 runs, William Gunn helping himself to 161 runs. Gunn has been batting very well lately, and against Kent in the middle of July scored a fine

innings of 137. However, neither he nor Shrewsbury were selected to represent the Players at Lord's, although the most prominent absentees from the side originally selected were probably Hirst and John Gunn.

On the Friday of the Eton and Harrow match, Mr. A. J. Webbe who for many years was captain of the Middlesex County eleven, received yet another proof of his great and well-deserved popularity. Those who had served under him for Middlesex had subscribed to present him with a silver tea-tray, on the surface of which the autographs of the players were engraved, and a collection of very distinguished names had been formed. The presentation was made with a few appropriate words by Mr. Stoddart on behalf of the donors.

Mr. Stoddart continues to make centuries with unfailing regularity, and against the minor counties the other day scored 136, whilst for Hampstead he would appear more frequently than not to take his score over 100.

The management of the Marylebone Cricket Club has lately been the subject of much and severe criticism in the Press. Moreover, a series of letters from various people have appeared in *The Times* complaining bitterly of the state of affairs at Lord's. The cricket reporters, who for the big matches this year at Lord's have been relegated to the top of a distant building in the vicinity of the practice ground, are burning with indignation at this treatment, and at the time of the Inter-University match, when they had their first experience of their new quarters, there was a general outburst of complaint in all the papers. The management at Lord's is very conservative, and would appear totally dis-

inclined, for some reason or another, to show consideration to the Press, although on most of the big grounds of England the Fourth Estate are treated kindly enough. One good thing the authorities at Lord's have at last accomplished. The absurd net which at the beginning of the year they had placed round the ground, and so spoilt a good many matches, was at the end of June at length removed, and we hope with the net there has also gone any further idea of such a futile plan as the one which so signally failed as an experiment.

There is at present existing in the laws of cricket a rather strange anomaly. It will be remembered that the Committee of the Marylebone Club at the beginning of the present season, recommended to the general meeting that, in order to save time, the over should be increased from five balls to six balls in all matches, three days or otherwise, so that in a three-day match or a two-day match there is no option but to have six balls in the over. Oddly enough, however, in the laws relating to a one day's match in the Marylebone laws of cricket, the following has been allowed to remain:—"3.—Prior to the commencement of a match it may be agreed that the over consists of five or six balls." This alternative would appear to date from the days of when the over consisted in three-day cricket and two-day cricket of but four balls, and was, we presume, originally intended for the economy of time when a one-day's match was to be decided. It is somewhat illogical that such a law should continue to hold good in the Marylebone code, since the only effect it could have upon the game could be to cause

some waste of time. It might be no bad plan, now that the laws of cricket have been so slashed about and altered, that they should be entirely revised and re-adjusted by some competent authority, not only upon cricket, but upon draughtsmanship and modern English.

In a year when this country is not honoured by a visit of an Australian cricket team the meeting of Gentlemen *v.* Players at Lord's is usually regarded as the match of the season, and we think that we may safely refer to the Gentlemen *v.* Players of 1900 as the match of the season. Mr. S. M. J. Woods had a splendid team of amateurs entrusted to his charge, the only notable absentees being Ranjitsinhji and Mr. Maclaren; whilst the eleven players captained by Abel were a fine combination, although they had not so much bowling as usual, there being no regular fast bowler when Lockwood, who was originally selected, was unable to play. The wicket at the start of the match had apparently not quite recovered from a good dose of water it had received on the previous Saturday, and so the Gentlemen, in batting first, did not gain any great advantage, and for their score of 297 they had mainly to thank Mr. R. E. Foster, who played a magnificent not-out innings of 102, and Mr. C. B. Fry, who scored 98. The Players, on going in to face the fast bowling of the Gentlemen, failed signally, and were all out on the second morning of the match for a poor score of 136, leaving the Gentlemen with an advantage of 161 runs on the first innings. Mr. Foster again played magnificently, and scored a second century in the match, this being the first time such an exploit has been per-

formed in this match, whilst it is the third occasion upon which Mr. Foster has accomplished the feat. Mr. Fry played steadily for 72, and it was obvious towards the close of this long partnership that Mr. Foster was hitting at everything with a view to putting on runs as rapidly as possible with a view to putting the Players in again. With his score at 136, Mr. Foster was finely caught in the country by Jack Brown, who caught in the match three fine catches in front of the Pavilion. Mr. Jessop followed in out of his proper order, and made 18 runs before the eighth ball he received bowled him. It was now apparent that the Gentlemen, being nearly 500 runs to the good, were bent upon getting out and giving the Players an hour's batting that night, and as batsman after batsman came in to hit at everything, the cricket was most exhilarating; and when the last wicket fell the Players were left with 502 runs to get to win the match, and a whole day and an hour in which to get them.

The close of play on Tuesday night found the Players' score at 44 for the loss of Albert Ward's wicket, and the Gentlemen must have began their work on Wednesday morning with every hope of success; at two minutes after the time appointed for drawing stumps that night the Players had won the match by two wickets, actually succeeding in making 502 runs in the fourth innings for the loss of but eight wickets. To Jack Brown (173), Hayward (111), and Abel (98), belong the chief honours of this triumph; whilst to the Gentlemen, although they actually lost the match, every credit must be given for the great and sportsmanlike efforts they made for victory.

Otter-Hunting.

OTTER-HUNTING is a sport which should appeal specially to casual visitors who can only follow it incidentally. It costs them absolutely nothing except a little fatigue, and, perhaps, wet feet; and in exchange it provides an exciting chase and healthy exercise under conditions the most exhilarating, amongst scenery the most delightful. Chance strangers among the field are always welcome, if they "mean business;" but why do so many pose as authorities on the sport, when they seem to be at pains to make it obvious that they know little or nothing of the otter and its habits? On the other hand, why should otter-hunting, the master, his huntsman and whip, escape the common lot? We have all learnt recently, from people who know nothing of military matters, that most of our senior officers are incompetent; I have heard it affirmed that W. G. Grace and Harry Trott were unfit to captain their respective teams; I have even known individuals, who never have in their lives made a fifty break without a fluke, assert that John Roberts, junior, was playing the wrong game. Wherefore it is evident that, in the judgment of irresponsible critics, neither master nor huntsman can possibly know anything about otter-hunting. Exhaustive knowledge of otter-hunting is not expected of the casual visitor; but while he can do much towards making or marring the success of a day, he is prone to err through ignorance. A hunt with a well-conducted field is a pleasure to the master and huntsman who are anxious to see and show good sport, but a hunt with an excited and—must I say it?—unruly

crowd behind, and as often as no before, them makes a pain of pleasure.

The average supporter of a pack of hounds would earn the gratitude of more enthusiastic sportsmen, if he could prevail upon himself to get up earlier. In the district in which I usually hunt, for instance, the meets are generally at eight. Very often they might easily be at seven, and, when at the kennels, at six. The master would like to have it so, as would the huntsman and all good sportsmen. But there are among us weak-kneed brethren such as those apostrophised by Solomon, men who *won't* get up early, and the hour fixed must be one to suit their convenience, otherwise there would be a danger of losing their subscriptions, which the pack could ill afford. You know, oh, sleepy one, that hounds will speak to a drag twenty-four hours old, and the later the meet the further down the river the trail must have floated; that the chances of a kill are decreased in ratio with the lateness of the start. But I don't think you quite realise that your preference for an extra hour or two in bed of a morning goes a long way to spoil sport.

Certain people, especially ladies, have weird ideas as to otter-hunting. They assert, with much confidence, that it is detestably cruel, and ask where the sport comes in. I once met a man who couldn't see the fun of Gilbert's operas. I made an effort—an honest struggle—to help him, but had to give it up. I give up the other conundrum, too. If people cannot appreciate the sport of hunting on their own account, nobody else can help them. Hu-

mane people have every right to their own opinion, of course; but it occasionally happens that those opinions are forced upon others to the disadvantage of the latter.

It was on a river up in the north. The otter, which had been twice worried, had got into a deep pool, and there was danger of its drowning from exhaustion, and so being lost and left to putrefy at the bottom. At this moment a boat came in sight, and we hailed it as enthusiastically as did the Ancient Mariner the phantom ship. I confess that, as the boat drew slowly, very slowly nearer, my heart sank as did the heart of that interesting seaman. In the stern were seated two girls of solemn aspect; the rower was clad in black—black boots, black trousers, black waistcoat, black frock-coat, black bootlace for a tie round his blackish collar, blackish neck and black top-hat. He was a very crow among humans, and looked as much at home as a crow in the boat. I think we all took in the hopelessness of the situation at a glance. Of course that black, black man would not let us have the boat.

One of the girls asked contemptuously the old sphinx-like question, "Where does the sport come in?" and I had politely begun an elementary sketch of the life habit of the otter, laying special stress on the mischief it did a salmon river, when, thank goodness, there came a "tally-ho," and the course of instruction had to be indefinitely postponed.

The first thing for the follower of otter-hounds to consider is equipment. It is always advisable, if going far from your own headquarters, to have a change of clothes ready at the most convenient hotel. If you have, as I had once in my "salad days," to wait for over an hour at a railway

station, wet nearly to the waist, and then travel for three-quarters of an hour, you will probably pay heavily for the experience with a chill, and one of the many maladies sired by a chill to follow.

For a man, the ordinary knickerbocker suit is the best. Strong boots, are, of course, essential, and I should recommend half-gaiters. Even if it is not necessary to wade, the grass is so wet with dew that one's stockings are bound to get drenched, and a slap across the wet shin from a bramble is not a thing to be desired. A pole, if taken, should be for use, not for show. Let him also carry a flask of whisky, neat (there is always plenty of water in the river), and very many more sandwiches than he requires for his own consumption. A large percentage of visitors who ought to know better go out unprovisioned, and it is not pleasant when you see a lady completely done up and qualifying for a splitting headache, to be unable to give her a sandwich and a stiff dose of that whisky which experience has taught you to bring, and set her on her feet again.

It is more difficult to advise a lady about her dress, as I do not understand very much about these matters. Perhaps the best thing I can do is to describe an outfit I once saw, which appeared to me to be a model one.

The boots were thick-soled and stout, reaching to the calf, to keep off the dew. The skirt, of coarse serge, was short and lined at the bottom with leather. This last provision was wise indeed. It not only prevents the cloth from tearing and ravelling out, it also keeps the skirt from clinging, and from information received I understand that a wet, clinging skirt is not comfortable. The upper works were, I think, a blouse of sorts,

and a neatly rolled waterproof slung over the back—very useful this is in case it comes on to rain, and also for sitting on, if the grass is damp; it generally is. The lady wore a straw hat adorned with a Jock Scott. Some affect a trophy of the chase, but I prefer to see a salmon fly, for the following reason. There are always a goodly number of the noble army of anglers out with the Hunt, and the sight of a fly will surely warm their hearts towards its wearer, and secure their assistance for her in case of need, and possibly a seat in a trap, which is often most welcome after a long day. I recommend a Durham Ranger as a good, bright, attractive pattern calculated to ensure attentions at the moment they will be most appreciated. A stout stick with a crooked handle completed the get-up. That was a useful stick, quite enough to give the bearer all the help she was likely to need, if she waded, and most serviceable in negotiating banks, as the hook enabled her to secure a hold on railing, branch, or root. Some ladies insist on carrying poles as long as themselves, with a spike at one end and a button at the other. Why they do so, I cannot conceive. They are not going to wade waist-deep in a rapid, they are not going to rout out holts, they are not going to do anything useful with them. These poles, I have observed, are frequently handed over to obliging men towards the end of the day; from which one may infer they are not even of assistance to a lady who is tired. We are very glad to see you out, young ladies; but anyone who has been obliged, as I have ere now, to carry himself, his stick, and two of these decorative,

useless poles, for eighteen miles under a burning sun, in company with the two very tired and consequently rather cross young owners of the said poles, will understand my point of view. I remember with a bitterness, which ought to be undying admiration for their martyrlike regard for the proprieties, that those two girls refused a lift because they did not know the man who offered it!

The first rule in otter-hunting is, "Keep behind the hounds." By getting ahead, you see no better, you confuse the hounds and irritate the officials. If there is any chance of a kill, you will be in plenty of time, however far behind you may be. When the otter is being hunted, do not crowd opposite the spot where the hounds are working, or, worse, do not stand fixedly where it last rose; for it assuredly will not rise there again. Do not make day hideous with discordant shouts, and do not line up across the stream unless specially requested to do so by some responsible official. If you scatter well up and down the bank, there is far less chance of the otter stealing away unseen. This proposition would appear obvious, but the proceedings of the majority of casual followers suggest that the fact needs mention. And last of all, if you come upon a wasps' nest, immediately warn the people behind, even at the risk of being stung yourself. I recollect once being caught in a narrow path over some rocks. Some one ahead had kicked up a nest and allowed us to walk right into the midst of the infuriated wasps; several of us were badly stung, and one had a nasty fall. And a wasp sting makes some people really ill.

LIONEL JERVIS.

Anecdotal Sport.

BY "THORMANBY."

Author of "Kings of the Hunting-Field," "Kings of the Turf," &c.

"I REMEMBER," says a writer, recording his recollections of this period, "being invited to meet the 'illustrious stranger' at a supper party at St. John's College. The party was a small one, but it was understood to make up in the quality of the guests for the paucity of numbers. It consisted of the gentleman who 'kept' in the rooms, of myself, Mr. Honeywood, all members of the University, and Mr. Mendoza; Mr. Harry Browning, a retired cavalry quartermaster and horse-dealer; Mr. Vaughan (or 'Dick Vaughan,' as he was called by his intimates), the landlord of the 'Bell,' a regular sporting gent, with a face that indicated good eating and drinking; the party being completed by Mr. Snow, eminent as a Brighton coachman. This individual was such a splendid specimen of an almost extinct type, that he is worth describing in full. Continuously sitting on the box, and free indulgence in all good things of life, had swollen his body to such a size that walking was almost impossible to him. In hot or cold weather he was encased in waistcoats, coats and great-coats. In addition to top-boots, he was protected, from the lower parts of his calves to his thighs, with knee-caps of knitted woollen, whilst a silk handkerchief, of Belcher pattern, tied in a peculiar knot, gave a professional finish to the toilette.

"Bishop was the tippie—a compound of port-wine made scalding hot and flavoured with sugar, lemons and Seville oranges stuffed full of spices, roasted on a grid-

iron, and thrown piping hot into the bubbling flood. Tokeley, the college porter, a burly man of considerable muscular strength and long accustomed to the business, had some difficulty in carrying the huge vase and placing it securely on the table. It is true he was accustomed, in his progress from the buttery to the supper-room, to assert his right to what he called his 'reg'lar,' and it was very apparent that his claims had been enforced. As supplements to this bowl, smaller cups, brimming with milk punch, were placed on the table, and were all emptied during the evening.

"The conversation was sufficiently desultory to admit of all taking a part in it, and as the evening advanced, became unusually animated. Differences of opinion were expressed in language not parliamentary, order was proclaimed by the president, and the conflict of words was for a time allayed by soothing potations of Bishop. The remedy being taken too frequently aggravated the complaint, and Mr. Snow and Mr. Browning arose simultaneously from their chairs to refer their claims to veracity to 'trial by battle.' Messrs. Mendoza and Vaughan constituted themselves the judges, and the rest of the party formed the 'suite' of the combatants. It was a sight to see the ponderous Snow set-to; but what he lacked in agility he made up in weight and size, and so long as he could protect his expansive bread-basket, he was all right. It may be sup-

posed the scene was not carried on with the silence the sanctity of the place and the lateness of the hour required. The steps of some one descending the staircase from the apartments of old Dr. Craven, the president of the college, were heard by the quick ear of the giver of the revel. 'For heaven's sake, gentlemen, get out of my rooms, or I shall be ruined!' he cried. The combatants were with some difficulty torn asunder, the head of the ex-quartermaster being rescued from beneath the left arm of the Brighton dragsman, who had succeeded in getting it into 'chancery,' and the whole party managed to effect a retreat through the courtyard to the porter's lodge, and gained the street. Here the combat was renewed, and might have lasted some time, had it not been announced by certain flying parties, who had, probably, been celebrating similar orgies elsewhere, that the proctors were on the alert, upon which warning there was a general 'skedaddle.'

The aforesaid Mr. Vaughan was, for five-and-forty years, one of the lions of the University of Cambridge, and became so popular at the "Bell" with the undergraduates that the dons prevented his license being renewed; after which he drove the Cambridge "Up Telegraph" every morning from the "Sun" in Trumpington Street, half-way to London, and drove the "Down Telegraph" from the half-way point to Cambridge every afternoon. Dick Vaughan was a great cocker, and one day invited the writer I have quoted to visit his cockpit. "I proceeded," says the latter, "to mount a ladder which was lowered from the reception-room for the admission of those who had the *entrée*, and the *entrée* being effected,

was pulled up again to prevent the intrusion of the uninvited. Mr. Vaughan was divested of his upper garments with the exception of his shirt, the sleeves of which being rolled up close to his armpits, disclosed a pair of long, bony antennæ, smeared with blood. In his hands he held a favourite 'black-breasted red,' which he was preparing to launch in mortal combat against a 'duck wing,' for which another individual known as 'Scotch George' acted as second. Around the pit, which was formed of newly-cut turf, was assembled a mixed company, 'Town and Gown,' all 'anxious for the coming event, and employed in backing the bird which, in their respective judgments, was to be the winner. I will not attempt a description of the scene which followed. The contest of the pugnacious animals terminated in the death of the 'duck wing,' followed by a yell of exultation from Vaughan, who was a considerable gainer by the evening's diversions."

About this time a curious character, named Jemmy Gordon, was a well-known personality in Cambridge and on Newmarket Heath. A noisy, drunken, witty, impudent blackguard, who would hold a horse, sell the "c'reckt card," or do any other loafing business to get a drink. Nobody knew where he lived or slept. He wore satin breeches, open at the knees, no stockings, boots half-way up his legs, and a huge cocked hat on his head. Yet the fellow was a good Latin scholar, and earned many a half-guinea by writing exercises for idle undergraduates. He was no respecter of persons, and when under the influence of beer or gin, would call at the rooms of the undergraduates, and even of the biggest

dons. One day he entered the apartment of Dr. Mansell, Bishop of Bristol, and with drunken effrontery, requested the loan of half-a-crown. The prelate, highly indignant, told him to begone. But Jemmy held his ground till the bishop, rising in great wrath, exclaimed, "Vagabond, begone! Return here when you can bring a greater scoundrel than yourself, and then I'll give you five shillings." And on the word pushed him out, slamming the door behind him.

As Jemmy descended into the courtyard of Trinity College, he encountered a great pot, Esquire Bedell Beverly. "Mr. Beverly," he said, taking off his cocked hat and bowing, "you're the very gentleman I was in search of. The Bishop of Bristol has just sent me in search of you; he is most anxious to see you at once, and I am to accompany you to his lordship's presence." Mr. Beverly was no great favourite of Dr. Mansell's, and was very anxious for his good opinion: so, although he was a little surprised at the messenger selected, he lost no time in following him. Jemmy opened the door of the room from which he had just been expelled, and almost thrust his victim into it. "Your lordship," he said, "you promised me five shillings when I should bring here a greater scoundrel than myself; allow me to present Mr. Beverly to your lordship, and claim the gratuity." The bishop and his visitor stared at each other for a moment, and then the latter bolted. Jemmy remained, and his lordship, either to get rid of him, or from a conviction that he had earned his reward, handed him over the five shillings.

Amongst the odd sporting cha-

acters in Cambridge in my time was old Callaby, who kept a "fancy establishment" in Ram Yard. There was always a badger on the premises for "gent's dawgs" to display their prowess in "drawing"; rats, too, were always in stock for those who enjoyed the noble and exhilarating sport of watching a terrier slaughter the terrified and helpless rodents; there was a raven who was a perfect marvel of cunning and wickedness and whom Callaby would back to kill rats against most dogs. But the most pitiable and remarkable object in this strange menagerie was a forlorn and dilapidated eagle whose melancholy fate it was to have to afford sport to foolish human fledglings by slaying rats. I think I have never seen a more mournful and pathetic sight than that eagle as he looked round with an air of shame and humiliation on the thoughtless boys who had come to witness his degradation. So must blind Samson have looked when he made sport for the Philistines!

I shall never forget old Callaby's rage when one morning a band of us, filled with the spirit of mischief, raided his den in his absence and set loose the whole menagerie in the yard; dogs, cats, rats, ferrets, weasels, game-cocks, the badger, the raven and the eagle, all suddenly found themselves mixed up—and there was a general *mêlée*, the din of which speedily brought old Callaby on the scene in a state bordering upon frenzy. I thought he would have shot some of us in his rage, for he picked up a loaded rifle—there was a shooting-gallery attached to the den—and for a moment looked as if he seriously meant homicide. However, he was eventually pacified and his ruffled feelings soothed

by coin of the realm. But it "arrides me" now, as Elia would have said, to call up the picture of that motley crowd of birds and beasts—hereditary foes—all suddenly and without warning thrown face to face. The eagle alone preserved his dignity and stood in the centre of the screaming mass in disdainful silence.

Another noted character, too, was the ostler of the Blue Boar, Hills, I think his name was, who, though very stout, was an extraordinary sprinter. He used to tuck his stomach in with his hands in a most comical manner when he ran, and many a match he won against 'Varsity men, who fancied themselves and would give him ten yards start in a hundred. He was also a champion eater, and I believe was the hero of the following feat in gormandizing which I quote from Mr. J. K. Fowler's *Recollections*.

"A gross form of personal rivalry some years since consisted in eating or drinking a certain quantity of food or beer, either within a fixed time, or by performing against each other; and I have heard there were two noted eaters of boiled beef residing, one at Beaconsfield and the other at Amersham. A match was made between them which was to come off at the former town. The beef was dressed with the usual concomitants of boiled turnips, carrots, and other vegetables, and great excitement ensued, and in the evening the inhabitants of Amersham were on the *qui vive* for the news of their champion. At last their representative appeared in a gig, the horse and himself decorated with blue ribbons, and on being asked how he got on, the winner in accents of contempt answered, '*Why, I bate him afore*

I got to the vinegar.' It appeared that when this worthy got to 'vinegar,' he never did leave off." Hills, I believe, was the "Winegar chap" in question.

As a parallel picture to the innocence displayed by the Dean of St. John's on the subject of pugilism, let me give the following amusing anecdote, for which I am also indebted to Mr. Fowler. "I was one day," he writes, "going to London, and had heard that a prize fight was to come off between Jesse Hatton and Micky Gannon, two noted bruisers, for £50 a side, and that the contest was to come off at Marston Gate, a small station about half way between Aylesbury and Cheddington Junction. This place had been more than once selected for such contests, because there was a field adjoining the station which was half in Bucks and the other half in Herts, and about two miles off was the county of Beds, so that if the county police intervened the company could retire into an adjoining county, and so evade the law. When the train arrived a whole host got into the carriages, it was about 8.30 a.m., and amongst them two heavily damaged specimens of humanity, carefully wrapped up in horse-cloths. On arriving at Cheddington all had to change carriages and wait for the up train. From one of them alighted my worthy vicar, the Archdeacon of Buckingham, the Rev. E. Bickersteth, late Dean of Lichfield. He and I were walking up and down the platform, and took great notice of our fellow passengers, who were seated on some benches, waiting for the train. The two principals were there, with frightfully swollen faces, eyes bunged up, distorted noses, and puffy cheeks, black, blue, and yellow, and one man

with his arm in a sling. The shocked ecclesiastic, after passing them and noticing them, said, 'Mr. Fowler, those are very singular-looking men; there are two poor fellows much injured; *has there been a railway accident?*' I was much amused, and replied, 'No, Mr. Archdeacon, both those poor men's faces accidentally came in contact with each other's fists, and hence their sad appearance; to be plain, there has been a prize-fight, and they are the combatants, and those around are their backers.' 'Indeed,' he said, 'this is very interesting, they seem very

kind to each other. Who is that big, rather good-looking man helping them most kindly and carefully into that first-class carriage?' 'That, sir,' I said, 'is the Champion of England.' 'Indeed: what, Dymoke of Scrivelsby?' 'No,' I replied; 'the one is a champion of peace, the other of pugilistic warfare; that is Jem Mace, the well-known champion of the prize-ring.' I never saw the little Archdeacon more astonished, and he told me afterwards that he was surprised at the kindness and attention shown to the combatants."

Another German Trout-River.

IF the average fly-fisher were asked what his notions of an ideal trout-stream were, he would probably reply somewhat as follows:—"A river that does not get dirty, fish that rise freely throughout the season, plenty of them, and a good size; no coarse fish, and not enough weed to necessitate its being cut; no wading required; good quarters and good cooking; also a pretty and healthy country, and not far from London.

The fishing of which I now write fulfils nearly all these requirements. The Hertz Bach, call it not a river, rises at the head of the Hertz Thal in Saxon Switzerland, and flows through a beautiful valley, widening and narrowing along its course, dry meadows border its banks. In the wider parts of the valley there are also some arable fields between the meadows and the forest-clad hills—mountains you might almost call some of them. Many an old village of black-and-

white houses, roofed with weather-beaten old red tiles, and surmounted by its pepper-pot-shaped church spire, is passed by my sparkling stream. Merrily it runs! as bright as the Test, with rippling shallows and deeper glides, into the numerous pools, and sobering down into heavy, still water as it approaches the next mill, of which there are fortunately a good many, and thus affording every kind of water, from a Scotch burn to a canal. In the Hertz Thal Englishmen are still objects of curiosity, and why any should come there to catch trout, much less rent, and preserve the river, is a matter that none of the inhabitants can understand, as in that part fishing is always 'let to professionals who have to make a living out of it.

The small country town or large village inn in Germany differs considerably from that found in England. In the smaller English towns a traveller is

usually offered a chop or a steak and a bit of American cheese, price the same as a good luncheon at the "Savoy" or "Prince's." In similar places in the part of Germany I refer to there is always a lunch ready from 12 to 2, consisting of soup, fish, meat, vegetables, poultry, compot, salad, sweets and dessert, for about two shillings for the stranger, and less to the native. The German village inn usually has a good garden where you can lunch in a summer house instead of a stuffy coffee-room.

What strikes a foreigner in the Hertz Thal is the absence of beggars, and how well the people are dressed. The men always smoke cigars and not pipes, but cigars are cheap. There are no cottages, but good big houses with large windows. I believe several families must live in one house and thus economise, and they rarely eat meat, so this must be a saving. Still, in spite of their grumbling about agricultural depression, they are always well dressed and look prosperous. I would give a good deal to exchange my village at home for one from the Hertz Thal, and my trout stream for the Hertz Bach, although one will let for about forty times as much as the other per mile.

In the inn which my fishing friends and I frequent is an old oak-panelled dining room. There stands a round table at which the elect of the village nightly congregate to drink beer and discuss the affairs of the nation. There are probably very strict rules for local admission to this assembly, but a stranger is often asked to join the magic circle.

On Sunday afternoons bowling is usually indulged in. The company all seem to be admitted by right of membership, but a guest

pays for what he himself orders. It is a merry game, the pastor and the Roman Catholic priest vieing with one another in friendly rivalry, and the losers standing the beer. Often there are five or six players on each side. Sometimes you come in for a shooting match. The members of the rifle club all turn up in a sort of uniform; it consists of a greenish grey coat and felt hat, both bound with dark green, and they wear their badge of efficiency. The range is above the village, just below the pine forest, and affording an excellent view of the valley. The distance is 80 paces, the bull's-eye about the size of a two-shilling piece. Small-bore match rifles are used, and fired from a rest formed by a notched post in a hut at the firing point. The prizes consist of articles such as fancy beer mugs, &c., and the shooting is extraordinary. I saw a prize taken with nine consecutive bull's-eyes. The cartridges were nearly always re-loaded on the spot, and used again, which could hardly have conduced to accuracy. As the chief guest, and what we are always known as in Germany, "Verrücten Engländer"—mad Englishmen—I had to take part in several of the competitions. Everyone was anxious to lend me his rifle, which he declared shot the straightest. Of course, I had to give a prize; it was a beer mug, as usual. Naturally I objected to entering for it myself, until I saw I was really giving offence to these good people. Then I borrowed a rifle, and with my three shots made a very good score for me. I thought the matter was settled, but the rest shot wide on purpose, and left me the winner of the cup. Of course, it remained for the next competition, but what a

graceful act towards a stranger. Sausages grilled over charcoal and beer formed the refreshments of a hot August afternoon, but everyone seemed happy, and we all had to march back into the village in procession. I know what an ass I felt with my retriever to heel, followed by my gillie and the band playing in front. A dance terminated the day. All the village girls were in white, with coloured sashes, &c. The elders sat at tables close to the wall or in the gallery which encircled the room, drinking beer and feeding on sausages of various kinds and smoking. The men were all as well turned out as the girls, and the dancing was looked after by a master of the ceremonies. No crowding was allowed, and when a couple stopped they had to take their place at the end of a "row" until their time came to dance again, and dance they did, no mistake about it, properly taught, and good music. It is a pity that our villagers cannot get the same recreation of dancing, music, sausage and light beer! Yet they earn more money. It was in 1896 that I first visited the Hertz Thal in company with my friend, the celebrated dry-fly fisher, the late John Day, and we were not long in securing a long lease of the best water, some sixteen miles. How heartily I objected to learning German "out of hours" at school, and it is the most useful thing I learnt, except French.

The South country dry-fly fisher would object to the number of bushes and trees on the banks of the Hertz Bach, but to my mind they are an inestimable blessing, and it is easy enough to have them cut out wherever wanted. It is usually advisable to have one bank overgrown and the opposite bank

clear. With a mixed vegetation on the banks, an enormous number of insects are produced, many of which, either in the larval or perfect stage, fall into or are blown into the river on windy days.

The alder fly, for instance, is not fond of water, but I have seen them floating down in dozens on a windy day, fluttering to get off the water, and occasionally resting for an instant with the wings folded over the back. Overhanging trees and bushes form shade and shelter for trout; besides an enormously varied diet of insect food, they also serve as a background to the angler—a most important matter, and one not much recognised at present. It is surprising how near you can approach a trout with a bush behind you, provided the bank is firm and does not vibrate much.

My readers may be asking, Well, what sorts of bags do you get in your favourite Hertz Bach? In 1897 the mayfly came up on May 29th, and during ten short days' fishing I took 683 trout, averaging a trifle under the pound. My companion caught about as many. In 1898 I did my fishing in bed in London. No more wading, or getting cold, or wet. I had been through some six years of tents and canoes, and thought I was as hard as a paving-stone; but nature sends in the bill some time, and has to be paid cash. However, in spite of wasting from two to three hours driving home to lunch and rest every day, I managed to secure an average of over fifty fish per day in 1899, although I could not wade, and the mayfly was a week late, which upset plans. The Hartz Bach fishes well all through the season, but best during the mayfly time. According to the water you fish, you get a larger proportion of wet or dry-fly fish-

ing, always alternating. I could never see as an entomologist that the fly with divided wings resembled anything in Nature; the heavy wings when on the water might tempt an extra greedy trout, but they are supposed to be cocked. Hackled flies are good enough for me, and the trout can take for granted the semidiaphanous wings of an ephemerid closely folded over the back. Personally I like soft hackles, they work with the water in a stream, and float none the worse in still water. Setæ I object to. The natural ones could only be represented by hair, and I think the heavy feather imitations often cause fish to rise short.

In fishing a river as described, the angler must be able to use the wet and dry fly alternately; I say *the wet fly*, as I consider the use of more than one fly to be a shabby trick, on a par with browning a young covey of partridges with both barrels. He must also be able to switch his fly off the water; it is not easy, but so useful when a tree is behind you, and the fly drops like a feather. What little I know I learnt from the Germans, and it is a pity the art is not more cultivated in England on wooded streams. The trout under the half-pound that you throw back every day are rather a nuisance, but they would probably make a record day for many a Devonshire fisherman—sprightly little chaps, and may they grow bigger.

The keeping alive of fish is a

subject that should receive attention in this country. Germany has not our sea-fish supply, and trout alive have a value from two to ten shillings per pound, according to circumstances. They like their trout fresh, but where in London or any large town can you buy a live trout? and where can't you in Germany? In out-of-the-way shooting-lodges in Scotland and Ireland how difficult it is to get sea fish, yet sometimes the house party go out fishing on the loch or the burns, and get hundreds of trout which are for the most part wasted. A simple method is to bring the fish home in bait-cans, or even stable-buckets, sink a large packing-case with holes bored at each end in the nearest running water, and keep your fish until they are wanted; a little feeding won't hurt them. A day's catch looks very different when turned out of a basket all clammy and sticky than it does turned into a tank, swimming about as gaily as possible. And what about the eating? A trout wants to be knocked on the head and cooked at once. My largest trout in the Hertz Bach was just over 3lbs. It may seem odd but I should have thrown him back to grow larger in my lower Weimar water, but I prefer fifty one-pounders in the Hertz Bach to six four-pounders at Weimar.*

J. H. L.

* The upper water at Weimar is now let privately. (See *Field* of Jan. 13th)

The Sportsman's Library.

MESSRS. THOMAS, the enterprising sporting tailors, have published a pocket diary for polo-players* which well deserves notice. We have a calendar giving the dates of polo fixtures at Hurlingham, Ranelagh, and elsewhere during the season: the Hurlingham Rules, Revised Rules for the County Club Cup and Conditions for Cup Tournaments. Following a list of winning teams in great events during the last few years, we find a very useful alphabetical list of ponies which were measured and passed last year at Hurlingham. It gives information respecting the County Polo Association, and a list of the officers and the rules. With reference to this, it must be pointed out that the particulars given refer to the Association as constituted last year, therefore the book is not up to date. The map showing the divisions into which Great Britain is divided for the Tournament purposes is a commendable feature. Particulars of the committees, subscriptions and colours of the various provincial clubs are given, and Irish polo clubs receive their meed of attention. We must add that the book contains a little that does not relate to the game, and which might without disadvantage have been omitted. It was wise to include fairs whereat *ponies* are sold, but the purpose of giving dates and

sites of fairs for hunters, hacks and dray-horses is not apparent. Game seasons, a list of otter-hound packs and racing fixtures, &c., might well have been spared. The Diary in the earlier part of the book contains mention of such meetings and events as produce any effect upon polo, and a "pocket diary" should not be swelled in bulk by irrelevant matter. As already remarked, the general plan of this little book is excellent, and it will undoubtedly find its public waiting. The next annual edition will, we doubt not, show improvement in the few shortcomings we have indicated. Keep to polo is our advice. The diary is very neatly and well got up.

The doings of Mr. Lobb* are rather too extravagant to be amusing: the purest farce should not quite ignore the bounds of probability, or it misses its mark. Mr. Lobbs' adventures are amusing when they come within the limits of the possible, but when, in course of his mission to make as many kinds of fool of himself as he can, he goes out partridge shooting with a borrowed rifle and ball cartridge, one feels that humour is strained past breaking point. There are some very readable pages in the book, but as a whole the fun is rather too much of the grinning-through-a-horse-collar type.

* "Thomas's Polo Diary and Sporting Calendar for 1900." (Thomas & Sons, 32, Brook Street, Grosvenor Square, W.)

* "The Wonderful Career of Ebenezer Lobb." Edited by Allen Upward. (Hurst & Blackett.)

“Our Van.”

Between Ascot and Newmarket.—After Ascot there is always a lull in racing that can be felt. There is plenty of sport in progress, but little of a nature to rouse up any enthusiasm. Society butterflies are busy sipping sweets from other flowers than those of the racecourse, and the faithful regular army is depended upon to keep things going.

Two days at Sandown Park revived us a little, and in the Sandringham Foal Stakes for three-year-olds Old Buck II. at last scored for Lord William Beresford in a race that was worth waiting for, it being a £2,000 stake. But the event had no interesting features, and the same may be said of the British Dominion two-year-old race of the second day, which Star Shoot won. In the course of a selling race Rigby got out of the course, cutting off a corner, but raced on when he regained the proper track. For this he was fined £25. A few days later, at Lewes, he was fined another £20, this time in company with five others. The jockeys gave so much trouble in the Castle Plate of five furlongs that Mr. Coventry, that most patient of starters, exercised his discretionary alternative and used the machine, reporting half-a-dozen jockeys on his return to the weighing-room, and they were fined £20 each. If you look at your *McCall*, you will see the words “perfect going” employed in connection with Lewes, but all attempts to describe the going at Brighton are abandoned. There is wisdom in this. Why the Brighton meetings do not take place on the splendid Lewes course is a thing not to be explained by what appears on the

surface. The note “Fireguard fell,” which does appear in *McCall* in connection with the Brighton Meeting, is what one would expect from this course.

At Gosforth Park the North-country sportsman assembled in his customary volume for the three days Newcastle Meeting. There is no need to hammer away at the lessened importance of the Northumberland Plate. It is a process that can be, and is, indulged in in connection with so many old-time races, and very often the falling off is found to be chiefly in the direction of ante-post betting—a proceeding which has very small interest to the ten thousand pitmen frequenters of the meeting. For them the race is a tangible event enough, as also is the North Derby, not too happily called, for, though it is a race for three-year-olds over a mile and a half course, the conditions make it very much of a handicap. In the present instance the weights varied from 9st. 7lb. to 8st. 4lb., and Duck Gun, who carried the lighter weight, won. Lumley Moor, who was carrying 9st. 7lb., was backed like a certainty, but had nothing to do with the finish. Joe Chamberlain won the Northumberland Plate with 9lb. from Innocence for the year, and, though he was not backed to the extent he was at Manchester, this was no more than should have been expected of him after his second to La Roche in the Manchester Cup. Another placed one at Manchester, Orchid, won here, the race being the Seaton Delaval Plate, which was rightly regarded as a certainty for this Orme colt, on whom odds were laid.

Things went as merrily as is their wont at the Curragh, so

extra life being introduced by the visit of the latest plunger from England, whose influence was more than once felt in the betting ring. Ireland's stand-by sire Gallinule supplied the winner of the Irish Derby in Gallenaria, a filly out of Pierina, whom Mr. Lushington rode to victory. When are we to see a gentleman rider on the back of a winner of the Epsom Derby?

At Hurst Park Star Shoot won a second good race in the Foal Plate, and in the Duchess of York Stakes the deceptive Vain Duchess contrived to win something at last. That she should have won over a mile and a half was mainly due to the indifferent pace set, although three American jockeys were in the race. They were possibly all saddled with riding orders, and as the real race was left to the last half mile, it was not so surprising to see Vain Duchess win. Not the faintest interest is now evoked by the Cumberland Plate, run at Carlisle, where the people of the district of all classes enjoy themselves very much, notwithstanding.

Newmarket First July.—It is the fashion with people who are placed in the unfortunate position of having to write about things they never see to follow one another in describing the two Newmarket July meetings as exceedingly tame affairs. To people who revel in Epsom, Newmarket in July may be tame, but amongst those for whose enjoyment these meetings there are arranged, few can find time hang heavily on their hands. A finer feast for horse-loving folk could not be devised, and those who go through the complete daily programme, as so many do, have bare time for meals, what with early morning gallops, later morning sales, with the racing following hard upon

them, and sometimes an evening sale to wind up with. So far from being tame, some of the four days of the Newmarket First July were passed in an absolute whirl of horsey excitement.

For the reason that they are the original institution, and because they never fail in presenting some feature of interest, the sales come first, whatever the racing; and before now we have seen the very best horses of the day engaged in the Princess of Wales's Stakes, as this year was the winner of the Derby. That the late Duke of Westminster's yearlings would fetch high prices everyone was confident, but no one could have dreamed of what was actually to come. When the fact leaked out that the day before the sale of these particular horses a gentleman who has this year entered the list of liberal buyers of young blood-stock insisted on depositing the sum of £20,000 with Mr. Tattersall, as he "might be buying some horses the next day," it was made patent that the sale was not to be missed. Figures are each year published which show that the four-figure yearling is a failure as an investment. What, then, is to be said of the five-figured article? The buying on the Wednesday was of the most fearless character. Two men at least had made up their minds as to what they meant to do, and their bidding was phenomenal in the way the traditions of the sale ring were set aside. When before has such a colloquy been heard in the sale ring as this? Auctioneer: "Will anyone give me a thousand guineas for this?" A buyer: "A thousand guineas! Why, I'll give you five thousand." Another yearling was run up to 9,100 guineas, and the next bid by the same buyer was 10,000. The old record of the sale ring of La

Flèche at 5,500 guineas became a mere commonplace price compared with such as were paid on this memorable Fourth of July. The best of these must be here recorded, and were as follows:— Bay filly by Persimmon, out of Ornament, 10,000 guineas (Mr. R. Sievier); bay colt by Orme, out of Kissing Cup, 9,100 guineas (Duke of Westminster); bay colt by Orme, out of Vampire (brother to Flying Fox), 5,700 guineas (Duke of Westminster); bay colt by Orme, out of Gantlet, 5,600 guineas (Mr. R. Sievier); bay filly by Trenton, out of Sandiway, 5,500 guineas (Mr. R. Sievier). The total amount paid for the twelve yearlings (nine colts and three fillies) from the Eaton paddocks was 43,300 guineas. The sale would appear to have inaugurated a new order of things, if one could bring oneself to believe that it is one which can last. A fairly widespread opinion is that such prices cannot be maintained, and that they represent speculation of a very rash order. As such this sort of buying will very soon find its own level, and astute judges of horseflesh will continue to make bargains. Many such were obtained this very day. Amongst breeders of ordinary, *i.e.*, non-sensational "goods," there was much disappointment, for quantities returned home unsold.

On the racecourse during the week proceedings were brisk. If there was plenty of wind, the weather was very delightful, and the plantation side was the most agreeable of rendezvous. The coming of H.R.H. the Princess of Wales to see the stakes named after her run had a certain effect on the attendance, but it was never large, nor is it desirable that it should be. It was a delight to walk upon the course, so

perfect was the turf. The invasion of American jockeys here reached its culminating point, so far as we have gone, and in the second race on the first day as many as eight were riding. The backing of the Americans *en bloc* thus became impossible. In the third race a curious thing happened. It was the Hore Park Handicap, and the finish for the mile and a half is at the Bunbury Mile winning post, but in a moment of forgetfulness Madden, on Zagiga, who was winning easily at the lower (T.Y.C.) post, pulled up there, and of the nine others, eight followed suit. The ninth was Pax, ridden by S. Loates, and he was well last, but Loates, seeing the error that was being committed, crammed on all he knew, and by the time the others were going again, had got a useful run which gave him the race by a head.

The July Stakes was an interesting affair, Veles and the Melton—Limosa colt meeting Good Morning, and great was the surprise when Good Morning was seen to be the first of these beaten. Further surprise was felt when Doricles (by Florizel II. out of Rosalie) was perceived to be holding the other two, the result being a dead-heat between him and Veles, the Limosa colt beaten a neck. On the second day, in the Stud Produce Stakes, Mr. Musker sustained a second disappointment, Princess Melton succumbing to Volodyovski, another Florizel II., who is looked upon as one of the sturdy sort.

That Merry Gal would justify her second in the Oaks by running well in the Princess of Wales's Stakes was fully anticipated. Nevertheless, Diamond Jubilee was an odds-on favourite. Caiman, with a year the best of the weights, was regarded as

dangerous, and these were the first three. Diamond Jubilee found 20 lbs. much more than he could give Merry Gal, who made all the running and won by four lengths. In the July Cup the gallant Eager essayed to win for the second year in succession, and this entailed giving 58 lb. to the two-year-old Running Water. Between the two it was a tremendous race, and they being very wide apart, only the judge could tell that Running Water won by a head. Had Eager's number gone up there would have been no surprise.

In the Exeter Stakes Mr. Musker sustained a third blow. He was running for the first time The General (by Melton out of Carnarvon), who was supposed to be the best, as he was the last of his lot. His appearance, however, did not please some of the best critics, and he was one of the very first beaten. The sequel to these three reverses with two-year-olds which Mr. Musker and his trainer fancied came on the fourth day in the Fulborne Stakes. For this Canterbury (late the Parson) was on the card and, had he started, would have been a warm favourite, but, to the surprise of most people, he did not appear. What had happened was this. Mr. Musker, who had engaged Sloan to ride for him for the week, had expressed his intention of putting up another jockey, and Sloan retorted that, if he did so, he would complain to the Stewards. Mr. Musker cut the Gordian knot by sending Canterbury home.

Polo Events in August.—The Finals of the Warwickshire Tournaments are fixed for Saturday, August 4th. As usual, Rugby begins on Bank Holiday, August 6th, playing the finals on Saturday, August 11th. Cirencester begins on August 15th and finishes

on August 18th. The Wirral Club will have ponies' races and a show at Hooton Park.

The Losses of Polo.—There have been many losses to polo since last we wrote. Lord Monson, indeed, had only indirect connection with the game, but none of us can forget that Captain Monson and Captain (now Sir Walter) Smythe made Hurlingham the headquarters of European polo. The rest of the men are victims of the war. Lord Kensington, Mr. Tom Conolly, of the Scots Greys, Mr. Pilkington, of the Royals, are among those gone for ever from us, and whose faces will be missed on our well-known polo grounds.

New Clubs.—There is to be a new club at Colombo in Ceylon. New county clubs at St. Neot's and Bedford have sprung into existence. The Wirral Club has moved to new and more extensive quarters at Hooton Park. The Secretary of the Wellington Polo Club states that in spite of the large dependence of their club on the soldiers at Camberley for support they have managed to keep the game going.

Hurlingham—The Champion Cup Final.—It may be said at once, without allowing for the disadvantages of the present season, that the final of the Champion's Cup at Hurlingham was a splendid game and quite worthy to take its place among the historic struggles which have marked the transference of the cup from Sussex to Freebooters, from Freebooters to Rugby.

Rugby has been broken up for the present by death, war, and accident, and the final was left to

OLD CANTABS.
Mr. Walter McCreery.
Mr. F. Freake.
Mr. Buckmaster.
Mr. Lawrence McCreery.

HURLINGHAM.
Captain Johnstone.
Captain Beresford.
Mr. Foxhall Keene.
Mr. John Watson.

We were surprised to find that

many good judges favoured Hurlingham, never having doubted that, bar accident, the Cantabs would win. Very well mounted, thoroughly accustomed to each other's play, and with the finest goal hitter of the day on their side, what other result could be? The Cantabs eventually won by 4 goals to 1.

The America Cup.—The good form shown by American players this season certainly justified their challenge and attempt to take the Cup across the Atlantic. They made a good fight, and might have done even better had they not been a little over-anxious.

AMERICA. Mr. Walter McCreery. M. F. J. Mackay. Mr. Foxhall Keene. Mr. Lawrence McCreery. Umpires: Colonel Lawley and Lord Harrington.	ENGLAND. Captain Beresford. Mr. F. Freake. Mr. W. Buckmaster. Mr. T. Watson.
---	--

Messrs. Foxhall, Keene, John Watson, and Colonel Lawley took part in the original struggle at Westchester sixteen years ago. The 7th Hussars were prominent in that game, and on this occasion they were represented by Captain Beresford.

From the very beginning the English team pressed, and with Mr. John Watson as No. 4 playing quite in his old form, the ball was well placed for his forwards. Thus England had judgment, pace and good hitting on their side. Mr. Watson was riding his Irish blood ponies, one of which won in the heavy-weight class at Hurlingham the Saturday before. Mr. Buckmaster had Patricia and old Bendigo.

The American ponies were good, but not perhaps quite as speedy, though Mr. Mackey's black takes a lot of beating. Eight goals to two was the final verdict. Though the English made six goals straight off the reel, it is not to be supposed the victory was a hollow one. The umpires had an

easy time, for a fairer game has never been seen. Mr. Foxhall Keene is by common consent the finest player America has sent us.

The County Cup.—The County Polo Association Cup has changed hands after a most interesting series of matches. The embodiment of Militia regiments and the absence at the war of Yeomanry and Volunteers has affected county polo a good deal, and some country players too have come up to London to fill vacancies in the ranks.

This has, however, not been the only loss suffered this season by county polo. Many of these clubs are dependent on soldier teams for those matches which are the best training a team can have. Edinburgh, Liverpool, Hull, and Cattwick Bridge have suffered by the absence of their soldier friends. But as we followed up the series of matches at the various centres, and then on the beautiful Eden Park ground we reflected that, if with the disadvantages of this season the County Cup can draw such entries and give us such matches, what may we not expect in better times?

The two teams left in the final were:—

RUGBY. Mr. J. Drage. Count du Madre. Mr. R. S. Marsham. Mr. E. S. Prince. Umpires: Mr. T. Drybrough and Mr. Hargreaves.	STANSTED. Mr. H. Blyth. Mr. A. Gold. Mr. Tresham Gilbert. Mr. Gerald Gold.
---	--

The match undoubtedly showed us that in Messrs. Marsham and Prince Rugby has two valuable recruits.

It was a capital game for forty minutes. Each period was a little faster than the one that went before it; as the struggle grew in intensity, Rugby scored faster than Stansted, and with a score of one all they opened the fourth ten. The final half of the game was as hardly contested and as good as any of the previous County Cup

matches. The class of pony ridden by the teams was very good indeed. The result was victory for Rugby—five goals to one.

The Open Cup.—Perhaps of the three great games at Ranelagh this season the semi-final of the Open Cup was the most important. In that game the brothers Nickalls finally established their claim to place among first-class players. In Mr. Cecil Nickalls we have a forward who knows when to hit and when to leave the ball, and can and will hustle and ride off. The sides were:—

OLD CANTABS.
Mr. Walter McCreery.
Mr. F. Freake.
Mr. W. Buckmaster.
Mr. L. McCreery.

RANELAGH.
Mr. Cecil Nickalls.
Mr. M. Nickalls.
Mr. C. Miller.
Mr. F. W. Nickalls.

For forty minutes the younger players pressed hard, and playing with great dash, made five goals against the two scored by the champion team. Then the Old Cantabs showed their strength, and in the fourth and fifth tens they made four goals. Of these three were notable performances, two of Mr. Buckmaster's and one of Mr. Freake's. When the score stood at five all, great was the excitement. By this time, however, it was plain that the older team would win, and in spite of a very brilliant run by Mr. Cecil Nickalls which brought the ball to the Old Cantabs' goal, Mr. Buckmaster kept it away. There were some fine exhibitions of polo, but on several occasions players in possession allowed the ball to go too far into the right-hand corner by the boards past the pavilion at the club-house end.

The Final of the Open Cup at Ranelagh.—It was not a good match in the sense of level and cautious play, but for those who care for good polo there was much to see. The teams were:—

OLD CANTABS.
Mr. W. McCreery.
Mr. F. Freake.
Mr. W. Buckmaster.
Mr. L. McCreery.

FREEBOOTERS.
Mr. A. Rawlinson.
Major Hoare.
Captain Daly.
Captain R. Ward.

The result was a foregone conclusion, the Old Cantabs winning very easily.

This team is for the time being as invincible as were the Rugby four. Mr. Buckmaster is certainly the finest goal-bitter of the day, and is master of the tactics of the game. Only Mr. John Watson is his equal as captain of a good team.

With this game the great polo events of the London season came to an end, closing a season which, thanks to our polo-managers, has been by no means a bad one. Good polo has never collected such large crowds of spectators in any previous season.

Hunting.—West countrymen will rejoice in the fact that Mr. Mark Rolle has given way to the wishes of the local sportsmen, and will once more rule over his old country, The Stevenstone. Lord Willoughby de Broke was presented on June 22nd with a gold vase and the picture which all the (hunting) world has seen in Mr. Carter's Jermyn Street Galleries. Lord North made the presentation on behalf of the members of the hunt.

The sale of Mr. Merthyr Guest's hounds is elsewhere referred to; but it may be pointed out that some of the Brocklesby-bred hounds throw back to Weather-gage, to Rallywood, and Beaufort Champion and Topper. The first-named three hounds have thus an uninterrupted pedigree of 110 years. We believe that Beaufort Topper can be traced back to 1743 or thereabouts. With such a pedigree the offspring of Auditor, Agent and Saladin, will have the oldest hound blood in their veins.

The Quorn and Oakley have held their shows, and Captain Burns-Hartopp spoke highly of the entry for 1900. Turning to foreign hunts, Bombay and Calcutta are both importing hounds for the coming season. Indian masters know that with good kennel management very fair sport can be enjoyed in the East.

Hunting Men and the War.—

We learn that the Editor of *Baily's Hunting Directory* will include in the next edition of that useful book an appendix containing the names of hunting men who have volunteered for South Africa, and have gone out in a combatant capacity. The names of Yeomanry officers and men are particularly desired; and the Editor of the *Directory* will be glad to receive from their friends the names, rank and corps of volunteers, with the mention of the pack of foxhounds, harriers or staghounds they most generally follow. Such particulars should be sent to the Editor, *Baily's Hunting Directory*, 9, New Bridge Street, Ludgate Circus, London, E.C.

Essex Hunt Puppy Show.—

The annual puppy walkers' show and lunch was held on Wednesday, July 11th, at the Kennels, Harlow. The judges were the Rev. Cecil Legard, Mr. Edw. E. Barclay, Master of the Puckeridge, and Will Dale, the huntsman of the Badminton. The entry, a very good one, consisted of eleven couples of dogs and eight couples of bitches. In the dog class first prize went to Bellman, walked by Captain H. Wood, of Epping Place; second, to Bentick, Mr. J. Coleman Harlow; and third, to Trojan, Mr. R. B. Barron, Gilstead Hall, Brentwood. Of the bitches, the judges selected for first prize, Dandia,

walked by Mr. T. Howard, Matching Hall; second, Daphne, Mr. V. Nickolls, Roydon; and third, Dorothy, walked by Mr. J. Freeman, Stanford Rivers. At the luncheon Mr. C. E. Green mentioned that he had consented to retain office for next season, an arrangement which gave universal satisfaction, as Mr. Green's former consent to act as Field Master had been contingent on Mr. Salvin Bowlby's continuance in the Mastership.

Puckeridge Hunt Puppy Show.

—This show was held on Friday, July 13th, at the new summer kennels near Brent Pelham Hall, the residence of the Master. The Hon. Chas. Brand, Master of the Southdown, Mr. W. H. A. Wharton, of the Cleveland, and Bailey, Huntsman of the Essex, officiated as judges. The entry, which was an excellent one, consisted of 10 couples of dogs and 12½ couples of bitches. The dogs were a particularly good lot, and the judges' choice for first prize fell upon Wrestler, walked by Miss Seabrook, of Berden; second, Dandy, Mr. Wilson, Baldock; and third, Prophet, Mr. Breevington, Buntingford. *Bitches*: first prize, Prudence, walked by Mr. Debenham, Theydon Bois; second, Mayflower, Mr. Thomson, Braughing; and third, Matchless, Dr. Smith Ward, Amwell. All the prize-winners were got by Belvoir sires. It must be added that the ladies' prize, won by Miss Seabrook, was passed on by her to Mrs. Rogers, first prize in the dog class having fallen to Miss Seabrook for Wrestler.

Herts Hounds Puppy Show.—

The annual show of puppies was held at the Kennesbourne Green kennels on Thursday, July 12th. There was a very fair entry, which were put upon the flags in the splendid condition we have

always seen since William Wells became huntsman.

The cup for the best dog hound was won by Mr. Dalton, of Kimpton, who walked Statesman, sire Hertfordshire Painter, dam Hertfordshire Sylvia. Mr. Sworder, of Willian, was reserve for Racer, also a home-bred one, with another home-bred dog as runner-up, also by Painter.

The cup for the best bitch was won by Mr. Barbour, of the Angler's Rest, Bedford, for Nesta by Plunder, who came from South Durham, but now belongs to the Hertfordshire Hunt, dam Needy, an old Hertfordshire-bred bitch; the three next best were all of one litter, by the well-known Belvoir Villager out of Sandal. The bitch entry was pronounced very good by the judges, Mr. E. Barclay, Master of the Puckeridge, John Boore, huntsman of Lord Rothschild's, and Charles Cox of the Bicester.

The cup for the best couple walked by one man was won by Mr. William Taylor, of King's Walden, for a couple by Plunder out of Purity.

The reserve couple were walked by Mr. Halsey at Luton Hoo, and won by Painter. A successful luncheon followed, and was attended by nearly all the puppy walkers with many of their wives, numbering altogether about 100. Amongst the company present was Mr. George Race, of Biggleswade, who has so often judged the entries on similar occasions, and who has kept a pack of harriers for sixty years. The usual toasts were drunk with much enthusiasm.

Mr. Merthyr Guest's Hounds and Hunters.—It was stated in the May issue of BAILY'S that the fine pack of hounds collected and bred by Mr. Merthyr Guest during the sixteen years of his mastership would become the property of the

Hunt. Our informant was justified in assuming that this would be the case, inasmuch as Mr. Merthyr Guest had generously offered to present his pack, consisting of 66½ couples, to the Hunt Committee, attaching no conditions whatever to acceptance of the gift, only expressing a hope that they would not be sold, rounded or alienated. His offer was not accepted, and by result the hounds were sent up for sale at Rugby on June 29th. Among the best prices realised may be noted the sale of Auditor, a stallion hound by the Brocklesby Acrobat, which fell to the bid of Mr. Dun Waters, Master of the Wheatland, for 82 gs. Agent, a stallion hound by the same sire, brought 37 gs., and Saladin by the Brocklesby Streamer, 33 gs. A couple of entered hounds by the Warwickshire Wild Boy sold for 38 gs., and other lots brought good prices, though, as is always the case, some purchasers could congratulate themselves on bargains. To summarise the sale, the ten stallion hounds brought 198 gs.; 30 couples of entered dog hounds, 302 gs.; the entered bitches, 33 couples, 267 gs.; one couple brood bitches, 12 gs.; seven and a half couples unentered dog hounds, 61 gs.; five and a half couples unentered bitches, 48 gs.; and whelps, 39½ gs. Total, 927 gs. On Monday, July 2nd, Tattersalls' saw the unusual sight of 30 grey hunters put up for sale, these being Mr. Merthyr Guest's hunt stud. Titan, an Irish bred one, brought the top price, 220 gs.; Hodman Tod, 180 gs.; Echo, 125 gs., and Gilpin, one of Lady Theodora Guest's, 100 gs. Messrs. Tattersall have never before been called upon to sell an entire hunt stud of greys.

Sale of Arabs at Crabbet Park.—Mr. Wilfrid and Lady Anne

Blunt extended their usual hospitality to their many friends on Saturday, July 7th, on the occasion of their sale of Arabs. Everything throughout the day was satisfactory, except perhaps the result, as out of the fifteen horses catalogued, three only were sold; but a fourth, a mare sold two years ago for 54 gs., changed hands, the buyer being the Rev. F. D. B. Montefiore. Farsang, Faraj, and others appeared before the spectators, but buyers, alas, were few, and eight lots were passed before Radwan, a three-year-old bay, by Mesaoud, was taken by Mr. Lucas Tooth at 105 gs. The next lot, Mareb, another son of Mesaoud, but a four-year-old, changed hands at 90 gs., the buyer being Mr. W. J. Evelyn. Of the five mares, only one was sold, and that was Bushra, foaled in 1889, for which Mr. Husted gave 100 gs. Mr. Blunt is going to show at the Paris Exhibition, and so had to retain some of his best lots, which his friends had the privilege of seeing, as two grays and two chesnuds were paraded round the ring.

After luncheon, which was perfectly served in every respect, the host of the day made his usual speech, and pointed out that the Arab was, of all others, the horse which would be useful in breeding the class of horse the Army required for the purposes of war. Mr. Blunt is known to have given great attention to horse-breeding, and there is certainly a great deal in what he said of the importance of having a uniform herd. He very properly insisted on the fact that in every breed there is a particular stature and shape which gives the fullest power to the vital energy of its members. This has been proved conversely by the fact that where-

as in the case of the Exmoor ponies the aim of the breeders has been to "pile up the inches," the original qualities of the breed have been a good deal diminished when the larger stature has been obtained. Equally to the point was the suggestion that young stock should not be coddled, and Mr. Blunt recommended that they should be allowed to run in the open in all weathers at least eight months in the year. It is, of course, the warm stabling and the generous diet which makes horses, large or small, fail when they have to do on scanty food and perform long journeys. Mr. Blunt had something to say on a Government stud, and upon the most suitable localities for breeding. In fact, his whole speech was interesting.

It was after luncheon that the business of the day began, and we wish that more horses could have changed hands. The fact, however, remains that no breeder—no matter what animal or description of animal he breeds—can rule the public taste, and the Arab hardly appears at the present moment to be a saleable animal, although we most of us know he has many good points.

The Coaching Club.—The proceedings, on the whole, fell rather flat on Saturday, June 30th, when the Coaching Club met for the last time this season on the Horse Guards Parade. The turn-out of nineteen was, perhaps, greater than might have been expected, but with so many amateurs absent at the front, the list of both coachmen and passengers fell below what we have been accustomed to. Many well-known faces were missing, though at the same time several regular attendants at the club meets turned out. Lord Newlands, Mr. Forbes Leith, Mr. Faudell-Phillips, Mr. C. J.

Phillips, Mr. Colston, M.P., and Major Jary drove browns, some of them being very good-looking horses. Mr. Charlesworth and Mr. Foster had chesnuds, Mr. E. D. Stern blue roans, while bays were driven by Mr. F. Cook, Mr. R. Budgett, and Mr. Hope Morley. Colonel Alfred Somerset left his chesnuds at home, and drove three piebalds and a skewbald. Mr. Horton had three bays and a brown; Mr. Whitehouse two bays and two greys; Mr. Miéville two black-browns, and two dark iron-greys. The regimental coach of the Royal Horse Artillery was drawn by three chesnuds and a red roan, and was driven by Captain Vallentin, while Mr. Baldock had three browns and a grey. A start was made at one o'clock, and nine of the members of the Coaching Club drove down to Ranelagh, where various attractions were in store for them.

Horses at Peterborough.—There are few better horse shows than that held in connection with the Agricultural Show at Peterborough, to which a few words of interest must be given, although it took place so long ago, that is to say, the last week in June. Some previous judging was reversed, as, for example, when Lady Gray beat Stella in the brood mare class. The young horses were all pretty good, the yearlings and two-year-olds being very well grown; in point of fact, they were too much in advance of their years. In the weight-carrying class, Mr. Stokes's Iron Stone, a wonderful good-looking horse, was placed first, and his stable companion, King Bronze, who was entered as Braise, second—a mistake which should not be allowed to occur in a catalogue. Mr. Gray's Gendarme was first in the middle-weight class, and Mr.

Stokes's Bertram carried off primary honours in the light-weight class; this steed was reported to have been sold to Mr. Gray at a thousand guineas. There were some very good hackneys shown, though seeing how close Peterborough is to the chief hackney centres, one might have expected a little better show. The harness classes were all good, and so were the ponies.

Irish Notes — Racing.—The present Irish racing season will doubtless compare most favourably with any of its predecessors of late years, and the interest taken in the sport by English racing men and the high prices offered for their young blood stock should encourage Irish breeders not a little.

By far the most important and successful meeting that has taken place of late was the Curragh June Meeting; but before touching on that subject some mention must be made of Leopardstown First Summer Races, the opening day of which was favoured by charming weather, in spite of which the attendance was poor, nor was the racing up to a high standard of excellence. Very welcome, however, was the success of the Fitzwilliam green in the Summer Plates, the well-known colours of the aged Earl being carried to the front by Sprig of Shillelagh, a three-year-old by Deuce of Clubs—Abruzzi, who won comfortably enough at the finish, and being followed home by several winners, he must be a smart sprinter—assuming this form to be correct. Mr. James Dunne, the Osborne Lodge trainer, brought off another surprise when Bunch of Roses won the £300 Cadogan Plate, and Lord Fermoy's Astronomy, by Astrologer—Eudocia, accounted for the Dublin Plate in easiest fashion.

Racing was resumed on Saturday, and though the weather had changed and was disagreeable, the attendance was better, but sport was of a tame description, nor were the fields so large as on the first day.

Cherry Duke, another of Enthusiast's winning sons, carried off the hurdle race for his trainer and owner. Lord Fermoy's handsome rogue Monmouth ran without resolution at the finish of the Phoenix Park Plate, for which he started favourite, and succumbed to Something Hot—a maiden four-year-old by Wingfield, to whom he was giving 9lbs.

The extra 8lbs. prevented Sprig of Shillelagh winning again for Lord Fitzwilliam in the Paddock Plate, where he was beaten by Fontenoy, who has won before at Leopardstown.

The two days' racing by the seaside at Tramore were agreeable and amusing, though there was not much class among the competitors. Mr. Murphy, the manager of the racecourse, was the recipient of a well-deserved compliment, for the arrangements are really very good at Tramore, a pleasant watering-place on the south coast connected by rail with Waterford. Lords Waterford and Castletown, Mr. Malcolmson, M.F.H., and Mr. Anderson were among the stewards of this successful meeting, which was of the mixed flat and steeplechase character so beloved of Hibernians.

The June Meeting at the Curragh was in every respect the best racing *réunion* that has taken place in Ireland this year, for the fields ruled large each day, some high-class horses ran in many of the races, which were well contested and most interesting; the attendance was far larger than usual, and the weather perfect

throughout the meeting. The principal races of the Curragh June Meeting are the Waterford Testimonial Stakes for two-year-olds on the first day, the Irish Derby of £1,000 for three-year-olds on the second, while the Viceregal Plate and the Queen's Plate are the most interesting items on the concluding day.

Prince of Naples, a four-year-old son of Hackler, romped away with the Scurry Plate on the first day, and gave another taste of his quality by taking the Viceregal Plate on the third, affording yet another instance of the truth of the saying at the Curragh that "all the Hacklers can race."

Mr. Jameson's Dodragh (a Hackler filly) won the Waterfords from St. Flora and eight others without much difficulty, and will grow into a grand mare. Mr. Sievier, who was at the meeting, gave £1,000 for the second; and the winner of the next race, the shapely Golden Wishes, was also sold to go to England; the price paid for the three-year-old being £500.

Racing opened on the second day by the very popular victory of Mrs. Sadlier-Jackson's Flower of Song in the Paddock Plate, the filly beating Monmouth—who as usual finished ungenerously—and several other good winners in a field of fifteen. Mr. James Dunne had yet again an outsider to upset some fancied ones in the four-year-old Queen of the Gipsies, who, running gamely under hard pressure, won the Curragh Plate by three-quarters of a length. A round dozen faced the starter for the great event of the meeting, the Irish Derby, and a good lot they were. Lord Fermoy's Vital Power colt was voted the pick of the basket, and is certainly a very fine powerful youngster with freedom of action and quality, but he could

make no sort of impression on the filly who won, light and tucked-up though she looked, for when Mr. Lushington shook up Gallenaria at the bend she came on and did the trick as she pleased. The winner is the property of Mr. Loder, and is of course by that lord of the harem, Gallinule. Cerasus carried a lot of money, but ran disappointingly; he was however, hampered at the start, and not too judiciously ridden afterwards. This race has been won five times since 1895 by the progeny of Gallinule, and the victor on this occasion is most probably the best three-year-old in Ireland.

Berril and Flying Hackle again battled in the Queen's Plate, but the good-looking son of Hackler was once more behind the four-year-old, though he ran a good race. Berril, the winner, is by Rouge Dragon, and is possibly a very good one indeed. The Stewards' Plate was won by Glenart, who can no longer be called "uncertain," for this was a fourth consecutive victory for Mrs. McAuliffe, and Colonel Knox must regret having sold such a useful animal.

Mr. Sievier made several purchases in Kildare besides St. Flora, and amongst others, bought the Venetian Girl colt and Victrix filly, a pair of three-year-olds, from Lord Fermoy. His Lordship did not, however, part with his crack Eudocia filly, as was reported.

The two-day meeting at Bellewstown was much spoilt by the rain, and was chiefly noteworthy on account of the re-appearance of Traneen, who is considered by some to be among the best of Irish four-year-old chasers. He gave a stone to the other four-year-olds in the race, and 10 lbs. to a five-year-old, and won easily enough. He is by Ireland—

Sweet Meadow, a mare whose name stirs up memories of the poor "Limb," and is doubtless a very smart one. Glenart again captured a Queen's Plate, and Sprig of Shillelagh had to put up with another second after a rattling set-to with Friary.

Polo.—In spite of sodden grounds and a paucity of players, the Royal game has been kept bravely going in Ireland, and to the A.I.P.C. much credit is due, for they have always been ready to send a team down to any country, or to receive the counties on the ground in the Phoenix Park, besides organising a very successful Novices' tournament. Nor have the counties, in spite of attenuated teams, been idle. The old rivals, Carlow and Kildare, have met twice, when victory rested with the former county—contrary to the usage of recent years. Carlow have also played with success against enterprising beginners of Kilkenny and Wexford, while Derry proved too strong for Co. Antrim by 6 goals to 2.

It has been too often of late a melancholy duty to report the death at the hands of the enemy of some of the best and most popular of our youthful sportsmen, and Ireland has had more than her share of these sad losses, but the last bad news from the front, which told of the death in action of young Mr. Tom Conolly, of the Greys, has truly cast a gloom over the country. He was known everywhere, and everywhere beloved. His bright sunny disposition and refreshing flow of animal spirits and good humour made him a favourite with all from prince to peasant, and how the regiment will miss him! how ill they can spare two such comrades as the cousins McClintock-Bunbury and Conolly! As a

sportsman and rider to hounds, no one could beat Tom Conolly. He had a real love for a foxhound, and had made a study of all connected with his breeding and management. When the writer met him in Ireland two years ago he knew every hound in the Meath pack.

The appointment of Frank Goodall to be huntsman to Her Majesty's Buckhounds will give satisfaction to many who saw him hunt the Kildare hounds, and he has an hereditary interest in the position to which he has been nominated. No one can hunt a fox better than Goodall when he chooses, and he was always considered to be a first-rate man in kennel.

Death of Richard Daft.—We regret to have to record the death of Richard Daft, the celebrated Notts cricketer, who, after a hopeless illness, passed away on July 19th at his home at Burton-on-Trent. Quite in the front rank of English batsmen in the "sixties," Daft would probably have been reckoned the best batsman of the day but for the fact that W. G. Grace was his contemporary. Richard Daft has always been cited as the model of a correct, sound, and graceful style of batsmanship, and no greater compliment could be paid to him than is paid by those critics who declare that Arthur Shrewsbury has modelled his style and copied his batting from the great player who has just died. Richard Daft made his first appearance for Notts in 1858, and for twenty-two years he assisted his county with consistent skill and success, and all this time he was representing the Players and the All England combinations which played many a match during a season in the days when county cricket was not developed to the high pitch of to-

day. After many years' practical retirement from county cricket, Daft astonished everybody by turning out to play in the big match of the year at Kennington Oval for Notts against Surrey, when he was not far short of sixty years of age, and his son Harry was playing on the same side as one of the veterans of the team. Richard Daft always kept up his cricket, and in local matches at Redcliffe and with the late Mr. William Wright at Wollaton he was until his last illness consistently successful. His must ever be a notable name in cricket, and amongst other points worthy of mention is the fact that he has played on either side in the Gentlemen and Players matches, beginning as an amateur and afterwards becoming a professional, a precedent which was followed by his son Harry. We believe that the distinction of having played both for the Gentlemen and for the Players is shared with Richard Daft by Diver of Warwickshire, who for years represented Surrey as an amateur. The last few summers of his life Daft was content to figure as an umpire in county matches, for he always found it difficult to be absent from a cricket-field during the cricket season. Possessed of a keen sense of humour and a retentive memory, Richard Daft was a most interesting and amusing companion; and fortunately he was persuaded to record many of his recollections and experiences in a book which was published a few years ago entitled "Kings of Cricket," which will now be read with increased interest.

Sport at the Universities.—As has truly been said, "Party feeling is the true mainspring of life, and party success the pleasure above all others." To see a REAL contest county must

be pitted against county, university against university, or school against school, &c. The Universities had an astounding measure of success at Henley this year, as six out of the eight events fell to purely Oxford and Cambridge combinations, while the other two went to the Leander crews, composed mainly of Oxonians. Not since 1887 had the supremacy of University oarsmanship been so evidenced. At lawn tennis honours were easy this year, Oxford winning the singles and Cambridge the doubles contests. As we anticipated, however, the Cantabs won both doubles and singles at tennis proper, both Messrs. Baerlin and Noel playing magnificently. Subsequently the Brothers Doherty (Cambridge) added to their long list of honours this season the International Lawn Tennis Championships at Paris. No finer players have been seen since the Brothers Renshaw. At cycling the Cantabs again justified our prediction by winning, by the small margin of $\frac{3}{4}$ of a point, but the method of scoring in these events certainly needs revision. It is inexplicable to many how Cambridge could have won, inasmuch as the Dark Blues actually finished first and second in two of the events, and ran third in the other. With the polo match (perforce) abandoned—the Cantabs could not raise a team—this contest finished up the Inter-Varsity competitions for the year. The complete record reads thus:—

Cross-country ..	Cambridge ..	15 points 40.*
Rugby Football ..	Cambridge ..	22 points 0.
Boxing & Fencing..	Oxford ..	4 events 3.
Association Football	Oxford ..	2 goals 0.
Hockey ..	Cambridge ..	3 goals 2.
Billiards (Double)..	Oxford ..	127 points.
Billiards (Single)	Oxford ..	103 points.
Ice Hockey ..	Oxford ..	7 goals 6.
Golf ..	Oxford ..	69 holes 0*.
Point to Point		
Steeplechase ..	Oxford ..	33 points 23.
Athletic Sports ..	Oxford ..	6 events 4.
Chess ..	Cambridge ..	5 games 2.
Boat Race ..	Cambridge ..	20 lengths*.
Racquets (Double)..	Oxford ..	4 games 1.

Racquets (Single) ..	Oxford ..	3 games 2.
Swimming, &c. ..	Cambridge ..	3 events 2.
Lawn Tennis (Doubles)	Cambridge ..	5 matches 4.
Lawn Tennis (Singles)	Oxford ..	5 matches 4.
Cricket ..	Draw	
Tennis (Doubles) ..	Cambridge ..	3 sets 0.
Tennis (Singles) ..	Cambridge ..	3 sets 0.
Cycling ..	Cambridge ..	$\frac{3}{4}$ of a point.

* Records made or equalled.

Total: Oxford, 11 events; Cambridge, 10 events
1 draw.

As Cambridge beat Oxford at Bisley for the Humphrey Challenge Cup, it will be seen that the various events fell out with that "variation" which the wise old Greek declares is always the best. Many notable sportsmen now finish their careers, but compensation will be afforded by a big influx of prominent public school and other athletes next October.

Aquatics.—The pessimists who predicted a poor Henley Regatta were sadly out of their reckoning this year. The Royal Meeting was not deserted, quite the reverse. Socially, it was a brilliant success, and on all three days the spectacle was gay and animated enough to satisfy the most exacting. The absence of houseboats was rather a boon than otherwise, *i.e.*, Nature on the Upper Thames does best when left to itself. Only ten houseboats and some dozen launches were in position on the course, and of these Mr. Dewar's *Fair Maid of Perth*, Mr. Taylor's *Forget-me-Not*, Mr. Kelly's *Summerholme*, and Mr. Docker's *Royal Thames* attracted most attention. On the contrary, the various club lawns and enclosures were patronised more than ever before. It was again demonstrated that these appeal more than houseboat life to the majority of visitors during the Royal Meeting. The Albany Sports Club, Bath Club, Grosvenor, Leander, Isthmian and "clubland" enclosures were crowded, especially on Friday. From a racing point of view, the finals in particular were well

worthy the occasion. For the "Grand" some fine tussles were witnessed between Leander Trinity (Cambridge), the Belgian crew and London. The two first named qualified for the final, and a desperate finish resulted in the victory of Leander for the third successive year. They won by half a length only in 7 min. 6 sec. Trinity (Cambridge), their second eight, and Dublin University had so easily defeated their rivals in the "Thames" that a great race was anticipated in the final. Expectations were fulfilled; after a ding-dong race from start to finish, the Cantabs won by one-third of a length in 7 min. 24 sec. For seven years Eton had won the "Ladies'" event, and on this occasion they again got into the final and opposed New College (Oxford). The holders made a rare fight of it, but the Dark Blues were an exceptionally speedy and polished crew, and won by half a length in 7 min. 18 sec. The wonder is that they did not go for the "Grand." For the "Diamonds" B. H. Howell (Amateur Champion and holder) and E. G. Hemmerde (University College, Oxford) met in the final, and a more exciting race or sensational finish has never been witnessed. The Oxonian won by three-quarters of a length in 8 min. 42 sec., and that despite a final spurt on the part of Howell, which fairly electrified the spectators. Such an one will probably never be witnessed again. Trinity (Cambridge) easily beat Magdalen (Oxford) for the "Visitors" in 7 min. 55 sec., and Trinity Hall (Cambridge) just as easily beat Kingston for the "Wyfolds" in 8 min. 14 sec. Both these races proved easy matters for the Cantabs, who finished up a good week's work by fighting out the issue for the "Goblets." As we

anticipated, Goldie and Maitland (Trinity) were much too speedy for their *confrères*, Etherington-Smith and Dudley-Ward. The Leander crew won the "Stewards" from Trinity (Cambridge) by one and a quarter lengths 7 min. 55 sec. They also completed a good week's work.

As will be seen, our predictions were particularly happy in the main, albeit we must confess that the previous question of "station" had very much to do with the success of the Bucks side crews. It is unavoidable, presumably, but it is a great pity that the Henley course is so affected in this direction. Many of the crews were so evenly matched that the veriest advantage or bit of luck meant victory. This (we are sorry to say) all the crews on the Bucks side obtained to the full on the Friday. A terrific nose-wind put many of these completely *ex curia* in several events, and there is no doubt that a change of station would have meant a different verdict. As the outcome, the Universities fairly swept the board. Six events out of eight fell to Oxford and Cambridge crews proper, while the other two went to Leander—manned by Light and Dark Blues. The Metropolitan crews rowed pluckily enough, but they seemed to be short of work; at least, they appeared to lack the "devil" and beautifully combined action of their University rivals. The efforts of the Belgian crew for the "Grand," and of Dublin University for the "Thames," deserve especial notice, and we trust to see both clubs represented again next year. As we also anticipated, Messrs. Prevel (France) and Miller (Belgium) were out-classed by our English scullers, of whom Hemmerde, Howell, Fox, and Blackstaffe were perhaps the

best. After his sensational collapse at the finish of the "Diamonds," Mr. Howell was forbidden by his medical advisers to train again; but he subsequently resolved to defend his proud title again. Mr. Hemmerde (winner of the "Diamonds") also found his legal duties intervene; hence the holder and Messrs. Fox (London R.C.), Blackstaffe (Vesta R.C.), and St. George Ashe fought matters out this year over the Putney to Mortlake course. In the result Fox won by half a minute in 22 min. 54 secs. Many good judges of racing at Henley predicted that the leading Metropolitan crews would give a far better exposition in the first-class regattas later on, and they were right. Up to date the Kingston and Metropolitan meetings have been decided, with excellent results in the direction named. The London R.C. crews, in particular, showed vastly improved form in both these meetings, taking five out of the eight events in the Kingston programme. Of subsequent first-class regattas we shall speak next month. The Punting Championships are fixed for August 2nd and 9th over the Shepperton course, which allows of separate rye-pecks—a great boon! From all accounts, the entries for the Amateur Championship on the first-named date will exceed any of recent years. This is a consummation devoutly to be wished, inasmuch as since the retirement of Mr. W. H. Grenfell—the undefeated champion from 1888-90 inclusive—they have been very meagre for such an important contest. While amateur rowing and sculling, &c., is thus flourishing, it is regrettable to say that professional ditto is just the reverse. No British sculler, for instance, is class enough to throw

down the gauntlet to George Towns (Australia), the champion just now, and even Wray has wriggled out of their proposed match on a trivial technical dispute. By common consent, "Ichabod!" can only be spoken of professional exposition at this end of the century. Socially, boating continues to increase in popularity every season. A perfect torrent of pleasure-boats, a pleasure traffic little less than vast, has been in evidence almost daily since our last, and all sorts and conditions of Society may now be seen "tracking the shy Thames."

Golf.—Taking a hint from the hunting field, golf clubs are going in for point-to-point competitions. They are not the sort of thing likely to be sanctioned by the authorities at St. Andrews, nor indeed by those of any other seaside course, but they are well adapted to and have a distinct sporting interest in the case of inland links, and it is at such links they are coming into vogue. One disadvantage of them is that while they are in progress ordinary match or medal play must cease, for the arrangement is, so to speak, to break up the round and make the competitors play for six or seven holes placed in unfamiliar positions and approached by unfamiliar lines. They, of course, put long driving at a considerable premium. After the Championship meetings it is usual to have big matches among the leading professionals. This year there have been none. No doubt if Harry Vardon had remained in this country he would have wanted another try against J. H. Taylor, the Open Champion; but Vardon is in America, and no other player would appear to have the courage to challenge Taylor.

"The Casino Girl" at the Shaftesbury Theatre.—It was

not long after "The American Beauty" went into a decline that "The Casino Girl" arrived from across the Herring Pond to take her place. Miss Edna May no longer graces the boards of the Shaftesbury, her place being taken by Miss Mabelle Gilman, who is likely, we think, to prove a great success. Our old friend, Miss Ella Synder, is back again, no longer dressed as in "The Belle of New York" in rags, but as Miss Roxanna Rocks from Chicago, is resplendent. Amongst the men, Mr. James E. Sullivan of "Polite Lunatic" fame, and Mr. Richard Carle are most prominent; the former as a Pasha sings an amusing song, "There

are only a Hundred Wives," and the latter as J. Offenbach Gags, a broken-down tenor, sings sadly, of "Nothing Nil . . . !"

Sheridan made himself responsible for a good deal when he introduced to us Mrs. Malaprop in "The Rivals," and of late years this type of lady has been presented times without number; in "The Casino Girl," Miss Carrie Perkins as Mrs. H. Malaprop Rocks gives us one more study of this type. There are some amusing songs and some good business in the latest importation from America, and we think that the "Casino Girl" is likely to prove much more robust than her predecessor "The American Beauty."

Sporting Intelligence.

[During June—July, 1900.]

MR. JOHN SHAW, of Beddington Lodge, Surrey, passed away on June 19th, in his ninety-fifth year. Mr. Shaw's early boyhood was spent among the Derbyshire hills, and he was entered to hounds so long ago as to have his hunting diaries from 1815. In Surrey he was known as a fine horseman ever in sympathy with his horse, and always close to hounds, however rough or stiff the country might be. Some fifty years ago Mr. Shaw was joint master, with the late Mr. John Simpson, of the Surrey stag-hounds. Until he was well past eighty Mr. Shaw was a familiar figure in the hunting-field. At the time of his death he was the senior solicitor on the roll, having been admitted in 1831.

The Mile Amateur Swimming Championship was decided at Highgate bathing-pond on June 30th, when there were fourteen entries, including J. C. Jarvis (holder). Jarvis easily maintained his position and became champion for the fourth year in succession. Time, 26 min. 26 sec.

The following account of a remarkable achievement in tiger-hunting comes from Allahabad, and appeared in the *Field* of June 30th:—"Mr. James Walker, eldest son of Dr. Alexander Walker, an esteemed citizen

of Aberdeen, is the hero of the event. The Deputy Commissioner heard of a tiger which was giving trouble east of Piplod, and had mauled two men. He could not, however, go out there, as urgent famine work kept him in another part of the district. About ten days later he was inspecting a famine camp in that direction, and heard that the tiger had been seen in a scrap of jungle hard by. A beat was planned, and the sportsman got himself seated fairly well in a machan with a few 'stops' in neighbouring trees. The beaters were sent round to start the beat, but before it could commence out walked a large male tiger. He looked up at Mr. Walker and turned to go off; Mr. Walker sent two '303 dum-dum bullets after him.

"Out rushed a tigress on the other side of the nullah; Mr. Walker sent a bullet after her. He had scarcely fired when a third tiger broke out on the other side of him, and again the sportsman got in a shot. All three animals disappeared in the nullah. There was much shouting to keep the natives back, and then all was still. Mr. Walker cautiously approached the nullah and took a view from a high bank. He saw three tigers lying apparently dead, a tiger and tigress within three or four feet

of each other, and another tiger about fifteen paces off. He threw stones down to make sure, and fired off his shot gun. There was no motion, they were clearly dead. Nevertheless, he would not allow anyone to go down for a time.

"The excited beaters refreshed themselves with water higher up the nullah, and Mr. Walker quietly had a cup of tea in full view of his victims. Then he moved on, exchanged his '303 rifle for a '577, and went into the nullah. The natives, confident, of course, of the death of the tigers, pressed on close behind him. When he had got fairly into the nullah, his eye caught a tree which had so fallen as to form a small cave. There, glaring out at the men who were descending into the nullah, lay a fourth tiger, or rather a second tigress. She was evidently preparing to spring out and break through the unconscious array of beaters. Mr. Walker raised his rifle, aimed steadily, hit her above the eye at a few paces distance, and she never moved. The excitement of the crowd that carried four tigers out of that nullah baffles all description. Anyone, says the correspondent, who knows Mr. Walker will believe that he was the only man who was as cool as a cucumber."

According to a wire received from Pretoria, a military steeplechase was held on July 1st, when fifty horses competed, the winner being Captain Kenna, V.C., 21st Lancers.

The blood stock sales held by Messrs. Tattersall at Newmarket during the First July Meeting will become historic because of the extraordinary prices obtained for twelve yearlings, nine colts and three fillies, from the Eaton stud, sold by order of the executors of the Duke of Westminster on Wednesday, July 4th. The dozen lots realised a total of 43,300 guineas, giving an average of rather over 3,608 guineas each.

The sales commenced on Monday, July 2nd, on which day seventy-eight lots were sold for about £34,000, or an average of nearly £450. The higher prices included Sterling Merit, with b. c. foal by Persimmon, sold to Lord Penrhyn for 2,600 guineas; Sandfly, with foal by Persimmon, Mr. Foxhall Keene, 2,800 guineas. Twelve animals from the Eaton stud, including four foals, totalled 9,560 guineas. Grey Leg sold to Mr. Lewison for 2,600 guineas; Mr. Larnack bought Sandway and her ch. c. foal, by Orme, at 2,200 guineas, and the Duke of Devonshire gave 1,150 guineas for Bright Alice and her b. c. foal by St. Frusquin; Mr. Hutton's Strawberry Hill and foal went to Mr. Singer at 2,000 guineas; Mr. Sievier took two from Mr. Joe Miller's lot, St. Ilma and foal 1,300 guineas, and Chimera and foal 860 guineas;

Mr. R. Swanwick's L'Estrelles brought 1,550 guineas from Mr. Singer.

On Tuesday considerable interest attached to Mr. J. A. Miller's horses in training, nineteen being sold for an aggregate of 10,955 guineas; the best prices were:—Innocence, Mr. C. Moberley, 3,100 guineas; bay filly, two years, by Sainfoin, 1,800, and La Uruguaza 1,760 guineas, both to Mr. Portman; Nono, Mr. W. T. Jones, 1,700 guineas.

As mentioned above, the feature of Wednesday's sale was the Eaton stud yearlings referred to in another column. Other properties included the Marquesas of Londonderry's yearlings, the top price being paid by the Duke of Portland for Caro by Carbine—Nenemoosha. Mr. Sam Darling purchased a St. Simon colt, St. Ambrose, at 1,700 guineas.

On Thursday the principal sales were Mr. R. Swanwick's Morengo by Grey Leg, Mr. D. Low, 2,000 guineas; the same owner's Chancellor Raeburn, Mr. J. Dawson, junior, 760 guineas; Mr. John Baker gave 510 guineas for the b. c. by Orvieto—Curve from the Exeter stud. Mr. J. Watson paid 700 guineas for a St. Frusquin colt, the property of Captain Fife. Prince Simmons, a Persimmon colt, went to Mr. J. Porter at 2,000 guineas, and a filly by the same sire, Bonny Duchess, was bought by Mr. Musker at 800 guineas. The public sales during the week amounted to 116,772 guineas.

The cricket match between Oxford and Cambridge, played at Lord's on July 5th, 6th and 7th, was prolific in new records. The Oxford score in the first innings, 503, is the highest in a 'Varsity match. R. E. Foster's score, 171, is the highest ever made in an Inter-'Varsity match, and his aggregate, 213, leaves the previous best—Jardine's 179—far behind. Again the aggregate for the match, 1,300 runs, is a record, although only twenty-eight wickets fell.

At the Amateur Athletic Association Championship Meeting, held at Stamford Bridge on July 7th, the representatives of the United States gained eight out of thirteen events, including hurdles (15 $\frac{3}{4}$ secs.); long jump (22 ft. 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.); throwing the hammer (161 ft.); high jump (6 ft. 2 in.); pole jump (11 ft. 4 in.); one hundred yards (10 secs.); quarter-mile (49 $\frac{1}{2}$ secs.); weight putting (45 ft. 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.). A. E. Tysoe retained the Half-mile Championship (1 min. 57 $\frac{3}{4}$ secs.); C. Bentley won the mile in 4 min. 28 $\frac{1}{2}$ secs.; J. T. Rummer accomplished the four miles in 20 min. 11 secs.; Sturgess retained the championship for four-mile walk (30 min. 20 $\frac{1}{2}$ secs.), and S. J. Robinson secured the two-mile steeplechase.

The long distance swimming championship was decided on July 14th over the course from Kew to Putney. There were nine competitors, and J. A. Jarvis (holder) won somewhat easily in 1 hour 14 min. 17 secs., record time, and beating the previous best (Percy Cavill's in 1897) by 2 min. 18 secs. The trophy became the property of Jarvis, who has won three years in succession.

The cricket match, Gentlemen *v.* Players, which finished at Lord's on July 18th, afforded Mr. R. E. Foster an opportunity to create a record for the match by scoring 102 in his first and 136 in his second innings—a feat never before accomplished in this match on either side. The Players' score in their second innings of 502 for eight wickets is the highest ever made in a Gentlemen *v.* Players' match at Lord's.

The death was announced at the end of June of Captain John Griffith Wynn-Griffith, of Llanfair Hall, Carnarvon. The deceased, who was only fifty-seven years old, was Vice-Commodore of the Royal

Welsh Yacht Club. Captain Wynn-Griffith was a good all-round sportsman and a keen shot.

It is stated that the President's Cup (Class 3), for the best two couples of entered hounds, at the Peterborough Show, passes to the Pytchley (which were adjudged second), as part of the Warwickshire entry was not eligible to compete, having been shown in the two couples awarded first prize two years since. The Hon. R. G. Verney, upon discovering the error, immediately wrote to the secretary, resigning the cup in favour of Mr. Wroughton.

Meeting at Meeth Bridge, Mr. Cheriton's Otter Hounds had a great day, finding an otter which beat the pack for upwards of seven hours, and was not taken, although he was supposed to have sunk in a muddy pool from exhaustion, but all efforts to recover him were unsuccessful.

A donation of £100 has been handed to the Mansion House War Fund by Mr. T. B. Drybrough, being the proceeds of the raffle of a polo pony at Hurlingham.

TURF.

WINDSOR.—JUNE MEETING.

June 16th.—The Royal June Handicap of 400 sovs.; one mile and a quarter.
 Mr. J. Tyler's b. h. Saint Noel, by Theophilus—Christmas Gift, aged, 8st. 5lb. K. Cannon 1
 Mr. J. Dawson, jun.'s, br. f. Rambling Katie, 3 yrs., 6st. 10lb. J. Reiff 2
 Mr. H. Oxenham's b. h. Syerla, 6 yrs., 8st. 4lb. S. Loates 3
 8 to 1 agst. Saint Noel.

LINCOLN.—SUMMER MEETING.

June 21st.—The Lindum Plate, a handicap of 458 sovs.; second receives 25 sovs.; the Straight Mile.
 Mr. G. Cottrill's ch. h. Sheet Anchor, by Grey Friars or Despair—Bandraol, 5 years, 7st. 6lb. S. Loates 1
 Duke of Devonshire's ch. h. Dieu-donné, 5 yrs., 8st. 13lb. M. Cannon 2
 Mr. William Duke's ch. c. Egmont, 3 yrs., 7st. 7lb. Rigby 3
 9 to 4 agst. Sheet Anchor.

SANDOWN PARK.—FIRST SUMMER MEETING.

June 22nd.—The Sandringham Foal Stakes of 1,725 sovs.; for three-year-olds; one mile.
 Lord W. Beresford's ch. g. Old Buck II., by Sensation—Magnetic, 8st. 7lb. L. Reiff 1
 Mr. P. W. Roberts' b. or br. f. Zigiga, 8st. 11lb. F. Pratt 2
 Mr. Arthur James' b. f. Dum Dum, 9st. 2lb. O. Madden 3
 4 to 1 agst Old Buck II.

June 23rd.—The British Dominion Two-Year-Old Race of 1,000 sovs.; for two-year-olds; five furlongs.
 Captain Eustace Loder's ch. c. Star Shoot, by Isinglass—Astrology, 8st. 10lb. L. Reiff 1
 Sir R. Waldie Griffith's b. filly by Ladas—Vitula, 8st. 2lb. J. H. Martin 2
 Duke of Portland's br. c. Sabot, 8st. 7lb. O. Madden 3
 11 to 8 on Star Shoot.

LEWES.—SPRING MEETING.

June 26th.—The Abergavenny Stakes of 325 sovs. ; for two-year-olds ; five furlongs.

Mr. A. Day's br. c. Royal River,
by Prince Hampton — Lady
Peter, 8st. 5lb. Rigny 1
Lord Ellesmere's b. f. Cone, 7st.
9lb. S. Loates 2
Mr. W. E. Oakeley's ch. c.
Gloucester, 8st. 5lb. K. Cannon 3
7 to 4 on Royal River.

June 27th.—The Southdown Club Open
Welter Handicap of 262 sovs. ; to
be ridden by members of the Club ;
one mile and a half.

Mr. R. Gore's b. c. Lord Presi-
dent, by Fernandez—Wedlock,
4 yrs., 11st. 8lb. Owner 1
Mr. W. H. Moore's ch. g. Mona-
chus, 5 yrs., 11st. 5lb.
Mr. G. Thursby 2
Major B. Atkinson's ch. c. Slow-
burn, 4 yrs., 11st. 9lb.
Mr. G. S. Davies 3
6 to 1 agst. Lord President.

NEWCASTLE AND GOSFORTH
PARK.—SUMMER MEETING.

June 26th.—The North Derby of 1,275
sovs. ; for three-year-olds ; one mile
and a half.

Mr. Arthur James' b. f. Duck Gun,
by Carbine—The Smew, 8st.
4lb. O. Madden 1
Lord Durham's b. c. Mardi, 8st.
7lb. F. Rickaby 2
Lord Rothschild's b. f. Nushka,
8st. 4lb. T. Loates 3
100 to 8 agst. Duck Gun.

The First Year of the Nineteenth Gosforth
Park Biennial Stakes of 250 sovs. ;
for two-year-olds ; five furlongs,
straight.

Mr. F. W. Lambton's b. c. Coup-
land, by Crowberry — Merry
Echo, 8st. 7lb. F. Rickaby 1
Mr. T. W. P. Ravis' b. c. Flying
Crow, 8st. 7lb. A. McIntyre 2
Mr. W. E. Elsey's b. c. St. Bolo,
8st. 7lb. C. Yarnell 3
2 to 1 on Coupland.

June 27th.—The Northumberland Plate of
925 sovs. ; two miles.

Mr. J. C. Dyer's b. c. Joe Cham-
berlain, by Phocion — Blue
Bodice, 3 yrs., 8st. 2lb.
J. H. Martin 1
Mr. J. A. Miller's br. c. Inno-
cence, 4 yrs., 8st. 11lb.
W. Halsey 2
Mr. C. S. Newton's b. h. Ameer,
5 yrs., 9st. O. Madden 3
8 to 1 agst. Joe Chamberlain.

June 28th.—The Seaton Delaval Plate of
1,080 sovs. ; for two-year-olds ; five
furlongs, straight.

Mr. H. J. King's b. c. Orchid, by
Orme—Musley Maid, 8st. 10lb.
T. Weldon 1
Mr. E. C. Clayton's ch. c. Patron
Saint, 8st. 10lb. McIntyre 2
Lord Durham's ch. f. by Kendal
—Alibech, 8st. 7lb. F. Rickaby 3
13 to 8 on Orchid.

HURST PARK CLUB.—SUMMER
MEETING.

June 30th.—The Hurst Park Foal Plate of
1,135 sovs. , for two-year-olds ; six
furlongs, straight.

Captain Eustace Loder's b. c. Star
Shoot, by Isinglass—Astrology,
9st. 8lb. J. Reiff 1
Lord Durham's b. f. Ark Royal,
8st. 2lb. (car. 8st. 4lb.)
F. Rickaby 2
Lord Derby's b. f. Glassalt, 8st. 2lb.
K. Cannon 3
3 to 1 agst. Star Shoot.

The Duchess of York Stakes of 979
sovs. , for three-year-olds ; one mile
and a half.

Sir R. Waldie Griffith's b. f. Vain
Duchess, by Isinglass—Sweet
Duchess, 8st. 11lb. J. H. Martin 1
Duke of Devonshire's b. g. Ecton,
9st. 7lb. M. Cannon 2
Mr. J. H. Houldsworth's ch. c.
Springlight, 8st. 9lb. A. Pratt 3
11 to 8 agst. Vain Duchess.

NEWMARKET.—FIRST JULY
MEETING.

July 3rd.—The July Stakes of 50 sovs.
each, 30 ft. for two-year-olds ; New
T.Y.C. (five furlongs, 142 yards).

Sir R. Waldie Griffith's ch. c.
Veles, by Isinglass—Valleda, 9st.
J. H. Martin †
Mr. L. de Rothschild's br. c.
Doricles, by Fastina of Rosalie,
9st. T. Loates †
Mr. J. Musker's b. colt by Melton
—Limosa, 9st. J. Sloan 3
5 to 2 agst. Veles.
10 to 1 agst. Doricles.

July 4th.—The Stud Produce Stakes of 10
sovs. each, 5 ft., with 200 sovs.
added ; Chesterfield Course (five
furlongs).

Lord W. Beresford's b. c. Volody-
ovski, by Florizel II.—La Reine,
9st. 7lb. L. Reiff 1
Mr. J. H. Musker's b. f. Princess
Melton, 9st. 4lb. J. Sloan 2
Mr. E. Hobson's b. c. Clever Boy,
8st. 7lb. F. Rickaby 3
7 to 1 agst. Volodyovski.

July 5th.—The Exeter Stakes of 30 sovs. each, h. ft., with 200 added, for two-year-olds; Exeter Stakes Course (six furlongs).

Sir E. Cassel's b. c. Sang Bleu, by Royal Hampton—Merry Duchess, 8st. 12lb. L. Reiff 1

Lord Ellesmere's br. f. Sabrinetta, 8st. 13lb. S. Loates 2

Mr. J. S. Curtis' b. g. Joe's Luck, 8st. 9lb. E. Jones 3

10 to 1 agst. Sang Bleu.

The Princess of Wales' Stakes of 7,190 sovs., for three and four-year-olds; B.M. (one mile).

Mr. W. Hall Walker's b. f. Merry Gal, by Galopin—Mary Seaton, 3 yrs., 7st. 13lb. J. Reiff 1

H.R.H. the Prince of Wales's b. c. Diamond Jubilee, 3 yrs., 9st. 5lb. H. Jones 2

Lord W. Beresford's ch. c. Caiman, 4 yrs., 9st. 5lb. L. Reiff 3

100 to 30 agst. Merry Gal.

The July Cup of 300 sovs.; Exeter Course.

Mr. Keene's ch. filly by Domina—Dancing Water, 2 yrs., 6st. J. Reiff 1

Mr. L. Neumann's b. h. Eager, 6 yrs., 10st. 2lb. M. Cannon 2

Mr. W. T. Jones' b. c. Dewi Sant, 3 yrs., 7st. 13lb. E. Jones 3

5 to 4 agst. Dancing Water filly.

July 6th.—The Fulborne Stakes of 25 sovs. each, with 200 added, for two-year-olds: New T.Y.C. (5 furlongs, 142 yards).

Lord W. Beresford's bl. c. Nahlband, by Wolf's Crag—Under the Rose, 8st. 9lb. L. Reiff 1

Mr. J. C. Dyer's ch. c. Sandbag, 8st. 12lb. J. H. Martin 2

Mr. Douglas Baird's ch. c. Veronese, 8st. 7lb. (car. 8st. 9lb.) F. Rickaby 3

100 to 39 agst. Nahlband.

The Ellesmere Stakes of 10 sovs. each for starters, with 200 sovs. added; Ellesmere Course, about a mile and three furlongs.

Mr. Elliot Galer's br. c. Beautiwick, by Childwick—Lady Beauty, 4 yrs., 7st. 6lb. S. Loates 1

Lord W. Beresford's b. g. Jolly Tar, 4 yrs., 8st. 4lb. J. Reiff 2

Mr. J. G. Clarke's b. g. The Graftor, aged, 9st. 11lb. Halsey 3

100 to 8 agst. Beautiwick.

BIBURY CLUB MEETING.

July 10th.—The Pembroke Stakes of 10 sovs. each, with 400 sovs. added, for three-year-olds; one mile and a half.

Lord Durham's b. c. Mardi, by

VOL. LXXIV.—NO. 486.

Marcion—Primrose Day, 8st. 5lb. F. Rickaby 1

Mr. J. W. Larnach's b. c. Simonswood, 9st. 3lb. M. Cannon 2

Mr. Garrett Moore's b. g. Scot Free, 8st. 9lb. E. Jones 3

5 to 2 on Mardi.

The Bibury Stakes (Handicap) of 300 sovs.; to be ridden by members of the club; one mile.

Mr. W. Johnstone's b. c. Bonnie Springfield, by Bona Vista—Lass o' Springfield, 3 yrs., 10st. 12lb. Mr. Lushington 1

Mr. P. Bate's b. c. Past Master, 4 yrs., 11st. 5lb. Mr. R. Gore 2

Mr. Edgar Cohen's b. g. Oban, aged, 12st. 2lb. Mr. Hartigan 3

5 to 1 agst. Bonnie Springfield.

The Champagne Stakes of 15 sovs. each, with 200 added, for two-year-olds; five furlongs.

Mr. R. Pryor's b. c. Domain, by Prince Hampton—Chatain, 9st. 11lb. F. Rickaby 1

Mr. F. Alexander's ch. g. K.K.K., 8st. 9lb. M. Cannon 2

Mr. E. Courage's ch. c. Silverken, 8st. 12lb. J. Hunt 3

11 to 10 agst. Domain.

July 11th.—The Hurstbourne Stakes of 30 sovs. each, with 300 sovs. added, for two-year-olds; five furlongs.

Mr. F. W. Lambton's b. c. Coupland, by Crowberry—Merry Echo, 8st. 11lb. F. Rickaby 1

Lord Falmouth's b. f. Kentish Cherry, 8st. 8lb. Dalton 2

Major E. W. Baird's b. c. Martaban, 9st. L. Reiff 3

11 to 10 agst. Coupland.

PONTEFRAC. — SUMMER MEETING.

July 11th.—The West Riding Champagne Trial Stakes of 10 sovs. each, with 400 sovs. added, for two-year-olds; five furlongs.

Mr. Lowther's ch. f. Tower Hill, by King Monmouth—Reformation, 8st. 6lb. S. Loates 1

Mr. R. S. Crompton's b. f. Ocean Sprite, 8st. 6lb. Happell 2

Mr. C. Morbey's br. filly by Queen's Birthday—Omaru, 8st. 6lb. Fagan 3

100 to 12 agst. Tower Hill.

LINGFIELD.—SUMMER MEETING.

July 13th.—The Lingfield Park Stakes of 2,420 sovs.; the straight mile.

Lord W. Beresford's ch. c. Caiman, by Locohatcher—Happy Day, 4 yrs., 9st. 2lb. L. Reiff 1

Lord Fermoy's ch. g. Courlan, 3
yrs., 8st. 7lb. J. Sloan 2
Mr. Fairie's ch. c. Mahdi, 3 yrs.,
8st. 2lb. K. Cannon 3
9 to 4 on Caiman.

July 14th. The Fifth Year of the Great
Foal Plate of 885 sovs., for two-
year-olds; five furlongs.
Sir R. Waldie Griffith's b. f. by
Ladas—Vitula, 8st. 5lb.
J. H. Martin 1
Mr. T. W. Blenkison's b. f. College
Green, 8st. S. Loates 2
100 to 8 on Vitula filly.

CRICKET.

June 27th.—At Brighton, Sussex v. Oxford University, latter won by an innings and 75 runs.

June 29th.—At Brighton, Sussex v. Oxford University, latter won by an innings and 75 runs.

June 30th.—At Lord's, M.C.C. and Ground v. Cambridge University, latter won by 34 runs.

July 4th.—At Kennington Oval, Gentlemen v. Players, latter won by 36 runs.

July 7th.—At Lord's, Oxford v. Cambridge, drawn. Scores: Oxford, 503 and 219 for 6 wickets (declared); Cambridge, 392 and 186 for 2 wickets.

July 14th.—At Lord's, Eton v. Harrow, latter won by 1 wicket. Scores; Eton, 294 and 210; Harrow, 388 and 128 for 9 wickets.

July 18th.—At Lord's, Gentlemen v. Players, latter won by two wickets.

ROWING.

July 7th.—Leander beat Trinity College, Cambridge, in the final heat and won the Grand Challenge Cup at Henley.

July 7th.—Trinity College, Cambridge, beat Magdalen College, Oxford, in the final heat and won the Visitors' Challenge Cup at Henley.

July 7th.—Trinity College (second crew) Cambridge, beat Dublin University in the final heat and won the Thames Challenge Cup at Henley.

July 7th.—New College, Oxford, beat Eton College in the final heat, and won the Ladies' Challenge Plate at Henley.

July 7th.—Leander beat Trinity College, Cambridge, in the final heat and won the Stewards' Challenge Cup at Henley.

July 7th.—Trinity Hall, Cambridge, beat Kingston in the final heat, and won the Wyfold Challenge Cup at Henley.

July 7th.—C. J. D. Goldie and E. Mc.D. Maitland (Trinity College, Cambridge) beat W. Dudley Ward and R. B. Etherington Smith (Trinity College, Cambridge) in the final heat, and won the Silver Goblets and Nickalls Challenge Cup at Henley.

July 7th.—E. G. Hemmerde, University College, Oxford, beat B. H. Howell (Thames) in the final heat, and won the Diamond Challenge Sculls at Henley.

POLO.

June 29th.—At Hurlingham, Old Cantabs (Messrs. Walter McCreery, F. M. Freake, Walter Buckmaster, and L. McCreery) v. Hurlingham (Mr. Johnstone, Capt. the Hon. J. Beresford, Mr. Foxhall Keene and Mr. John Watson), former won the final by 3 goals to one, and the Champion Cup for 1900.

July 7th.—At Hurlingham, Rugby (Mr. J. Drage, Comte de Madrac, Messrs. R. S. Marsham and E. S. Prince) v. Stansted (Messrs. H. Blyth, A. Gold, Tresham Gilbey and G. Gold), former won by 5 goals to 1, and the County Cup for 1900.

July 14th. — At Ranelagh, Freebooters (Captain the Hon. Reginald Ward, Mr. A. Rawlinson, Major Reginald Hoare and Captain D. St. G. Daly) v. Old Cantabs (Messrs. W. McCreery, F. M. Freake, W. Buckmaster and L. McCreery), latter won the final by 8 goals to 1, and the Open Challenge Cup for 1900.

TENNIS.

July 5th.—At Lord's, Cambridge (E. M. Baerlein and E. B. Noel) beat Oxford (E. A. Biedermann and H. C. B. Underdown) by 3 sets to 0, and won the University Doubles Match.

July 6th.—At Lord's, Cambridge (E. M. Baerlein) beat Oxford (E. A. Biedermann) by 3 sets to 0, and won the University Singles Match.

July 10th.—At Lord's, Marylebone Silver Prize, Mr. J. B. Gribble v. Mr. Edward Grey, former won by 3 sets to 1, and in the absence of Mr. E. H. Miles, walked over for the Gold Prize.

E. BROWN & SON'S

7, GARRICK STREET, LONDON, W.C.,
and 26, RUE BERGERE, PARIS



MELTONIAN BLACKING
As used in the Royal Household)
Renders the Boots Soft, Durable,
and Waterproof.

Boot Preparations

SOLD EVERYWHERE.



ROYAL LUTETIAN CREAM.
The best for Cleaning and
Polishing Russian and Brown
Leather Tennis Shoes, Polo
Boots, &c.



NONPAREIL DE GUICHE
Parisian Polish
For Varnishing Boots and
Shoes, is more elastic and
easier to use than any other.

SPECIAL ADVANTAGES TO PRIVATE INSURERS: The Imperial Insurance Co., Ltd. FIRE.

1, OLD BROAD STREET, & 22, PALL MALL, LONDON.

ESTABLISHED 1808.

Subscribed Capital, £1,200,000. Paid-up Capital, £300,000.
Invested Assets (Capital and Reserves), over £1,500,000.

The distinguishing characteristics of this Institution are:—MODERATE RATES; UNDOUBTED
SECURITY; PROMPT AND LIBERAL SETTLEMENT OF CLAIMS. Steam Thrashing Machines allowed
without extra charge. Loss and Damage from Explosion of Gas and Lightning made good. Appli-
cations for Agencies invited from Professional and other Gentlemen of influence.

H. COZENS SMITH, General Manager.

HINTS TO HUNTSMEN.

By Colonel J. Anstruther Thomson. Fourth Edition. Price 1s., post free 1s. 1d.

THE LATE
LORD HENRY BENTINCK ON **FOXHOUNDS.**
Remarks on the late WILLIAM GOODALL'S Method with the Belvoir Hounds.
Price 1s., post free 1s. 1d.

VINTON & CO., LTD., 8, NEW BRIDGE STREET, LUDGATE CIRCUS, E.C.

Horse, Carriage, & Cattle Insurance

The Horse, Carriage, and General Insurance Co., Limited,
Chief Office: 17, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, LONDON, E.C.

The Oldest and Largest Office of its kind in the United Kingdom.
Claims Paid Exceed £270,000.
A. WATERS, Managing Director.
R. R. WILSON, Secretary.

BOLLINGER'S



CHAMPAGNE.

By Special Appointment
to
HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN
and
H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES



GUARANTY
ON
CORK
SINCE
1829

BAILY'S MAGAZINE

OF

SPORTS and PASTIMES

SEPTEMBER, 1900.

CONTENTS.

Sporting Diary for the Month	1x
Portrait and Biographical Sketch of Mr. A. C. ManLaran	113
General Boydell's: Lessons for Modern Cavalry Taught by an Old Master. By C. Frew	150
A Gun-Room Casserie: The Enjoyment of Shooting. By "Tampere"	164
Prominent Members of Our Jockey Club	166
How are we to Breed Cavalry Horses? By "Rondeau"	170
David Buchanan	171
The Thill-Dog in Belgium and France. By C.	177
How It All Came About. By F. G.	180
Billiards, 1800. By J. P. Buchanan	183
Cricket	188
The Sportsman's Library	189
A Battle Royal. By W. Murdoch	197
Public-School Cricket in 1900. By A. R. C.	200
Some of my Father's Stories. By T.	203
Stilistic Training in America	206
"Our Ven"	209
Sporting Intelligence (July—August, 1900)	222

VINTON & Co., Limited

25 NEW BARGE STREET, LUDGATE CIRCUS, E.C.

H. L. SAVORY & CO.'S CIGARETTES.

BY SPECIAL WARRANT OF APPOINTMENT TO H.M. THE PRINCE OF WALES.
To be had in all the Leading Stores in the Empire, and may be had in all Districts throughout
France and Germany, by permission granted by the French Government.

"Position unrivalled in London."

THE
**LANGHAM
HOTEL,**

PORTLAND PLACE AND REGENT STREET,
LONDON, W.

Quiet, open, and healthy situation in Fashionable and Convenient locality. Built on a gravel soil 95 feet above the Thames high-water mark.

Apartments for Regimental and Private Dinners,
Wedding Receptions, &c.

MODERN IMPROVEMENTS.

MODERATE TARIFF.

MARTELL'S When buying, see that the capsule is **CEMENTED** to the bottle.

THREE STAR

BRANDY.

"A Genuine old Brandy made from Wine."—
Medical Press, Aug., '99.

ONLY ONE ADDRESS,

Established 1840.

**Day & Sons,
Grewe.**

Great Horse and Cattle Medicines

DAY & SONS'
"ORIGINAL" MEDICINE CHESTS

For Horses, Cattle, and Sheep, **2s.**, **2s. 4s.**, and **2s. 4s.**
For Horses and Colts, price **2s.**, **2s. 4s.**, and **2s. 4s.**

Illustrated Prospectus Gratis, and Post Free.

DAYS' BLACK DRINK

Cures like a Charm, Colic or Gripes, Chills, Debility and Fatigue in Horses and Cattle, Hoven, Scour and Weakness in Cattle and Sheep, &c., &c.

10/- per half doz., or 19/- per doz.
Bottles, Carriage paid.

DAYS' "ZOMO-SAL."

A Saline Blood Tonic for Horses and Beasts.

For Humours, Anæmia, General Weakness, Surfeits, Off Appetite, Lack of Force and Stamina, Indigestion, Staring Coat, Hidebound. Should be given before and after Foaling.

4/8 per doz. packets, 6 doz. for 25/-;
or in Tins at reduced prices, 7/8 and 20/- Carriage paid.



Kleinberg, Dagbladet/prints

H. Holt 50

G. C. MacLaren

BAILY'S MAGAZINE SPORTS AND PASTIMES

No. 487. SEPTEMBER, 1900. VOL. LXXIV.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE		PAGE
Sporting Diary of the Month	ix.	Some of my Father's Stories	203
Mr. A. C. MacLaren	153	Athletic Training in America	206
General Seydlitz.—Lessons for Modern Cavalry Taught by an Old Master	156	"Our Van":—	
A Gun-Room Causerie.—The Enjoy- ment of Shooting.....	164	Goodwood	209
Prominent Members of Our Jockey Club	166	Brighton and Lewes	211
How are we to Breed Cavalry Horses?	170	Kempton Park	211
David Buchanan ...	174	Polo	212
The Thill-Dog in Belgium and France	177	Hunting	213
How it all Came About	180	The Wild Stag on Exmoor.....	213
Billiards, 1900	183	Foxhunters and the War	214
Cricket	186	The Otter Hunting Season	214
The Sportsman's Library	189	The Traffic in Game Eggs	215
A Battle Royal.....	197	Irish Notes	215
Public-School Cricket in 1900	200	The Autumn Field Trials	218
		Aquatics	219
		Golf	221
		Sporting Intelligence, July—August...	222

WITH

Steel engraved portrait of MR. A. C. MACLAREN.

Portrait of the late Mr. DAVID BUCHANAN, &c.

Mr. A. C. MacLaren.

QUITE early in his life Mr. A. C. MacLaren gave conclusive proof of the ability which has gained him such a high position among the cricketers of his day. It has been put on record—by Mr. Vernon Royle, if we remember rightly—that there never was such a bat at Elstree; and on going from that school to Harrow, he promptly made his mark, gaining a place in the eleven before he was sixteen. He played his first match against Eton in 1887, and though he had

not the good fortune to be on the winning side, his personal share in the match was nothing less than a triumph. He made 55 and 67, heading the score in both innings. Even then he was potentially a great player, showing all the confidence and much of the skill which within a few years made his name famous all over the cricket world. Though Harrow were beaten, the match was from their point of view a memorable one, inasmuch as it

introduced to the public two of the finest cricketers the School has ever possessed. MacLaren was, of course, one, and the other was F. S. Jackson. It would be interesting to know if in those days they ever thought they would play side by side for England—the typical Harrow cricketers of their generation. There was this essential difference between them while they were at school, that whereas MacLaren was marked out from the first as likely to be a tip-top batsman, Jackson was an all-round player, and for a year or two more of a bowler than a run-getter. Indeed, it was not till his fourth year at Cambridge that Jackson as a batsman reached his present position.

Following his brilliant *début* at Lord's, MacLaren was at Harrow for three years, succeeding Jackson in 1890 as captain of the eleven. His school career, however, was by no means one of unmixed success. In 1888 and 1889 he could not get runs, and it was only in his last year that he reasserted himself. Then, however, he did great things, playing a splendid innings of 76 against Eton and coming out first in the school batting with an average of 42. With regard to his two unsuccessful seasons, he has himself told an interesting little story. He had not in those days developed his back play, and in going forward on slow wickets, he so often came to grief that he began to despair of doing any good except on hard ground. The late Lord Bessborough got him out of his difficulties, suggesting to him one day at practice at Harrow to try the effect of playing with one hand. The result was more than satisfactory, and, no longer playing an exclusively forward game, the young batsman gradually acquired the skill on bad wickets which

has perhaps done more than anything else to earn him his fame.

From his last year at school to the present time he has been one of the most consistent run-getters on every sort of wicket. His play for Harrow in 1890 left no doubt whatever as to his class, and, directly the school cricket was over for the season, he was given his chance in the Lancashire eleven. It was, no doubt, with the idea of helping Lancashire that he had cultivated his cricket so assiduously, his father, the late Mr. James MacLaren—who, by the way, died only a few months ago—being honorary treasurer of the county club. Mr. MacLaren played his first match for Lancashire against Sussex, at Brighton, on the 14th of August and had an overwhelming success, scoring 108 in two hours and ten minutes, without giving a chance. So far as we know, this was the first instance of a batsman fresh from a public school scoring 100 in his first county match; but the same feat was performed seven years later by Mr. S. H. Day, who, while still at Malvern, made a hundred for Kent against Gloucestershire at Cheltenham.

From the day of his triumph at Brighton, Mr. MacLaren took his place among the representative batsmen of England, and, allowing for the variations of fortune which attend nearly all players, he has held his own ever since, never looking back. In several seasons, however, he has only been able to play in the latter half of the summer, his duties as a schoolmaster keeping him engaged up to the time of the holidays. He has now, however, done with scholastic work, and this year, having been appointed assistant secretary to the Lancashire County Club, he has been playing regularly, only standing

out of the eleven when laid aside by an injury to his leg. The record of all that he has done as a batsman since 1890 would fill many pages of BAILY'S MAGAZINE, but we do not purpose here to go at any length into statistics. As everyone knows, Mr. MacLaren has made the record score in first-class cricket—424 for Lancashire against Somerset, at Taunton, in July, 1895. On paper this is, of course, his biggest feat, but, having regard to the character of the Taunton ground and the quality of the Somerset bowling, we have no doubt he has played many innings of greater intrinsic merit.

If we were asked to mention one particular innings that revealed all MacLaren's gifts as a batsman we would name without hesitation his 88 not out last year for England at Lord's in the second of the Test Matches. While there was even a remote chance of a good fight being made he was steadiness itself, but when it had become merely a question of putting as good a face as possible on an inevitable defeat, he changed his method and hit away for all he was worth. He has made any number of bigger scores but never has he shown more clearly his greatness as a batsman. It was a wonderful piece of cricket. The match took place in the middle of June, and up to that time MacLaren had had no first-class cricket. Under the circumstances the invitation to play for England argued a robust faith in his skill and was indeed the highest compliment ever paid him. He captained the team and was afterwards in command at Leeds, Manchester, and the Oval. He never had the satisfaction of leading his side to

victory, but the cricket shown at Old Trafford and the Oval was so good as to quite relieve the depression that fell upon English cricketers after the overwhelming defeat at Lord's.

Mr. MacLaren went to Australia with both Mr. Stoddart's elevens, and has never in his life batted quite so well as during the second visit. He beat Ranjitsinhji in the averages, but it is only fair to add that the great Indian was handicapped during part of the tour by bad health.

This season Mr. MacLaren has not done himself full justice. He has played some fine innings on difficult wickets, but it would be idle to say that he has held his own with Ranjitsinhji and Fry, and Hayward and Abel. They have all distanced him. We do not think that his skill is in any way declining, but for the time he has certainly lost something of his old patience and self-restraint. He seems too eager and wants to make boundary hits before he has fairly got the pace of the ground. However, the fault is not likely to be permanent. We remember the same curious impatience spoiling W. G. Grace's batting for half a season, and even the sedate Shrewsbury got himself out time after time one year through sheer inability to keep steady. Thus, though Mr. MacLaren will not be able to count 1900 among his great seasons, there is no reason to fear that he is on the down grade.

One word in conclusion. Mr. MacLaren is not merely a batsman. Place him wherever you like he is one of the finest fields in the world, and, abating a desire to be always changing the bowling, he is a very skilful captain—alive to all the possibilities of the game.

General Seydlitz.

LESSONS FOR MODERN CAVALRY TAUGHT BY AN OLD MASTER.

WE have learned, or ought to have learned, a great deal about war during the last year. But, however valuable the lessons have been, and we have paid dearly enough for them, they have only repeated in modern expressions principles that have long ago been impressed upon us by the great teachers of old. In the use of cavalry especially we have been awakened up to the fact that horsemen properly employed have now as much influence in a campaign as at any other period of military history, and that, with slight modifications in tactics to meet the conditions of war due to modern weapons, they may consider that they have as important and glorious a rôle to play in future battles as any other arm which finds a place in war. It is tolerably clear that the most conspicuous failures of cavalry in modern campaigns are not to be attributed entirely, or even in great part, to the improvement in modern firearms, but are to be traced to causes which are definite and ought to be well known. We must remember that, when gunpowder was first introduced, the old warriors of the time thought that chivalry was at an end and that the gallant riders, who had been the power in battles, would no more have a place in war. We know that this idea was soon dispelled and, when lightened and rendered more manageable in manœuvre, horse soldiers showed that they retained all their importance.

As the centuries roll on, the same idea that the days of cavalry are past has from time to time

cropped up, always to be proved unfounded. The false idea has been very prevalent, even among so-called experienced soldiers, in our own day. Again it has been controverted by experience, and again it has become our duty to study fundamental principles and to build upon them methods for our future guidance. Of these fundamental principles, perhaps the most able and successful exponent that ever lived was the Prussian General Seydlitz. He appears in history as the greatest cavalry officer of modern times. The feats that he performed have never been equalled and the soldier of to-day may find in the story of his campaigns much of example, much of instruction, much subject for careful thought.

Frederic de Seydlitz was born in 1721, and in his youth was in the household of the Margrave de Schwedt, a prince whose amusements were, to say the least, eccentric, but, in following them, he made young Seydlitz practice such tricks of horsemanship as gave him for the rest of his life an extraordinarily strong hold of the saddle and an iron nerve that could be shaken by no difficulty or danger. Seydlitz was mounted on a wild stag which was afterwards pursued by hounds in the park; untrained horses had constantly to be backed, and master and follower were accustomed to gallop between the sails of a windmill in motion. Small wonder if in after days the general of cavalry believed that there was nothing impossible to a daring rider.

In his eighteenth year Seydlitz was appointed cornet in a regi-

ment of cuirassiers in the service of the King of Prussia, who was then on the point of declaring war with Austria and invading Silesia. His colonel was not inclined to welcome a rather wild young officer who had been brought up in a sporting and dissipated court, and the stern regimental discipline was brought severely to bear on the new cornet. With the prospect of active service however there was a chance of gaining glory and Seydlitz reconciled himself for the present to his commanding officer's manifest ill will. His opportunity soon came. The regiment of cuirassiers occupied the little town of Cranowitz which was apparently a strong position. Information was received that an attack might be expected from 5,000 Hungarians, and Cornet Seydlitz was directed to hold as an advanced post a small village situated in a narrow valley through which the enemy must march. Thirty cuirassiers were placed under his command and he was directed to maintain a defence until he should be relieved by some infantry. The young officer saw clearly that his colonel had intentionally given him an impossible task, but none the less he set to work to make careful preparations for defence, barricaded the approaches and disposed his handful of men so as to get the greatest benefit from their fire. The enemy soon appeared and advanced with confidence on the insignificant post. They were however received by so hot and determined a fire that they were obliged to fall back, and it was not until artillery had been brought into action and Seydlitz found himself surrounded on all sides, till his cartridges were expended and most of his men were *hors de combat*, that he listened, after several hours, to proposals

that he should surrender. He received the most honourable terms in yielding himself and his troop as prisoners of war, indeed the terms are worth remarking, as showing what were then considered to be great concessions to a gallant enemy who had fought well. Seydlitz himself was permitted to retain his horse and his arms, while each of his men kept his clothing, belts, valise and the *scabbard of his sword*.

The colonel of the cuirassiers had heard the noise of the fusillade without making any attempt to support Seydlitz; but after some delay the brigadier-general himself came on the scene and moved against the enemy, only to be repulsed with heavy loss, and this circumstance was fortunate for Seydlitz as it proved with what overwhelming forces he had had to deal. A report of the true facts about the young cornet's gallant defence reached the King and orders were given that an Austrian captain should be given in exchange for so promising a subaltern.

There is little of real cavalry work to be found in this, Seydlitz' first action, but he sufficiently proved that a good officer can carry himself with honour, even under the most unfavourable circumstances and that dismounted cavalry properly handled are quite capable of holding a defensive position to good effect. The story of the manner in which he gained his promotion to the rank of captain is very characteristic of Seydlitz and illustrates his principle that a mounted man is capable of anything. In 1743, after a review at Berlin, he found himself with other officers riding on the King's staff. He was asked by Frederick to relate the details of his capitulation at Cranowitz, and in telling the story he excused himself for ha-

ing yielded as a prisoner, saying that unfortunately he was acting on foot and that a cavalry officer ought never to be taken as long as he was mounted. The King listened and said nothing, but, a few minutes later, having crossed the Spree by a drawbridge, he ordered that it should be raised and, turning to Seydlitz, said "Well, now you are mounted and yet you are my prisoner." Seydlitz without hesitation turned his horse's head at the stone parapets and leapt into the river which he was lucky enough to be able to cross without mischance. The King was so pleased with his coolness and determination that on the spot he gave him the command of a squadron of hussars in the regiment of Natzmer.

The campaign of Silesia pursued its course and, in every action Seydlitz gave proof of his undaunted courage, and better still of his skill in handling his men and hurling them against the enemy at the critical moment in battle. He became Major after Hohenfriedberg at the age of twenty-four, and during the period of repose following the peace of Dresden, he was promoted successively to be Lieutenant-Colonel and Colonel, and when only thirty-three he was placed in command of the regiment of cuirassiers in which he had commenced his career fifteen years before.

There are many anecdotes related about Seydlitz' method of command, both in the hussars and cuirassiers, and all show him to have been as good and genial a comrade off parade as he was keen, stern and uncompromising in the performance of all duty. In his spare moments he was devoted to the chase in all its forms, but of leisure he allowed himself little, for the Prussian cavalry had been allowed to deteriorate

and there was much to be done in working up his officers and men to meet his ideas of efficiency. Horsemanship was, in his eyes, the most important qualification of a cavalry soldier, and he considered no man a horseman who was not prepared to break and ride any animal and who could not make his way over any country however rough. He manoeuvred his cavalry over hill and dale, made them swim flooded rivers, and would not allow them to be checked by any obstacle, by any accident of ground. Of course there were many accidents among his men, but these he little regarded, looking upon them as a sacrifice which must be paid in peace in order to secure due preparation for war. One day the King said to him, "How comes it, Seydlitz, that so many men break their necks in your regiment?" "Your Majesty has only to give the order," replied the Colonel, "and there shall be no more accidents; but then I cannot consider myself to blame, if the regiment does not do its duty before the enemy."

Next to horsemanship, Seydlitz insisted on expertness in the use of sword and carbine. Himself a past master in handling all weapons, a powerful swordsman and able to load carbine or pistol at full gallop and to shoot straight,* he could personally show the standard to which his men were to aspire, and trust to their spirit of imitation. Everything relating to the efficiency of the soldier had his constant attention, uniform, equipment, saddlery and supplies

* He could shoot equally well on horseback or on foot. It is told that he could hit with a pistol-bullet a thaler, if anyone would hold it up between finger and thumb, and, a still greater exhibition of nerve, he would hold the thaler himself as a mark for a soldier who was a good shot. From the window of his quarters he often cut the cord which rang the village bell, and he made a certainty of smashing the stem of a tobacco-pipe stuck in the earth.

for man and horse. He showed himself that rare combination, an officer who was equally solicitous about, and at home in great operations and in the interior economy and stable management of a corps. He could not fail to achieve success by his strenuous efforts and his regiment was, by the King, set before the whole cavalry of Prussia as a model for imitation.

The Seven Years' War broke out in 1756 and, during its course, Seydlitz was fated to play one of the most prominent parts. He shared in the battle of Lowositz and covered the Prussian retreat after the disastrous day at Kollin. He had distinguished himself during the action in the reiterated charges upon the Austrian infantry, and, though, after so serious a reverse, the King was in no mood for freely granting rewards, he promoted Seydlitz to be Major-General. He was then thirty-six. He was placed in command of an hussar brigade and, being now able to act on his own initiative, he successfully carried out several enterprises as skilfully conceived as they were daring. One of the most remarkable was when he mastered the little town of Pegau which was strongly held by the enemy. He had no infantry but he had taught his hussars to be equal to any service. A squadron dismounted and managed to make their way to one of the gates, carrying petards. The obstacle was blown into fragments and the Prussian squadrons, charging at speed across the stone bridge over the Elster, penetrated the town. The Austrians could not withstand the impetuosity of the attack and fell back from their defences. Seydlitz pursued them through the streets, and drove them before him, taking several hundred prisoners.

But the position of the Prussian armies had become very critical. By the convention of Kloster-Seven, the King had lost the support of Hanover and the French army was now in the field against him. The greater part of his troops were fully occupied in opposing Marshal Daun, and he himself had only 15,000 men with which to meet the Prince de Soubise at the head of three times that number.

Needless to follow all the movements of the armies. They ended in the King's retirement to Erfurth, while Seydlitz was left to hold Gotha with twenty squadrons. In the face of vastly superior forces he could do little more than harass the enemy, striving by his ubiquitous activity to convey the impression that he was at the head of a powerful division. For some days he was successful in holding his ground, but, when Soubise marched against him with 6,000 infantry, 4,000 cavalry and four guns, he was forced to evacuate Gotha. He took position on the neighbouring heights however, spreading out his men in single lines and dismounting a portion of them to give the appearance of a considerable corps of both cavalry and infantry. The enemy thought that they had secured Gotha and, while the main body distributed themselves to occupy the town, some followed in pursuit of the Prussians, and great was their astonishment when they saw what they took to be a large army in position. Seydlitz, to deceive them still further, sent one of his men as a feigned deserter towards the Austrians, who reported that the King himself had arrived with all his army. The advance of the Austrians checked and then turned into a hurried retreat. Seydlitz in his turn became the

attacker and charged back into Gotha without encountering any serious resistance. The Austrians in the town were seized with panic and did not attempt to form for defence but fled precipitately. Soubise himself escaped with difficulty, and the small force of Prussian cavalry not only regained possession of the town and scattered an army in flight but also took many officers and men as prisoners and possessed themselves of a large and valuable booty in horses, baggage, guns and varied equipment. Truly, to use an expression with which we are now only too familiar, Seydlitz then showed that he could practice "slimness" in a manner as effective as it was audacious.

But the day of Seydlitz' greatest triumph was approaching, the combat whose name was to be linked indissolubly with his own throughout history. On November 4th, 1757, the King of Prussia was encamped near Rosbach with an army of not more than 22,000 men, separated by a deep and wide ravine from Soubise's combined force of French and Austrians, between 50,000 and 60,000 strong. Behind him was the river Saale, so that retreat would be difficult, if not impossible, and it almost appeared as if a decisive victory was a certainty for the Allies. Soubise was confident that he had his enemy in his power, and, on November 5th, leaving a division to watch the Prussian front, he moved the rest of his array to cut the King off from the Saale bridges by a flank march. But he little knew the lately-acquired manœuvring power of the Prussians. Their camp was struck in the twinkling of an eye and, with 4,000 cavalry in advance, they also began a movement to head off Soubise, under cover of a chain of gentle

heights. The King had that day placed Seydlitz in chief command of all his cavalry, thus superseding many older generals. Seydlitz saw the difficulty of his position, but he solved it in his own simple and dignified fashion by saying, "Gentlemen, I must obey the King and you will obey me. Forward."

The two armies were simultaneously on the move, each now trying to outflank the other. In each the cavalry was in advance. The allied horsemen were fifty-two squadrons under the Duc de Broglie, the Prussians were thirty-six squadrons under Seydlitz, who for the first time in action formed his horsemen in two ranks instead of three, a change in tactics which, since then, has been the rule in all armies. The Prussians were marching on interior lines, and Seydlitz was in short space able to conceal his squadrons athwart the course followed by the Duc de Broglie, who, all unconscious that he was to be met so soon, was pressing hurriedly forward. The King had placed the mass of his artillery on a slight eminence on Seydlitz' right flank, while his infantry battalions were rapidly closing up in support. The whole initiative was left to Seydlitz, who was to choose his own moment of action. His attack was to be the signal for the artillery to open fire and for the infantry to pass into action. The fortune of the battle was entirely in his hands.

Everything was ready, and there was a time of breathless anticipation. Every eye was fixed on Seydlitz, who sat motionless on his horse far in front of the line. His pipe was in his mouth, and he slowly smoked, as he watched De Broglie's columns exposing their flank more and more. Suddenly the general threw

his pipe over his head and drew his sword. At the signal 4,000 sabres leaped from their scabbards, and the horsemen of Prussia in two waves of glancing steel hurled themselves headlong on the enemy. The artillery commenced its thunder, and the grenadiers deployed into fighting order.

Seydlitz fell upon the Allies with lightning stroke. De Broglie, startled to find himself attacked in flank, in vain strove to repair the disorder caused in his squadrons by their hasty march. No time was given to him. Before his men were formed, the Prussians were upon them; and, bravely as the French fought, they could do nothing, for they were ill-commanded and had no cohesion in their manœuvres. What could individual courage accomplish against the serried Prussian lines? The allied cavalry everywhere gave way, shattered by Seydlitz' cuirassiers. In vain Soubise himself dashed to the front. He was swept away in the panic flight of his cavalry. The combat lasted barely half an hour, and its result to the vanquished was made more crushing by the unlooked-for appearance of a hollow way in their line of retreat. Into this horses and men heaped themselves pell-mell in their terror-stricken gallop till the hollow was filled by a struggling living mass. Whole squadrons surrendered at discretion, and De Broglie's fifty-two squadrons had ceased to exist as a military body.

But the day was not yet over, and Seydlitz quickly rallied and re-formed his men for further efforts. The allied infantry was arriving on the scene, and found itself opposed by the King himself with his grenadiers. Again it was seen how helpless are even good troops when they are badly

handled and are unable to deploy their strength in time. The steady volleys of the Prussian infantry and the murderous fire of artillery decimated the French and Austrians in the leading battalions and carried destruction even to those which in dense columns were crowding from the rear. Never were troops in a more helpless condition, and soon they began to be demoralised. The heads of columns checked, gave way and fell back in disorder. The moment had arrived for which Seydlitz' eagle eye had been watching. He threw himself with all his cavalry upon the shaken and yielding allied infantry, with the most paralysing effect. Whole battalions were surrounded and taken prisoners. Many surrendered almost without firing a shot, though some brigades offered a stern resistance and even crossed bayonets with the Prussian sabres. But nothing could long stand against the dash of the Royal guard and White Cuirassiers. There was a terrible *mêlée* for a time, but the end was inevitable. The whole army of Soubise melted away in absolute ruin, and never could be again rallied. It was not only defeated; it was disbanded, and its menace to the King of Prussia was finally and completely removed.

Modern history offers no example of a victory as complete as was that of Rosbach, gained too in so short a time over an army infinitely superior in number. And of that victory Seydlitz was the acknowledged hero. Never before and never since have cavalry been more admirably handled in battle; never has the moment for effective action been more nicely calculated, more effectively utilised than in the two great charges made by Seydlitz against the allied cavalry and in-

fantry. As examples of the power of horse soldiers they are perfect. The cavalry was outmanœuvred and taken at a disadvantage, while no attempt was made on the infantry until it was shaken and disorganised by the previous fire of artillery and musketry. The opportunities no doubt were superlatively good, but the insight which recognised and the decision which took advantage of them are above all praise, and must ever remain a model for imitation. Even in our own day, when weapons are altered and tactics have been modified, we can hardly doubt that opportunities may again present themselves to a cavalry general, which, if not exactly similar in their nature, will when properly utilised give equally decisive results.

And it was in recognising the real opportunities of cavalry action that Seydlitz was supremely gifted. At the battle of Zorndorf, the next important engagement that occurred after Rosbach, Seydlitz twice received orders from the King to attack, but to each message he sent the reply that he did not wish to expose his men needlessly, and that he hoped to be able to charge soon, when he could do so with effect. The King sent a third order, saying that, after the battle, his head would pay for continued disobedience. "Say to the King," replied Seydlitz, "that after the battle he may dispose of my head as he pleases, but, till then, he must permit me to use it for his service to the best advantage." He had not long to wait. In pursuing a first success, the Russian enemy exposed themselves, and Seydlitz at once made a charge which turned the fortune of the day. Three times more during that hard-fought battle he was able to launch his invincible

squadrons upon the enemy, and nothing could show more conclusively how perfect were the discipline that he had taught and the care that he had bestowed on the well-being of horse and man than that he could have so often rallied his troopers, and charged with crushing effect. Zorndorf raised the fame of Seydlitz to the highest pinnacle. After the battle the King embraced him with gratitude, saying, "Another victory that I owe to you!" "Not to me, Sire," replied Seydlitz, "but to the brave soldiers that I command."

Space is wanting to trace, even in the slightest manner, the services of the great cavalry general in the remaining battles of the Seven Years War. He covered the retreat after the disastrous day of Hochkirch, and to him alone was it due that the Prussian army then escaped complete annihilation. At Kunersdorf he was compelled by the imperative order of the King to attack, when, in his judgment, neither the time nor the place were fitting. How could it have been expected that the fate of his cavalry would have been otherwise than to fall back time after time broken and unsuccessful when called upon to charge unbroken infantry in a strong position?

At Kunersdorf Seydlitz was severely wounded and he had afterwards to retire to Berlin for treatment. There he fell a victim to the charms of the young Countess de Hacke, who, like everyone in Prussian society, had shown the warmest interest in the brilliant soldier. In asking the King's permission to be married, knowing that the application would be looked upon with no great approbation in view of the imminent military operations, he wrote thus: "I humbly request your Majesty

to allow me to marry the Countess de Hacke on the day previous to my departure to join the army. My desire not to be left to the care of servants when I may be again wounded is not the least among the motives which induce me to solicit this favour from the King. If my zeal for his service could be increased, it would be so by the granting of this favour." Seydlitz certainly here proved that he understood the art of putting things in a manner that could not encounter any denial. The King however gave his cordial sanction, and Seydlitz was married in April, 1760. He rejoined the army, but his health had given way altogether and he was again obliged to go to Berlin for rest and nursing. Even there however he was able, though in an enfeebled state, to do good service to his country. When the town was threatened by the Russians and Austrians he organised its defence and for a time was able to hold the enemy at bay, though his little force of invalids and civilians could not secure a permanent success.

In 1761 and 1762 he was again in the field, but now he was no longer the general of cavalry only and was employed in the command of all three arms. At Freyburg indeed he marched at the head of the Prussian infantry. As ever he distinguished himself by his cool judgment as much as by his undaunted courage. Many successes were due to him, and many reverses might have been avoided if his advice had been followed. The Seven Years War came to an end in 1763, and for the rest of his career Seydlitz was employed in the peace training and administration of the cavalry which he had loved so well and led so gallantly. Stricken with illness as he was and in the pos-

session of the highest rank, he still remained the daring and brilliant horseman of a quarter of a century earlier. As a general he repeated the hazardous feats of his youth, and would gallop between the sails of a windmill in motion; again, followed by his escort, he leaped his horse over a small country carriage which he met making its way over the sandy plain near his headquarters.

In an age when there was more military license than in our own days, Seydlitz was remarkable for his disinterestedness. He countenanced no personal requisitions or plunder in war and, though he had many occasions of enriching himself, his reputation remained without a stain. He forbade pillage among his troops and made it a point of honour that such practices should be considered unworthy of a soldier.

Happy is the man to whom is given, once or twice in his life, the opportunity of showing what great things he can do, and Frederick de Seydlitz had this happiness; but he had so prepared himself that, when the opportunities came, he was able to use them to the uttermost. We have many cavalry officers in England's service, who by taste, disposition and training are quite capable of taking the highest position in future wars and of doing as good service to their Sovereign and country as did the great Prussian cavalry general. It might not be difficult now to name some who have gone far to build up an equally glorious reputation. It would do them no harm however to study again and yet again what were the principles on which he prepared the Prussian cavalry and led them in the Seven Years War. They cannot but learn lessons which have an unchanging value.

C. STEIN.

A Gun-Room Causerie.

THE ENJOYMENT OF SHOOTING.

IT is no longer the fashion for the sportsman to provide a pair of new guns for the opening day of the season, nor is it obligatory even to have a new shooting-suit, or, for the matter of that, to observe the legal opening day at all. Instead of looking forward to the "First" with pleasurable anticipation, trying on new garments, taking long walks, and having a few shots "to get one's hands in," too many of us are unaware of the approach of the season until it is upon us, and we make our opening day fit in to suit our business or pleasure, as soon after the "First" as may be convenient to ourselves. Then those who crowd too much into a day, as most of us do, ring up the gunmaker and telephone for cartridges, send a wire to the keeper, leave town by the latest express, dine hurriedly, sleep uncomfortably, and the next day labour so hard and with such poor results that they wonder whether shooting is really a pleasure.

There is no doubt that we work as hard at our sport as our forefathers did, but probably we do not enjoy it so much. The reason is that we shoot oftener in the day than was possible when one had to wait to load, so satisfy the desire to kill too frequently, and by rapid repetition stale the pleasure. Those who would enjoy sport to the full must afford the requisite time, for the pleasure derived from hunting is due to the quickening of natural impulses by the anticipation of the "catch." The chase, by retarding the climax, intensifies the anticipation and increases the

force of the impulse until the culminating point—the kill—is reached and the desire is satisfied. Frequently the culminating point is mistaken for the impulse, or, by various means, the growth of the impulse is unduly hastened so that shooting, instead of being an invigorating, healthful excitation of physiological functions, becomes only a wasteful, sensorial excitement that is fagged by repetition and, beyond certain limits, is injurious, because the impulse is derived from the forced activity of a few nerves, or cells, instead of all. In plain English, beware of too much shooting unaccompanied with other exercise, if you would enjoy the sport.

There is no question as to successful marksmanship affording the greatest pleasure to the shooter; but the man who seeks to gratify his longing to excel in that particular will only defeat his object by making marksmanship the be-all and end-all of the sport of shooting with the shot gun. Sport that is hard work is more pleasant to think about afterwards than to enjoy in the doing, but, personally, I would rather tire myself by long walking to get a few fair chances than habitually stand behind a screen and endeavour to drop all the birds driven within range of my guns.

As I rank sporting craft higher than mere ability to kill, I think more pleasure would be derived from endeavours to get within range of wild birds than is to be obtained by adding twenty yards to the killing range of one's gun. Many think otherwise, and for the wildfowler the range can never be too great, for wildfowl

cannot be driven as game birds are, nor would they give greater sport if they were. To me the only pleasure of wildfowling is that of stalking the birds. It is only when failure is so frequent that getting within range ceases to be sport, that the employment of improved weapons is justifiable.

The range limit for the best shooting gun that can be fired from the shoulder is about one hundred yards; beyond that distance there is no gun which will kill duck with the same certainty that one is accustomed to in shooting partridges at forty. The man who can get within a hundred yards of the wildfowl which frequent our coast is exceptionally skilful; the ordinary able wildfowler can scarcely count upon getting within six score yards, and the average sportsman is fortunate if he gets within a hundred and fifty yards at other times than when flapper shooting.

The punt gun can be used, but it would afford no sport to most game shots. As unsportsmanlike is the employment of that machine-gun repeater produced some twenty years ago by a Liège gunmaker, and still occasionally met with on the Scheldt. The sportsman who wants a weapon he can handle, and fire from the shoulder with comfort, will shy at the 4-bore duck gun, and absolutely refuse its clumsier brother the 2-bore. The 8-bore is outranged, and to me there appear

to be but three ways of solving the problem. The first is to use a nine- or thirteen-barrelled rifle which fires all its shots simultaneously. I have shot one having nine barrels of .220 bore, and it carried to 150 yards with fair accuracy, but the nine pellets at that distance are so far apart that for one to hit the particular bird aimed at is a remote chance. The second is to use a 12-gauge gun specially regulated for large shot. This is cheaper, more easily obtainable, and quite as effective as the multi-barrelled rifle. The third way is to shoot wildfowl singly with miniature rifles as one does rabbits. This last method will satisfy the sportsman, but, of course, does not fill the requirements of the pot-hunting wildfowler.

The 12-gauge gun will fire nine buckshot one-quarter-inch size, thus about the same diameter, though less than half the length and weight of the rook-rifle bullet. It will throw the nine shot into a smaller circle at 150 yards than the average sportsman can place nine bullets, fired consecutively, from a miniature rifle. The velocity is sufficient to kill the common sea-fowl at even greater distances, and as the double gun gives practically eighteen chances of hitting to one from the rifle, the double small-gauge gun I believe to be the best weapon for those who go wildfowling for sport.

TRIGGER.

Prominent Members of Our Jockey Club.

IT may not be uninteresting to know that in the present year the Jockey Club consists of about eighty members, and that there are few, indeed, who do not take an active part in our sport, that is to say, figure as owners of racehorses, and have colours registered at Old Burlington Street. Of the number just mentioned there are two-and-twenty honorary members, including the Master of the Buckhounds, who also figures as a member in his own right; then there are the Stewards of the Irish Turf Club; President and Vice-President, and the three Stewards of the French Jockey Club; President of the New York Jockey Club; Chairman of the Victoria Racing Club; Chairman of the Australian Jockey Club, New South Wales. The honorary members also include seven foreigners, and the years fixed against their names are given to show the date of election to the Club. These foreign sportsmen are headed by the King of the Belgians (1866); then comes the Grand Duke Vladimir, of Russia (1871), Count Elmer Batthyany (1893), Comte de Berteux (1890), Prince d'Arenberg (1896), M. Henri Delamarre (1896), Count Tassalo Festetics (1880), Comte de Juigne (1896), Count Lehendorff (1895); while the only Englishman was the late Lord Russell of Killowen (1895). As our Chief Justice of England, of course, his lordship could not well register colours, nor take an active racing part, but he used to breed a racehorse or two at Tadworth, and they were generally leased or sold to John Porter for their racing career. Still, if Lord Russell could not run the horses that he bred, when opportunity permitted he liked to visit Kingsclere; again, too,

he seldom missed the paddock at Ascot, Kempton, or Sandown, and was always a conspicuous figure at Epsom in the Jockey Club Stand. By his death the Turf has indeed lost a true helping hand.

Members of the Jockey Club who have not registered racing colours are the Duke of Cambridge (1872), Prince Christian (1868), and the Duke of Connaught (1872). Although not registered, we have, however, seen the Duke of Connaught's colours on a racecourse—in fact, in 1881 he won a Military Steeplechase at Aldershot with a horse called Blarney. The jacket the latter carried was a darkish green and black stripes, and a black cap; and it was Major Dalbiac, recently killed out at the Cape, who successfully wore the colours. But we shall, it seems, now see more of the Duke's racing livery, for he has signified his intention of placing some racers and chasers under the care of Mr. T. Lushington at Eyrefield Lodge.

Of the ordinary members—Lord Colville (1869), Duke of Richmond (1838), the Earl of Cork and Orrery (1866), Sir Reginald Graham (1869), neither have colours in the Old Burlington list; and the same may be written of Comte de Juigne, Prince d'Arenberg, and Count Batthyany—although we have seen the two first-named run horses on this side of the channel; and the name of Batthyany should ever keep in the mind the bright green jacket of the late Count in connection with that splendid racer, Galopin.

Of the Royal and Imperial Jockey Club members the Prince of Wales, as an owner of racehorses, of course, is most prominent. His Royal Highness was

elected in the Club in 1864, but it was not until 1886 that his rich racing livery was seen at a meeting under Newmarket rules, and here the late Fred Archer was the first to wear them at Sandown Park, and they were successful. Since then they have been worn with great and popular success on such as Persimmon, Thais, Diamond Jubilee, Florizel II., &c., victories of times so recent that it is not necessary to make further mention of them here. But, as an owner, the Prince has been most fortunate; and if Diamond Jubilee succeeds in the St. Leger, His Royal Highness will have attained the height of the ambition of all owners to win the "triple crown." The only Jockey Club members living who have accomplished this feat are Sir F. Johnstone (1860) and Lord Alington (1876) conjointly, with Common, and Mr. H. McCalmont with Isinglass. The appended table will show the Prince of Wales' winnings since he raced first in 1886 to the end of Goodwood; but the figures, of course, do not include the second and third prizes, nor His Royal Highness's steeplechase victories. The average is nevertheless a splendid one, as the seventy-one events the Prince has won realise a trifle over £1,296 per race.

Year.	No Races.	Value. of Races.
1886 ...	2 ...	296
1887 ...	— ...	—
1888 ...	— ...	—
1889 ...	2 ...	204
1890 ...	4 ...	694
1891 ...	7 ...	4,148½
1892 ...	1 ...	190
1893 ...	2 ...	372
1894 ...	5 ...	3,499
1895 ...	11 ...	8,281
1896 ...	12 ...	26,819
1897 ...	9 ...	15,770
1898 ...	6 ...	6,560
1899 ...	5 ...	2,139
1900 ...	5 ...	22,997½
Total	71	... £92,020

Of our present three ruling stewards the Hon. W. H. Fitzwilliam (1875), the Earl of Crewe (1895), and Lord Harewood (1873), the first-named seldom, if ever, races; the Earl of Crewe has only a few horses in training, but Lord Harewood has raced for years, and perhaps Queen's Birthday, Mousquetaire, and Nunthorpe were the best to carry his colours before he came into his present title. Then, running through the list of members in the order in which they stand, Lord Alington figures alone in the A's, and besides the share already referred to with Sir F. Johnstone (Common), jointly they have won classic races with Brigantine, St. Blaize, and Throstle. Then in the "B's" preference must be given as a racehorse owner to Mr. Douglas Baird (1887) and Mr. T. H. Barclay (1890). The former owned Enterprise, Enthusiast, Martagon, Briar Root, Musa, and the recent Goodwood Cup Stakes Mazagan, and the best horse T. H. Barclay ever owned was that popular horse, Bendigo. In the "C's," comes Lord Coventry (1860). Then there is Mr. Henry Chaplin, M.P. (1864), and that also good sportsman, Lord Cadogan (1882). The last-mentioned has perhaps not been so successful racing as the other two, and like Lord Coventry, he never won a classic race. The Master of the Buckhounds in the 'sixties and 'seventies was very busy with the brown and blue cap, both flat racing and steeplechasing; the Cesarewitch, Goodwood Stakes, among other events, in the former and Emblem and Emblematic, to wit, in the other. But of recent years his lordship has taken more interest in hunting and agricultural pursuits;

and so has Mr. Chaplin. To the latter, however, Hermit and Galopin must have been a fortune at Blankney, and so far as Mr. Chaplin's racing career goes, the close battle between Hermit and Marksman in 1867 should never be forgotten. Sir F. Johnstone and Mr. Chaplin, we may add, are the oldest members of the Jockey Club living who have won the Derby.

The Duke of Devonshire (1883), the Earl of Derby (1894) and Lord Durham (1884), are all prominent members, and the services rendered by the last mentioned have been of very much value; indeed, his outspoken speech at the Gimcrack Club, and his breaking up of a "jockey ring" was highly appreciated by those who have the welfare of the sport at heart. Again, it is now on record in Lord Durham's racing career, that he pressed for the "starting gate," and it seems that eventually all our races will be set going by this machine, for next season, for the two and three-year-old races it will be used. Perhaps in his career the best bit of good fortune Lord Durham met with occurred this spring, when he won the Century Stakes at Sandown worth £10,180, with a moderate horse like Osbeck. Lord Durham has never won a classic race, neither did his father, but the Duke of Devonshire once scored in the One Thousand with Belphœbe, and Lord Derby succeeded in the Oaks with Canterbury Pilgrim. Morions, the Ascot Cup winner, was perhaps the best horse ever owned by the Duke of Devonshire.

The Earl of Ellesmere (1879), with Hampton at Stetchworth, has perhaps done better at breeding than racing, and Viscount Falmouth (1898) will be very fortunate if ever he approaches the success of his father. The present Viscount's stud is too

small to even attempt it. In the "G's," Sir Waldie Griffiths (1897) has met with a fair amount of success in a short period; and there are plenty of historic events that could be recorded in the career of Mr. J. H. Houldsworth (1874), of whom it may not be generally known that he is compelled under will to race. The best horse ever to carry the green and gold was Springfield, and we should say Lord Hastings never owned a better than his Derby winner Melton, who is doing so much good just now for Mr. Musker. Sir Frederick Johnstone we have already referred to, and much might be written of Sir Robert Jardine (1877), who some time ago retired from Turf pursuits. It may be mentioned, however, that Pretender was the last Yorkshire-trained horse to win Sir Robert his only Derby. The Marquis of Londonderry (1884) seems to have partly left the sport for politics, and so has the Hon. James Lowther (1882), who like Admiral Rous and Lord Durham, has nevertheless rendered himself famous in racing reforms. Mr. Lowther, however, has still a few horses in training. Mr. H. McCalmont (1893) also has fewer horses in training than he had in the days of that grand horse Isinglass, and we seldom now see the colours of Lord March (1879), who nevertheless did much good for the Turf while filling office as steward.

Lord Penrhyn (1887), even before coming into his title, as Mr. "Moreton" and the Hon. Douglas Pennant, took the same keen interest in the sport as he does now; but of the "P" division the Duke of Portland (1881) stands out most prominently. Of the living members he has won most money on the Turf, and the appended table of his winnings may be read with interest.

Year.	Races won.	Value of Races.
1882 ...	8 ...	1,951½
1883 ...	8 ...	9,203½
1884 ...	16 ...	8,782
1885 ...	18 ...	8,533½
1886 ...	12 ...	4,509
1887 ...	12 ...	9,554½
1888 ...	19 ...	26,811½
1889 ...	23 ...	73,858½
1890 ...	14 ...	25,203
1891 ...	12 ...	5,208
1892 ...	14 ...	7,338
1893 ...	6 ...	15,527
1894 ...	11 ...	11,301
1895 ...	6 ...	6,743
1896 ...	6 ...	5,347
1897 ...	1 ...	497
1898 ...	4 ...	622
1899 ...	11 ...	6,654
1900 ...	5 ...	9,430

Total ... 206 £237,074½

It will therefore be seen that the best season the Duke of Portland has had was in 1889, and the worst in 1897-98; he picked up a little last year, and his fourth Oaks this season is included in his returns, which like all the other totals do not include second and third monies. Every classic race has the Duke won, as well as the Ascot and Goodwood Cups, with St. Simon, who has been a gold mine to the Welbeck Stud. His Grace in 1883 only gave 1,600 guineas for the son of Galopin and St. Angelo, who in an unbeaten career won ten races worth only £4,676½. At the end of his three-year-old career St. Simon was sent to the stud, and appended are the details of a remarkable career.

Year.	Winning Horses.	Races Won.	Value of Races.
1889 ...	9 ...	34 ...	24,280½
1890 ...	13 ...	27 ...	32,799½
1891 ...	18 ...	25 ...	26,890½
1892 ...	20 ...	47 ...	55,995
1893 ...	23 ...	45 ...	36,369½
1894 ...	23 ...	44 ...	42,092
1895 ...	18 ...	35 ...	30,485
1896 ...	23 ...	38 ...	59,740
1897 ...	16 ...	23 ...	22,541
1898 ...	13 ...	22 ...	15,210
1899 ...	26 ...	31 ...	17,505½
1900 ...	14 ...	21 ...	47,546
Total ...	216	392	£237,074½

The above tables are calculated up to the end of the Goodwood Meeting, and big as the total of the Duke of Portland appears, his average of winnings works out at less than that of His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales. The Duke of Portland's 206 races during his career average a little over £1,102½ a race.

Another very successful and popular member of the Jockey Club is Lord Rosebery (1870), and the same may be written of Mr. Leopold de Rothschild (1881), and Mr. C. D. Rose, (1891). We should say that the best bearer of the blue and yellow cap was St. Frusquin, who was unlucky to have been foaled in the same year as Persimmon. It was the same with Mr. Rose whose Ravensbury fell in the same season as Isinglass. But it may be that Cyllene was the best horse that ever carried the blue-black sleeves and red cap. Lord Rosebery has raced for many years. He has won all the five classic races, but there is no doubt one of the proudest moments of his life was, when Prime Minister, Ladas won him the Derby. Prince Soltykoff's (1867) colours are always well received, and so years ago were those of General Owen Williams (1881) and the Marquis of Zetland (1875).

In conclusion, we may add that the Duke of Richmond and Gordon is the oldest living member of the Club. His Grace was elected as far back as 1838, and then comes a wide gap, for we have to come to 1860, the year the Earl of Coventry and Sir Frederick Johnstone entered the Club; four years later comes Mr. Henry Chaplin. Apparently the last member elected was Mr. J. W. Larnach at the recent July meeting of the Club.

How are we to Breed Cavalry Horses?

It may sound rather gimcrack to take up a theme from the lessons which this South African war has taught us but probably your readers will be interested in a review of the situation as regards the means that must be employed towards the encouragement of the home breeding of horses for cavalry and mounted infantry purposes. It is well to know that the War Office, as well as the country generally, is alive to this question, and its ventilation has brought forth an abundant crop of suggestions, both practical and the reverse. Mr. Phillpotts Williams has suggested a scheme of horse breeding and rearing by Government on a large scale on tracts of land leased or purchased for the purpose, and has asked the Hunters Improvement Society to throw its *ægis* over it. Yet it needs but a few practical tests to show how little chance there is of such a scheme being adopted, or, indeed, that it is desirable. It would require a tremendous outlay in the first instance to acquire land capable of carrying from twelve to twenty thousand horses, and this would be below the number required for breeding and rearing purposes. The pastures would soon wear out and require changing, and the whole scheme would be so gigantic, as well as so averse from our policy as a nation, which is essentially one of encouraging voluntary effort, that we feel sure no Government of the present day would be bold enough to advocate it.

We must turn, therefore, to the more economical and constitutional ways that unfold themselves in the encouragement of local and voluntary efforts, spread as widely as possible over our agricultural

and pastoral districts. How is this to be done? The War Office has approached the council of the Hunters Improvement Society with the view of receiving suggestions. Its first idea seems to have been to offer prizes at such local shows as the H. I. Society might name for horses of this description. Horse-show prizes are all very well in their way, but at all events in the eyes of the council of the H. I. Society this would be but a very small and inefficient means to the end in view. Horse showing has become a science in itself, and not a fiftieth part of the people likely to be brought into such a breeding scheme would trouble to compete for these prizes, or thus be induced to breed at all. No. The War Office should, in the opinion of the H. I. Society, come into more direct contact with our home breeders than this.

The principle of offering premiums to thoroughbred sires through the medium of the Royal Commission on Horse Breeding has now been in working order for many years, and has done good, only it is not sufficiently cosmopolitan. What are twenty-nine stallions spread over the whole of England, Wales and Scotland, endowed with an annual premium of £150? It is a mere flea-bite as a nucleus to national hunter-breeding, a practice which is at present admitted not to be a remunerative one as a general rule. A committee of the H. I. Society has lately been engaged in sifting the suggestions made to it by many of its members, and has come to the conclusion that there is a way by which much might be done, if only the Government and the War Office

will advance an important step to meet them in this matter.

In the first place, I consider that the Government should strengthen the hands of the Royal Commission on Horse Breeding by placing in their hands sufficient funds to send forth annually sixty, or perhaps one hundred, thoroughbred sound sires at £200 each, tenable for two years, provided a certificate of continued soundness was produced at the commencement of the second year. It should be a condition of such premiums that each horse should serve, say, forty mares each year gratis, provided that every such mare was registered, and her produce at three years old should be subject to pre-emption by the Government at £35, such produce to be taken to certain fairs chosen in every district, where the Government buyers should be present.

As a further means towards the same end the Government should lend for breeding purposes their cast-off mares free from hereditary diseases to breeders under this registration scheme, with the same right of pre-emption as suggested above. Thus some thousands of young horses would be provided for army purposes in the home market, and their breeders be fairly remunerated. Besides which their purchase money would be circulated in this country, instead of abroad, and the agricultural interest would benefit.

This at first sight may seem plain sailing enough, because the annual sum to subsidize these Queen's premium horses is not by any means a large one, when compared with the momentous question of raising the number and standard of our cavalry and artillery horses, and thus rendering us to a certain extent independent of foreign purchasing, at

all events in times of peace ; but we find ourselves, nevertheless, in a difficulty because the Government at present shake their heads at our suggestion of buying horses at three years old, and unless this can be done our scheme falls to the ground, inasmuch as farmers could not be expected to keep young horses for a longer period than the autumn of their three-year-old career subject to the right of pre-emption we have suggested. It would be unremunerative to them to do so, and if this right of pre-emption were to end at three years old without any purchases having been made, the Government would find that at four years old the best horses had been sold, and gone into other hands. They would more often have to deal with the middle man at an enhanced price, or get an inferior article. Why, however, should the War Office decline to buy at three years old ? Because it appears to us that thus they could train horses for their purposes at that age much more thoroughly than by any other means. It would be easy to have dépôts, where these young horses would be dealt with systematically, and by the autumn of their four-year-old career would be fit to be drafted into their regular work. It is absurd to say that no horse is fit for cavalry work until he is five years old, because so much depends upon the teaching he has had, which is equal to seasoning, and having been brought up to the trade, as it were, he settles down to it better and will stand it easier than the newcomer a year or two older. Besides which we should thus have our cavalry horses more uniform, and with fewer casts-off. With all our increased space on Salisbury Plain I am sure that these dépôts could be

cheaply and usefully maintained, and that our scheme could be made to work admirably.

It may not be generally known, but I have ascertained it as a fact, that the German Government buy annually in East Yorkshire alone at least 800 foals for cavalry purposes at an average from £8 to £12 each, and ship them at Hull for their depôt farms. As things now wag we cannot afford to be left behind other European nations in efficiency, let the department of service be what it may; and although we cannot expect to be able to supply all our wants in the way of cavalry horses at home, we shall be at least doing very much towards it by encouragement somewhat on the lines now suggested, or on others of a like nature, which mature discussion may bring to light. Let it, however, be pointed out most distinctly that the home-breeding of cavalry horses at the present time entirely depends on the willingness of the War Office to buy at three years old, and to deal on settled terms with the breeders, rather than the middle man.

I should like to enter here into the question of the breeding of ponies for cavalry purposes, as the one naturally grows out of the other, but this is hardly so ripe for discussion, until we see how the Government proposes to deal with the mounted infantry, the coming force of the future. Probably we shall see a company of mounted infantry (or perhaps more) attached to *every* battalion of the line—an almost indispensable adjunct to its efficiency in the field. That this force should be mounted on ponies rather than on horses abundant arguments may be put forward to prove. These I have already ventured to urge in your columns, therefore I

will not go over the same ground again. That ponies, however, will take their due share in our Imperial warfare of the future, I make no doubt, nor do I hesitate to prognosticate that the cavalry of the future will not be burdened with impossible weights, and thus rendered ineffective, as of yore. If anything were wanted to demonstrate the efficiency of ponies for mounted soldiers, it is scarcely necessary to look beyond the facts so excellently put forward in Sir Walter Gilbey's little book on "Small Horses in Warfare."

Associated with this question of breeding cavalry horses is the Yeomanry. That our Yeomanry have done grand service to their country in South Africa all will acclaim—a voluntary service, too, which is not likely soon to fade from our memories. Henceforth the Yeomanry will stand much higher in public estimation than they have hitherto done, and who are more interested in the problem of breeding cavalry horses at home than the Yeomanry? Drawn as they are for the most part from the better class of farmers and country tradesmen, they not only know what horse is required for the purpose, but they would delight in breeding him, were a fair chance given them of doing so. In fact, they will give an impetus to the movement.

I am delighted to see that the celebrated scout Burnham, on his return to this country, speaks in high praise of the Yeomanry, and his testimony is of great value. I venture to think that they are destined to raise the tone of our cavalry as a whole, which of late has sadly deteriorated as far as the rank and file are concerned, owing in a great measure to the over-use of pipeclay and buckles, and those bugbears of useless drudgery which have been the

curse of our army, especially the cavalry, so that instead of having, as in the Yeomanry, a horse-loving, well-born set of men, the cavalry has been recruited from the lowest dregs of the mews.

Indeed, I think the time has come when the Hunters Improvement Society, which in its constitution is of a representative character, should sink its minor debatable questions of whether a hunter sire should be quite thoroughbred, or only have three or four crosses of thoroughbred blood on the sire's side and out of a registered hunter mare, and should interest itself in this question, which is of vital importance to the country, by putting strong pressure on the Government of the day to take its views of the subject. Because the mere fact of the increase of accredited sires throughout the country for breeding half-bred horses must increase the number of useful available horses for hunting purposes outside the limits of the registered horses for cavalry purposes, and make the efforts of the Society more successful than they have hitherto been. I may also formulate a plea for the co-operation and assistance of the Royal Commissioners on Horse Breeding, whose sphere of usefulness would be very materially enlarged and improved if they had to select for Queen's Premium horses a

much larger and more important lot than at present, and they might so arrange their selections that at least one-half the stallions should be re-allotted each season, and vacancies filled up.

It may be worth noting here that the scheme propounded bears a great similarity to that already adopted by the Duke of Portland at Welbeck, and also by Sir Walter Gilbey at Elsenham, and which I believe works satisfactorily. Perhaps also it would be the means of saving from the effects of the knife many fine thoroughbred horses that, owing to their size and deficiencies in racing merits, are not considered worthy of being kept entire. In fact, the decline of hunter-breeding has caused a marked diminution in high-class entire horses. Trainers nowadays advocate almost universal castration.

In conclusion, as the parson would say, let us say that any comprehensive scheme of cavalry reform will not be carried without much labour and criticism, and that of the cavalry horses in particular is not likely to be brought into practical shape without a strong and combined effort of all the best interests bearing on it being enlisted on its behalf. Among your readers, dear BAILY, especially, should we look for an independent support, and that, let us hope, not in vain.

BORDERER.

David Buchanan.

On the evening of last Derby-day a great amateur bowler, whose name was long indeed one to conjure with in the cricket world, was gathered to his fathers—David Buchanan. Forty years of first-class cricket had not only made him a household word with our fathers, but had left a yet younger generation within ken of his left-hand's prowess with the ball. To attempt to enumerate at all accurately the matches he took part in would require almost herculean labour and research. Mr. A. G. Steel, that authority on our national game, states, with no uncertain voice in the Badminton "Cricket," his opinion that the deceased great bowler had in his length of service taken nearly twice as many wickets as any other living cricketer.

In the course of this short memoir the more important events of David Buchanan's cricket career can alone be sketched. Born in Scotland on January 16th, 1830, Mr. Buchanan was educated at Rugby School. The school cricket authorities of that day failed to recognise genius when they saw it, and the subject of this article found no place in the Rugby Eleven, nor even, strange to say, in the Twenty-two. Cambridge University, however, was prompt to enlist the young Clare undergraduate in her Eleven, and on June 9th and 10th, 1850, we find Buchanan playing in the 'Varsity Match at Lord's, his first appearance, it may be noted, on that historic ground. In those days the Oxford and Cambridge Match was hardly a fixture of the same great importance which nowadays attaches to it, and in 1851 Mr. Buchanan, sooner than spend an idle fort-

night in the "Long" waiting for the match, played truant and was off to Scotland, keen on delights of rod and gun.

For two reasons, apart from the great length of his active service, the career of "David," as his cricketing friends and contemporaries always affectionately styled him, is unique. In the first place, he was for eighteen years a *fast* bowler, before he adopted the famous slow bowling, which he continued for twenty-two years afterwards till his retirement. Secondly, his first appearance for the Gentlemen of England against the Players was not made until he was well into his 39th year. In the second innings of this match (played at the Oval) Mr. Buchanan took 9 wickets (a feat, we believe, accomplished in these matches by no other bowler), at a cost of only 82 runs. This performance fairly set a seal upon his fame, and from that time onwards no team of Gentlemen was complete without him. There can, moreover, be no reasonable doubt but that he should have represented the Gentlemen of England in the two great matches of the season many years before he did. An intimate friend of the renowned Walker family, "David," of course, often appeared on the famous ground at Southgate. That far-famed cricket club, the Free Foresters, claimed him as one of their earliest members, and that most interesting book, the "Annals of the Free Foresters," shows that he did yeoman service for them for many years. Residing as he did in the neighbourhood of his old school, Rugby, Mr. Buchanan was for thirty years captain of, and, of course, a tower of strength



Speight, Photo., Rugby.]

DAVID BUCHANAN, 1881.



to, the Rugby Cricket Club, whose best interests he had ever at heart till the day of his death. A member of this Club for some forty-six years, he had for four long decades fulfilled the onerous duties of both secretary and treasurer. One of David Buchanan's most cherished wishes was to see a new and adequate pavilion erected on the ground he loved so well, and we would earnestly call the attention of the deceased great cricketer's hosts of friends and admirers throughout the country to the proposed Memorial, in the shape of a new pavilion, which the Rugby Cricket Club contemplates setting up in his memory and honour. Mr. B. Relton, the Hon. Sec. of the club, will be glad to receive any donations.

It goes without saying that Mr. Buchanan always took a keen interest in Rugby School cricket, and it is certain that his name occurs far oftener than that of any other cricketer in "Rugby School Cricket Scores." We have heard it said, too, that in the "Register of Rugby School," which school has turned out from time to time so many brilliant stars in the cricket world, fame at cricket is mentioned in connection with but one name alone, and that one, David Buchanan.

We must not pass over Mr. Buchanan's connection with the Warwickshire County Club, which, indeed, owes its establishment in a great measure to his enthusiasm and energy. For some years he captained the Warwickshire team, and for seven years undertook the office of treasurer, no sinecure, be it remarked. In one of his last county matches, when 55 years of age, he obtained seven wickets for 23 runs against Leicestershire.

A word on David Buchanan's

style and methods of bowling may be welcome. He was one of the phenomenal few who really can break the ball both ways, and, possessing extraordinary command of the ball, could gauge the exact amount of "spin" to be imparted to each ball, as well as its pitch, in accordance with the end he had in view. This spin or "devil" was given by the wrist, which he used so freely that, as he was fond of telling, it would often *crack* in the act of delivery. He was no bowler for "maidens," though his average of maiden overs was always a large one. On the contrary, he bowled for wickets, and rarely disgusted used he to be when a chance he had skilfully engineered was "muffed." He was incredibly clever in placing a fielder to a foot—and on the exact spot he wanted him he *would* have him—and in causing a catch to be sent right into his hands. Buchanan never forgot the peculiarities or predilections of any batsman he had once seen, and herein lay another secret of his success. His memory, quite an ordinary one in everyday matters, was, where cricket was concerned, simply marvellous, and every incident of note in matches which took place in long past decades seemed as clear in his mind's eye as the events of yesterday.

How often have we heard him deplore the fact that the fifth ball of the over (not to mention the present-day *sixth*) was not in vogue in his own day, that he might have had more scope for the working up of a batsman to his own undoing! How often have we heard him declare that, if umpires had been infallible, he would have taken *hundreds* more wickets *l.b.w.* in his time! Again, his idea, for giving the bowling an equal chance against the bat-

ting on modern wickets, was to increase the height of the stumps by an inch, an alteration that, carried out, would have brought him, he always averred, a vastly increased number of victims. David Buchanan may fitly be called the first great amateur "head" bowler, and his wiles were inexhaustible. Few, we think, can cavil at the opinion we express, that he was the finest amateur slow bowler England has ever had.

In addition to his doughty deeds on the tented field, David Buchanan has contributed his share to cricket literature. In 1894, when the Rugby Cricket Club completed its "Jubilee," he wrote a small work of the greatest interest descriptive of the Club's rise and progress, to which he added a chapter, entitled "Hints on Slow Bowling" and formerly published in "Lillywhite's Guide," of such real practical value that every aspirant for bowling honours should read, mark and learn it. He also contributed a chapter to the "Annals of the Free Foresters," dealing with the Scottish tours of that club, whilst the last work he did on earth was to revise the proofs of a chapter he wrote for the just published volume, "The Walkers of Southgate."

David Buchanan possessed all the more solid accomplishments of the country gentleman, being a fine shot and an expert with the salmon-rod, whilst in his younger days, when he resided at Brag-

borough Hall, near Daventry, and later at Clifton Lodge, now, as Dunsmore Hall, the property of that hard-riding squire, Mr. P. A. Muntz, he was a keen and an undeniably good man to hounds.

No man ever had, in a quiet way, more positions of trust and responsibility thrust upon him; he was ever employed, for others, on wholly gratuitous, if most exacting, work. In every relation of life he was exemplary, the sternest sense of right and wrong ever guiding all his actions. Unaffected, unassuming, his was always the same gentle, kindly nature. In spite of mixing continually with men of the world, he preserved through life a singularly simple, trustful mind and the pure heart of an innocent child. The vicar of his favourite church, preaching after Mr. Buchanan's death, was not ashamed (all honour to him) to dwell, without apology, on the great fame he had earned himself at our national game. Let all of us who love that game be thankful that amongst its patrons are to be found such men as David Buchanan to so help to keep its tone all that is manly, healthy and pure, that, even in these days of hypocrisy and cant, a clergyman of the Church of England is not afraid to eulogise cricket from the pulpit.

A good man, a great cricketer, is no more. May the green sward he trod so long and loved so well lie lightly over him in his last, long sleep.

The Thill-Dog in Belgium and France.

His sympathisers aver that the cart-dog is crushed and spirit-broken; that the iron of slavery has entered into his soul, and has taught him to regard mankind with a jaundiced eye. They hold his employment a relic of barbarity, and point with conviction to the fact that it is never safe to go near a cart-dog in the street, so uncertain has his temper been rendered by generations of unsuitable toil. The plea bears colourable resemblance to truth, but is based on a false premiss. The cart-dog is certainly not spiritless; approach him out of business hours when his harness has been laid aside and the cart with its contents is in other custody than his, and you shall find in Europe no dog more glad to frivel—or fight. The jaundiced eye wherewith he surveys too curious strangers from between the shafts or under the axle is born of a sense of responsibility: his duty towards tin-ware, milk, vegetables, or small live-stock is not only that of transport; the goods are under his charge during the absence, momentary or prolonged, of his owner. Examine the cargo if you will, and you may pass for a possible customer; but make advances to the dog, and his modesty will receive them with morose suspicion. He does not understand gratuitous fondling by strangers, and suspects their motive.

His superior powers of expression have caused a good deal of misplaced pity to be squandered on the continental cart-dog; he can say so much, and say it so eloquently, with lowered head and drooping tail; but in point of fact he has little of which to com-

plain. His cart, be it granted, generally looks about nine sizes too large for him, but when laden it is so carefully balanced that there is not a pound's weight on the back which Nature never meant to bear weight. He is always well-fed and prosperous, because it would not pay to starve him; and he has come to a perfectly definite understanding with his employer concerning the use of the stick. Only once have I seen a cart-dog beaten, and then by a very small boy whose papa, a hawker of vegetables, had left him in charge. The dog, in the exercise of acknowledged right, sat down to scratch a fly off his ear, and the small boy, bursting with suppressed authority, hit him with a twig. It was a purely technical assault, measured even by the critical standard of English law, but the dog felt that a principle had been outraged. He stopped scratching, looked at the child, who was about half his own weight, turned with deliberation under the shafts, and curled up below the cart; with careless dignity at first, but with more tightness and resolution as the small boy (now in a temper) plied his twig. The dog's dignity was hurt, but he endured with lofty calm, till papa, missing the wheel-clatter on the stones, looked round. He deposited an armful of carrots on a doorstep, and came back; the twig changed hands, and I thought I saw the dog smile as, at a word, he got up and threw himself into the collar again.

Now the parallel sounds grotesque, but if a sixteen-two dray-horse when thrashed had the wit and physical pliability to get under his shafts and sit down



VEGETABLE WOMAN, DINANT



BAKER'S CART AT DINANT.

comfortably under his railway-van, beer-waggon, or whatever you please, how long do you suppose the whip would remain in the hands of drivers? If the cart-dog responded to chastisement, he would be chastised; and so obvious a fact is patent to the meanest canine intelligence.

He can take care of himself, and is allowed more latitude than the convenience of others would sanction if consulted. When stopped in the street on a hot day, he retires under the shade of his cart with sublime indifference to traffic. I had nearly said "passing" traffic, but that is exactly what it then is not in the narrow street of an ancient town. He can drink at every puddle, and eight carts in ten in any town are furnished with a pan, so that the proprietor can beg a drink for him at a customer's door. His harness, if clumsy, is simple, and interferes little with his movements—as witness the ease and promptitude wherewith he takes shelter from sun, rain, or (rarely) ill-usage.

There are, it must be confessed, moments in the working life of the cart-dog when your heart swells with sympathy for him. Every self-respecting dog has a few blood feuds on hand, and he of the cart is not by the dignity of labour debarred from the common lot. It is when on the highway he meets his ancient foe, also in harness, he feels his position more keenly than the *débutant* in the London police-court. Such howlings, yelps and wriggles indicative of that "stern joy" felt by the nobler animal in harness of another kind! But the luxury of a rough and tumble is denied him. Kindly but firmly the master—or mistress—throws him or herself bodily on the cart-tail, and by sheer *avoidupois* swings the would-be combatant in air to

propel him, dancing on reluctant hind toes, ten yards along the street. It is such drastic interference with the Rights of Dog that might sour the sweetest temper; but still I deem his condition preferable to that of the *chien de luxe* whose life is spent on a chain by the dust-bin.

There appears to be no preference in France or Belgium for any special breed; size and weight are the only qualifications for draught work, and it would puzzle an expert to trace the pedigree of most of the dogs. The people break their own animals as often as not, and affirm that there is very little trouble about it; but in large towns, as might be supposed, dogs warranted quiet in harness are offered on market days among other live-stock. The cost varies in ratio with size and power; a good-looking and amiable dog, who might have had a mastiff as a great-aunt, was valued by his owner at ninety francs; and making due allowance for the natural desire to prey upon the foreigner's purse, I believe that dog was worth as much as the small Irish ass is worth to his master. Arthur Young, when on his famous "Travels through France in 1787," met at Lisle a man who told him that his dog could draw 700lbs. for half a league, the cart standing on high wheels whose axle was above the level of the dog's chest; the load for a one-dog cart nowadays is, at a rough guess, rarely as much as one-fourth of that weight, and generally much less; the day's journey may, of course, be ten or fifteen kilometres. Two and three dogs abreast are common, but the vendors of rabbits and poultry who attend such markets as those of Antwerp and Brussels come long distances, comparatively, and by dint of flying bars and rope

tackle contrive to harness five dogs abreast and keep the whole crowd up to the collar. The biggest dog of a team of five goes in the shafts, and the smallest scramble on the flanks. The master perches on the topmost crate out of the dust, and with the fraction of an eye on the balance as indicated by the play of the shafts guides and encourages the pack with fragments of dog-French or dog-Flemish, as the case may be. He has also an eye for the too officious policeman, for only cripples (in Antwerp) are allowed to travel in a dog-cart.

The City Fathers of Antwerp, a couple of years ago, drew up a code of regulations for the protection of draught-dogs from cruelty, but, so far as the casual stranger may observe, there is not much need of it. The authorities displayed a certain incapacity to deal with the subject by enacting that no dog measuring under twenty inches at the shoulder should be put in harness. They had only

to walk half a mile along their own streets to discover that there exist many dogs three inches over their limit which are not fit to go in harness, while many of seventeen and eighteen inches are capable of a good day's work without strain. Weight and sturdiness, not height, is the true criterion. The praiseworthy clauses of this enactment are those that forbid able-bodied persons to drive in a dog-cart, and make it an offence for anyone under fourteen years of age to be in charge. The former made for the abolition of over-driving, the latter for the suppression of cruelty on the part of thoughtless youth.

By the way, the British sheep-dog owner, about to be relieved of the seven-and-sixpenny tax on his four-legged partner under Mr. Long's new Dogs' Regulation Bill, may be interested to know that the cart-dog of the Low Countries pays an annual five francs to the State like any other dog. C.

How it all Came About.

THE Canterbury week began in 1842 and the fifty-eighth season terminated on August 11th of this year, most unfortunately. The weather was abominable, and owing to the war, and the numberless absentees who are in South Africa, *plus* the melancholy telegram which announced the death of Mr. Horace Twiss, and the fact that the colonel of the cavalry depot met with a terrible accident, the town was dull. It is ancient history that its origin of "the week" was a proposal made by the late Lord Bessborough, Sir Henry de Bathe, the

late Mr. Charles Taylor and others that to support the expenses there must be private theatricals, balls, &c., to stir up the county, and to provide a grand entertainment *plus* the cricket, and it is ancient history also that the success has been unparalleled during many years. To the great satisfaction of all sportsmen the cricket has always been maintained without any disparagement to the glory of the noble game, which has continued to be, to the outside world, the principal part of the show.

To show the increase of public

cricket since the first Canterbury week I will attempt, quoting wholly from memory, without reference to any books, as I am far away in the country at a grand old vicarage, where I could consult any amount of theological works, but into which probably no sporting paper ever entered, to trace the growth of cricket during the last sixty years.

To begin with, the first Canterbury week commenced with Kent and England in 1842, and so it went on for many years; but to-day that match would have been an impossibility, as on the opening day at Canterbury of this year some twelve counties in different parts of England were engaged in friendly internecine strife, and Lancashire and Surrey were the only counties to meet Kent. In 1830 round-arm bowling was only two years old. Lilywhite and Broadbridge of Sussex were revolutionising the game with their "throwing" bowling, and within six years some of the greatest bowlers in England sprung up: Alfred Mynn (Kent), Cobbett and Sewell (Surrey), Hillyer (Kent), Sir Frederick Bathurst (Hants), Barker and Good and Redgate (Nottingham). And amongst the batsmen, Fuller Pilch, Wenman and Felix (Kent), Charley Taylor (Sussex), Fenner (Cambridge), A. Mynn (good all round), and Joseph Guy (Notts). Felix was born in Surrey, but living on Blackheath, where his father had a school, his great performances in his earlier days were displayed in the Kent Eleven.

I have picked out at random names which come before me. The Marylebone Club had hosts of good cricketers, amateurs and professionals;—as regards amateurs from every part of the United Kingdom—professionals were more rare. Amongst the great

wicket-keepers were Herbert Jenner, now Sir Herbert Jenner Fust, Baronet, who is alive and well, *ætat.* 94, Box and Wenman. The above cricketers were all well known before, so to say, the merging of counties, which began in 1835, when Notts played a home and home match with Sussex, which was followed by the memorable match of North and South at Leicester in 1836, and by a Notts and Kent home and home in 1837 at Town Malling in Kent and Nottingham. Yorkshire was too far off to send many men south, so All England elevens and Professional elevens at that period were mostly drawn from Kent, Sussex, Notts and Surrey.

One of the earliest of Kent and England matches, under the auspices of the late Lord Bessborough—more generally known among the many-headed by the familiar name of "Fred Ponsonby" out of esteem for him—was played at Town Malling in 1839, Mr. Ponsonby selecting and captaining the Kent eleven, and from that date onward Kent and England was the match at Lord's which drew as large a crowd as Gentlemen and Players did. The Kent and England match was played home and home at Malling and Lord's up to 1841, when the return match was played at Canterbury for the first time,—an extra match between those elevens being played also at Town Malling for Pilch's benefit in 1841,—and then those matches ceased at Town Malling, and Canterbury became the recognised home of the great Kent eleven, though curiously enough a large number of the players lived in the Weald of Kent, and Canterbury and district produced very few. The Kent cricket was all home grown in the earlier days at Town

Malling, Penshurst, Maidstone, Sevenoaks and nearer London at Blackheath, Chiselhurst, Bromley, Dartford, &c. It was the same as regards Sussex. Brighton, Midhurst, Horsham, Goodwood, Lewes and other places were amongst the centres of cricket, and their fame spread far and near.

The matches between Kent and Sussex, which were generally annual, did much good to the game, and sometimes Sussex and Hants—which county was the cradle of cricket—met. The last-named were to a great extent in the 'thirties and early 'forties amateur teams, though they had splendid bowling. Sir Frederick Bathurst was world-known, and one of the principal men in the M.C.C., and they had two other celebrated bowlers;—Mr. Alfred James Lowth (who wrote an article in the green cover not long ago), and who bowled for Gentlemen and Players in 1836, when a boy at Winchester, and afterwards in the 'forties, and was the finest bowler ever seen at Oxford; and his old schoolfellow, Mr. Godfrey Bolles Lee, now Warden of Winchester, and alive and well, aged 83, who also was one of the most destructive bowlers at the University when at Oxford, and constant bowler for Hants. Sir Frederick's was the legitimate round arm, with the hand below the elbow and about the height of the hip. He bowled for the Gentlemen for over twenty years, and on his last appearance as bowler in 1853 against the Players, he and Mr. Kempson were never changed, and took all the wickets, and the Players lost by four wickets. Hants then generally played the M.C.C., and occasionally Sussex. As I said before, most of the bowling was of home growth.

In most districts one or two practice nights were set aside in all the good clubs, and those who took part in them were all playing for places in the eleven.

When William Clarke, in 1846, travelled England with a first-rate eleven in the early railway days, cricket grew all over England, and other travelling clubs followed suit; and when Surrey, which was admirably supported by many of the leading amateurs of England, the Vice-president being the late Lord Bessborough, who held the post from 1845 till his death—when not President—grew into comparative independence, it from time to time got Notts and Yorkshire to play a home-and-home match, and drew Cambridgeshire and Gloucestershire also to London. The Graces, Walkers, Lubbocks, and other eminent amateurs, on their joining, advanced the fortunes of the Club, and Surrey became one of the leading Clubs in England, and second only to Marylebone. Surrey had a grand cricket nursery in the local Clubs, such as Dorking, Mitcham, Reigate, Epsom, Esher and Godalming districts; and in later days by cultivating the talent of a second eleven, admirably captained by Mr. Greyburn, a Yorkshire gentleman, they can send into the field as good men as existed in the palmy days when the county played and beat All England, as their reserve second eleven can always be relied on.

The enormous scores of to-day, in the opinion of most of the old school, are attributable to the modern practice of judging l.b.w., by accepted ruling in modern times that the ball must pitch on the eight-inch space of turf between wicket and wicket, and thereby depriving the bowler wholly of his "break," and the

monotonous "over-head" swing of modern bowlers, *plus* relieving the batsman of the necessity of running all runs out which was a fair tax on his condition, and *plus* also of the abuse of the pad. It is a question now whether "catching" is so good as it was in the old days when the evening practice was in vogue, and aspirants hoped to get into the eleven for excellence in fielding, which was formerly one of the great tests of a cricketer. In those days nets were unknown, and long-stop was one of the most important watches in the field.

One great proof of the extraordinary growth of cricket is that since the days when Winchester, Harrow and Eton had the monopoly of school cricket up to 1854, when the matches were stopped, schools from all parts of England sent up candidates for cricket honours at Oxford and Cambridge, and you may see the

names of a dozen or fifteen different schools who "man" the two University elevens, whereas in former days the members of the two University elevens were almost exclusively from Winchester, Harrow or Eton, as they knew one another at Lord's.

We old ones must grin and bear it if we do not like all the novelties in the game, and the plate-glass wickets which kill the bowling and render some of the batting as tedious as Peal on the "spot" and Roberts' "nursing cannons" before the "push" stroke was barred. We, like dogs, have had our day, and are happy in our contemplation of past glories, and that amuses us and does not hurt younger England. For one I may, I suppose, truthfully say that I have seen in London and the country at *least* fifty Kent matches, and hope to see more before I become "one who *was*."

F. G.

Billiards, 1900.

IN a former article in *BAILY* the writer fully analysed and discussed the Revised Rules of Billiards, and drew attention to the points of difference between these Rules and those previously authorised by the Billiard Association of Great Britain and Ireland. Our great indoor game has now been played under the Revised Rules for two seasons, ample time to test their merits or otherwise, and it is proposed to briefly discuss their practical effects on the game of billiards as played in the present year of grace, 1900.

In the first place, the push-stroke, for so long a subject of such bitter contention and wearisome discussion, is now most

properly ruled a foul stroke, and thus is eliminated for ever from our English game, the beauty of which it threatened to mar in more ways than one. What chiefly caused my own desertion from the ranks of the supporters of the "push" (for at one time I, in good company, too, deemed the stroke an absolutely essential factor in English billiards) was the fact that its excessive cultivation, more particularly in conjunction with "nursery-cannon" play (in itself a method of scoring largely dependent on knack or trick), was fast robbing our national game of its open and all-round character. Professional play was more and more becom-

ing a mere attempt on every possible occasion to "gather" the balls at the top of the table, and to run up huge sequences of "cushion-nurseries," in which the "push" played a prominent and, indeed, an absolutely indispensable part. The game of billiards was verily threatened with a "monotony" far more deplorable than that from time to time laid, by critics whose competence was not always established, to the charge of the thoroughly genuine spot-stroke, and this, moreover, in connection with a stroke prohibited by every other billiard-playing nation upon earth. So, by Rule 3 of the new Code, happily perishes the foul "push," and its death leaves us the richer: we have left us a clean game of billiards, a game more open, more difficult, and, consequently, a finer game to play, a prettier game to watch, than that ordained in the old order of things.

A drastic reform in another direction is effected by the total extinction of the time-honoured spot-stroke, for nearly a century an intrinsic part of our English game. The summary abolition of this genuine and scientific stroke did at first, it must be acknowledged, arouse in the writer a feeling of indignation that he was at no pains to repress. After, however, the Revised Rules had been some little time in operation, the cooling down of this righteous wrath allowed me to view matters more as an optimist and, possibly, more from the point of view of that patient, much-criticised body, the Billiard Association, who had long been confronted with a problem of almost insoluble difficulty, which they may now be congratulated on having most happily solved. Clearly, for several cogent reasons, some

change, some sacrifice had to be made—*something* had to go. For a quarter of a century, more or less, we had been perplexed with two distinct games of billiards, viz., the "all-in" and the "spot-barred," a state of affairs that caused endless heart-burnings and everlasting discussions. Nor was this all, for, whilst the vexed question of the push-stroke was yet in abeyance, we were threatened, in theory at least, with four distinct games of billiards, viz. :—

- (1) The spot-in, push-in.
- (2) The spot-in, push-barred.
- (3) The spot-barred, push-in.
- (4) The spot-barred, push-barred.

Add to this the complications caused by the stupid "jam-stroke," permitted by the late Rules, but barred by agreement in every professional money match, and the possibility of no less than *eight* varieties of English billiards seemed to loom large before our bewildered gaze.

[*Apropos* of the "jam-stroke," I may perhaps be allowed to mention that recently, in order to illustrate to some friends the practically unlimited possibilities of the absurd "jam-cannon," I made 322 of these strokes in a break of 649, without once resorting to the use of the "push."] Then again, there was the exceedingly important question of the Championship, with its side-issue of the anomalous "Championship table," to be settled once for all.

In a word, my regrets that the time-honoured spot-stroke, thoroughly genuine in itself and most valuable in its influence on the game, has been summarily swept away, are now tempered with a lively sense of gratitude to the Revised Rules, which, if they bear, like all things temporal,

the stamp of human imperfection, at all events, give us the one thing needful. To quote, if I may, words of my own: "The Revised Rules of the Billiard Association have given us *one* game of English billiards in which no legitimate stroke is barred, and the billiard world has cause to be thankful. The complications which have for a quarter of a century surrounded the vexed question of the Championship have for ever been swept away. We have now *one* game, *one* Championship of English billiards, the abnormal "Championship table" is a thing of the past, and the futile ever-recurring arguments as to what constitutes English billiards will be heard no more."

The intrinsic worth, and value as a practice stroke, of the "spot" (sacrificed as it is to such good purpose) will alone serve to keep its memory green, whilst the genuine nature, beyond all cavil or dispute, of all-in breaks must always enhance their value as records, which it is safe to say will long be remembered and quoted.

Henceforward the absence of the "spot" and "push" strokes should surely suffice to protect the game from all possible charges of "monotony," and, again, all breaks made under the Billiard Association's latest rules will now have a genuine and appraisable value. To-day, even if a large break be compiled almost exclusively on the top slate, every stroke it contains is full of interest to the onlooker, whilst it will be found that position for close cannon play is, as a rule, rather avoided than sought, inasmuch as the risk of the balls "covering" ever hangs, like Damocles' sword, over the cueist's head. Nursery-cannon play is now a *means*, not,

as it of late threatened to become, an *end*, and a "nursery" made under present conditions will always be welcomed as a spectacular treat. To amateurs, if we may except a very few specially circumstanced enthusiasts, the top-of-the-table game is ever certain to prove, in a greater degree even than the late lamented spot-stroke, a delusion and a snare. The losing hazard will now not only prove itself more than ever the backbone of amateur billiards, but even in high-class professional billiards, whose comparatively all-round character nowadays is refreshing and charming to watch, the "loser" plays, and will play, a greater part than it has done for many years past.

Thus it follows that the game will be levelled up, and amateurs brought, class for class, a bit nearer to their professional brethren of the cue. In the admirable Badminton "Billiards" it is estimated that professional breaks, made under the now discarded rules (*viz.*, "spot-in, push-in"), ran in size from ten to fifteen times as large as those of amateur players, class for class, that is to say, comparing first-class professionals with first-class amateurs, and so on. To-day, under the Revised Rules of Billiards, one would not perhaps be far wrong in placing, class for class, the size of amateur breaks at from one-third to one-fifth the size of professional breaks.

One interesting outcome of the recent legislation in billiard matters may be noticed—the *massé* stroke. Until recently this stroke was never seriously regarded as a factor in English billiards, but familiarity with its various forms is practically imperative to the present-day "pro" for use in positions where the foul "push" and its relative, the "half-push"

would formerly have given a simple, if ignominious, way out of the difficulty. The proficiency of our English professionals is, as regards the *massé* stroke, practically in its first infancy, whilst, in the case of amateurs, this stroke, like the top-of-the-table game, must ever be "caviare to the general," although a select few may certainly succeed in mastering its easier forms.

In conclusion, the writer is pleased to record his conviction that the Revised Rules have, on the broad lines they prescribe, given us at last an ideally perfect game of billiards. It is easy

enough to criticise the rules of billiards, or those of any other game, extremely difficult to suggest the form any alteration should take. For the present, therefore, let us rest content with our ideal game as we find it, and leave time to bring about any needed reform in the minor details of its laws. Such reform may possibly be chiefly looked for in the direction of greater simplicity and brevity, but so far only (a condition apt sometimes to be overlooked) as is ever consistent with that great *desideratum* in all laws or rules, justice.

J. P. BUCHANAN.

Cricket.

ON August 11th, the tour of the team of cricketers from the West Indies finished up with a brilliant victory over the county of Norfolk, the visitors winning by no less than an innings and 16 runs, dismissing the home team in the second innings for the paltry total of 32 runs, and Burton who is probably the best bowler on the West Indian side, had the remarkable analysis of 10 overs, 7 maidens, 9 runs, 8 wickets, a performance of which he may well be proud.

The record of the tour shows five victories as against eight defeats, and there have been only four matches left drawn out of the seventeen played.

At the start of the campaign our visitors modestly announced that they had come over not with any idea of winning matches, but merely with a view to perfecting their knowledge of the game, and more as pupils than in any way rivals, and at the beginning of the

tour when they had sustained a series of reverses, it almost looked as though they were likely to be in for a bad time of it, since in the first four matches they lost the toss, and each time were easily beaten. Then came a welcome victory over a team representing the minor Counties, and next Leicestershire were defeated by an innings and 87 runs, whilst the performance upon which Mr. Warner's team will probably pride themselves the most is the victory registered over Surrey at Kennington Oval, the West Indies winning with an innings to spare. It was an ambitious programme which the Colonials arranged, as they met most of the strongest Counties, but as a rule the teams opposed to them were not representative of the full strength of the Counties, and when it was seen that the Colonials were not a very dangerous team, the strongest counties generally gave two or three of their best men a

rest during the match. The fact that throughout their last seven matches they were unbeaten would seem to show that the West Indians carried out their expressed intention of learning to improve their play as they went along, and it seems that this tour is likely to do a great deal for West Indian cricket.

Perhaps the best batting performance of the tour was the stand late on in the second innings of the match at Lord's against M.C.C., when Constantine and Burton put on 162 runs in just over the hour, and entirely altered the complexion of the game. Another fine batting performance was done at Kennington Oval, when Olivierre and Cox put up 208 before the first wicket fell. The former is probably the best batsman on the side, and tops the averages with an average of 32.70 runs for twenty-seven completed innings, whilst both Constantine and Cox have averages of over 30 runs per innings, and five members of the team scored over a century at some time or another during the tour. Woods and Burton were the stock bowlers of the team, and their figures are wonderfully similar, each having secured 78 wickets at an average cost of 21.5 runs per wicket. To show how dependent the team was upon these two bowlers, it is noticeable that Mignon, the next bowler, only took thirty wickets, and those at a cost of 29 runs apiece. Woods is a fast bowler of the early Victorian style, with a very low swinging delivery and no run but just a couple of steps; it is reported that he never bowled in boots until he came to this country; upon good wickets he looks likely to be punished by good batsmen, especially as he appears to bowl very straight and even on the batsman's legs, and

to our mind, Burton who bowls slow right hand with considerable command over the ball, is a higher class bowler.

The team suffered from the lack of a really good wicket-keeper. Upon one occasion, we think it was the match against Leicestershire, Mr. P. F. Warner, the Middlesex amateur, elected to play for the team and took the opportunity of making 113, but he did not appear again, and it is we think far better to limit matches of this description to regular members of the team who have come over on purpose to play.

The complete break-up of the weather in the early part of August struck dismay into the hearts of those who had any interests in the gates of the Bank Holiday matches.

The Bank Holiday match at Bradford, between the West Indians and Yorkshire, was abandoned without ever a ball being bowled, and all through that week all over the country blank days and drawn games were prevalent. Somerset had a bitter experience in losing two matches in succession by the narrow margin of one wicket; at Bath Gloucester won in this way, although when Paish, the last man, joined Mr. Rice, there were still 32 runs required to win. Returning to Taunton the home team played a very interesting match with Middlesex. Somerset batted first and were all out for under 100 runs, Albert Trott performing the great feat of taking all ten wickets in the innings, almost entirely unaided by any one else, as most of his victims were bowled, a couple leg-before-wicket, and one caught and bowled. Somerset did better in their second innings, thanks mainly to Mr. Lionel Palaiet, and at the finish Middlesex were left with 278 runs to get to win

Mr. Warner and the Messrs. Douglas made a good start for the visitors, and when at last Jack Hearne had to join Trott for the last wicket, there were still six runs wanted to secure victory, Hearne played cautiously and presently Trott won the match, his not-out innings of 33 being worthy of great praise. This exciting finish took back the minds of many of the spectators to the match between these two Counties in 1890, when Middlesex went in to get 132 runs to win, and their last man was run out when the game was a tie. The star of Middlesex has been in the ascendant of late, and after their sensational victory at the Oval over Surrey, also by one wicket, they cannot go wrong; and on the wet August 11th, they were the only team to win their match, when they beat Gloucestershire by 125 runs. Middlesex are a very good side in August, and the brothers Douglas and Mr. C. M. Wells make an enormous addition to its strength. Mr. James Douglas showed to great advantage in the Gloucestershire match, and his scores of 81 and 43 on a bad wicket are deserving of all praise. Mr. Bosanquet proved very deadly with the ball in the first innings of Gloucestershire, getting five wickets for 23 runs, and of these 23 runs, 16 were hit off one over by Mr. Jessop, who is likely to spoil the analysis of any bowler. That true patriot, Mr. A. J. Webbe, turned out to assist Middlesex at Worcester, and by his patient defence on a wicket spoiled by rain, he saved his side from certain disaster; he was gallantly assisted in his task by Mr. W. P. Robertson, another old Harrovian, who played a fine innings of three figures. Mr. Robertson keeps wicket for Middlesex when Mr. Macgregor

is absent, and a very useful man he is to the side.

Mr. Lionel Palairt, if not quite as successful as in some other years, has recently made a good many runs, and in consecutive matches against Middlesex and Sussex scored over 90, and just missed his century. A very extraordinary performance was accomplished by his old schoolfellow, Mr. C. B. Fry, who actually, in five consecutive matches, scored four centuries and a ninety-six. We believe that no batsman has in first-class cricket scored four centuries in succession, but this feat Mr. Fry failed to achieve, being caught in the slips when he had made 96 runs against Worcestershire after scoring centuries in the three matches preceding. In the very next match, however, against Gloucestershire he again ran his score into three figures. It is a phenomenal thing that a batsman who is doing such wonderful things and possesses the extraordinary average of 69 runs for thirty-one innings should actually be overshadowed and eclipsed by a member of his own county team, and yet Ranjitsinhji, for the same number of innings, has an average of over 90 runs per innings, and when he and Mr. Fry are at the wickets together, and that is frequently the case, the Indian is always scoring at a more rapid pace and with apparently greater ease than the old Reptonian. It is a great thing for Sussex to have two such batsmen on the side, and in the first-class averages in mid-August they stood first and second, with Mr. R. E. Foster a good third.

Rugby beat Marlborough with some ease, although there was only just enough time for a finish, and but for the sportsmanlike conduct of the Marlburians in running to their places between

the overs and economising time so far as possible, the match might easily have been drawn. Mr. E. W. Dillon, the Rugby captain, was the hero of the match, for in addition to bowling very well, he won the match with a fine innings of over a hundred runs in the second innings, when not only the bowlers but the clock also was against him. Mr. Dillon made his first appearance in a three-days match against Worcestershire for London County at the Crystal Palace, and started off bravely with a splendid innings of 108. Kent has claimed his services, and probably by the time these lines are in print he

will have distinguished himself in county cricket. Another school-boy who has walked straight from school into county cricket is Mr. A. von Ernsthause, who played for Surrey against Hampshire at Bournemouth. He was captain of the Uppingham eleven last term, and headed both the batting and bowling averages of his school team, having a batting average of 32 runs per innings, and taking sixty-six wickets at a cost of 14 runs each, his bowling being fast right-hand with a high delivery. But the Surrey team is not a very easy one in which to secure a permanent place.

The Sportsman's Library.

It was not to be expected that an author should be able to find anything new to say on a matter which has furnished the text for a library of formidable dimensions; but Captain Hayes in his new volume* has succeeded in combining the scientific with the popular in a fashion which lends a special value to his pages. It need hardly be said of a writer so well known that his advice concerning the treatment of horses in the stable and outside is pre-eminently sound and practical. It has occurred to us more than once that the horseowner might find it a profitable exercise to go through certain portions of the work and condense in brief "maxim" form the suggestions made; the same to be hung up in the harness-room for the guidance of stablemen who are not too irrevocably wedded to their own methods to benefit by such aid.

We are glad to observe that

Captain Hayes takes up once more the Open Air policy so strongly urged by Sir Walter Gilbey and Mr. Wilfred Blunt. In his early works the author upheld the wisdom of giving as much fresh air as possible; and now, his acquaintance with horseflesh having been vastly widened, he is more than ever convinced of the benefit of open-air life for horses as opposed to the hothouse existence in a stable.

The horses reared on the Steppes of Little Russia for the Russian dragoon regiments have a strong dash of Arab and thoroughbred blood; yet they show no ill effects, so far as their health is concerned, from having lived in the open during the extreme cold (often below — 30° Fahr.) of their winter, provided they get a sufficiency of food.

Without a sufficiency of food horses reared under such conditions, as might be expected, were stunted in growth, and though extremely hardy and useful, were not considered high enough to make troopers.

* *Stable Management and Exercise.* By M. Horace Hayes, F.R.C.V.S. (Hurst & Blackett.) 12s.

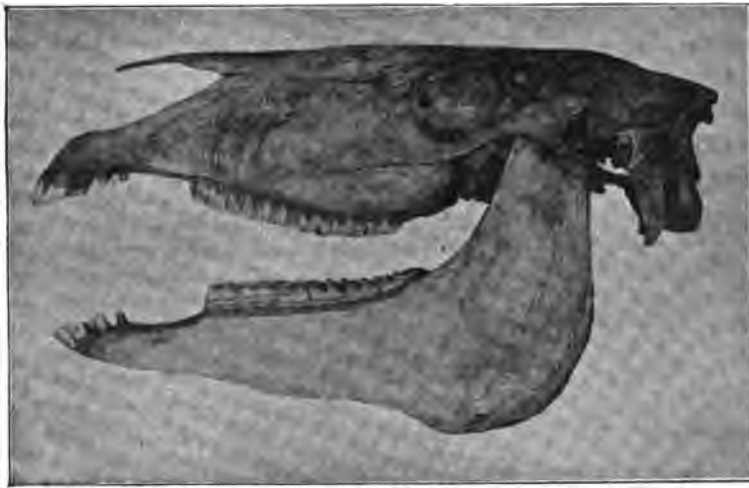


FIG. 1.—Teeth of horse.



FIG. 2.—Transverse section of skull of horse, immediately in front of his back teeth.



FIG. 3.—Transverse section of skull of horse, showing position of back teeth when the animal is chewing on the left side of mouth.

Captain Hayes' careful exposition of the working of the horse's eating and digestive organs well repay close study. Most of us have a general idea of the operations, but fuller knowledge is desirable as indispensable to proper understanding of the true principles of feeding.

A horse with a "full mouth" has forty teeth, namely, six front teeth in each jaw and one tusk and six back teeth on each side of each jaw. Each tooth is covered with a very hard white and comparatively thin layer of enamel, which in the front teeth forms a depression in the middle of the cutting surface of the tooth. Hence when a front tooth comes into wear, its table has two irregularly-shaped rings of enamel with soft tooth substance (dentine) between them. In each back tooth the layer of enamel is doubled in on each side so as to form on the table sharp and hard ridges which project above the soft dentine. The tables of the back teeth slope downwards and outwards, that is to say, their inner edges are higher than their outer edges. The action of the back teeth is that of a mill, in which the sharp surfaces of the lower back teeth on each side of the mouth are worked laterally against those of the upper jaw, and thus the food which is brought between them by the tongue and cheeks is ground. As the lower jaw is narrower than the upper jaw, a horse can chew with his back teeth only on one side of his mouth at a time, which he often continues to do for even as long as an hour without changing to the other side. A horse is unable to use his front teeth and his back teeth at the same time, for when he works his lower jaw laterally the front teeth of the lower jaw become separated from those of the upper jaw. Each tooth is lodged in a socket in its jawbone and is developed from its dental pulp, which is provided with blood-vessels, nerves and secreting cells. Owing to the continued secretion of dentine the teeth are slowly forced out of their sockets, which movement more or less makes up for the wear entailed on the teeth by mastication. Our own teeth, on the contrary, remain stationary in their sockets after they have attained their full size. The greater amount of wear undergone by the back teeth of a horse is compensated for by the increasing obliquity of the incisors with age. As the teeth wear down in time the layers of enamel of both the front and back teeth gradually become thinner and weaker, until at last they disappear altogether or fail to fulfil their purpose as cutting projections on the tables

of the teeth. Hence mastication becomes less perfect with age, and as the animal grows old he becomes increasingly liable to indigestion from the faulty action of his teeth.

On an average a horse takes about nine minutes to eat 1lb. of oats and about twelve minutes to consume the same weight of hay—(Colin).

It is necessary, in order that the horse shall be able to digest his food, that he should eat slowly and so chew it thoroughly; we can promote completeness of chewing by bruising the corn whereby the saliva mixes more freely and easily with it, and we can encourage slow eating by mixing chopped hay with the corn. How important are the functions of the salivary glands we may gather from the authorities quoted by the author: "for every 2½ lbs. of hay which a horse eats, his salivary glands have to pour into his mouth a gallon (10 lbs.) of saliva, and for the same weight of oats more than a quart of saliva." The function of the saliva is to prepare the food for digestion; the gastric juices of the stomach, and still more the pancreatic and intestinal juices (since the process of digestion is performed much more fully in the intestines than in the stomach) do the actual work.

Considering the composition of these digestive fluids, we may safely say that the water contained in this daily supply to the alimentary canal is on an average a good deal more than double the quantity of water drunk by the horse in the twenty-four hours. It is therefore evident, especially when we note the large expenditure of water from the skin, lungs, and kidneys, that a considerable portion of the water contained in the outpoured digestive fluids becomes reabsorbed before it leaves the system. I need hardly explain that all the water in the digestive juices is derived from the blood. This question of the reabsorption of water does not affect the fact that the animal needs his blood to be fully supplied with water in order that it may secrete a sufficiency of digestive juices. Consequently we should give a horse as much water as he chooses to drink before feeding him.



FIG. 4.—Jaws of horse placed evenly together.

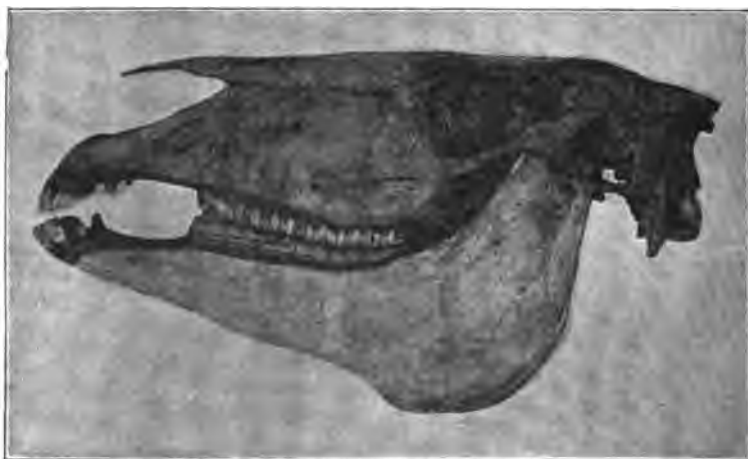


FIG. 5.—Lower jaw moved to the left, as in Fig. 3.

Hence we are not surprised to find that Captain Hayes insists more strongly than he did in the first edition of that useful book "Veterinary Notes for Horse Owners" on the advantages of keeping stall and loose box constantly supplied with water.

For the suggestions concerning the construction, ventilation and arrangement of stables, their routine and management, we have nothing but cordial praise. "Practice with science" is the keynote, for the author was an expert in stable and saddle before he qualified as a veterinary surgeon. He had much of his training in India, the best of all schools for horsemen, since the man who takes any interest at all in his horses must acquire intimate and practical acquaintance with the smallest minutiae of stable routine; to do which, we may remark, he has had no more valuable mentor than Captain Hayes.

By the way, we observe that, when discussing the question of colour in relation to the sun's heat in tropical climates, the author says he has frequently noticed that "white horses bear exposure to hot sunshine far worse than other kinds of horses." He has also observed, though not to such a convincing degree, that "the darker a horse's coat is the better as a rule will he ward off the bad effects of the sun." The relative power of light-coloured and dark coats of horses to resist the evil effects of exposure to the sun is a subject on which much might no doubt be said; but meantime we might point out the native of a tropical climate covers the black skin, which Captain Hayes argues is most suitable to ward off direct heat, by white clothing which reflects and does not absorb heat. More to the point is the result of observations

on the horses of the 19th Hussars during the campaign of 1882 in Egypt.

When the regiment went to Egypt it had four coloured squadrons, chestnut, bay, brown and black, while the band was mounted on greys. Experience showed that the greys bore the climate better than any others; the chestnuts also bore the climate well. The dark-coloured horses suffered most and were more liable than the others to sore backs.—"The Nineteenth and Their Times." (By Colonel John Biddulph, 1899.)

The greater liability of the dark-coloured horses to such an ill as sore back appears to us to point directly to their lesser ability to withstand the effect of the sun's heat beating down upon them.

There are some very excellent suggestions scattered through the book. The separator furnished with magnets to prevent scraps of metal and other foreign matters finding their way with his corn into the stomach of the horse is one; such a substance as a nail head is apt to form the nucleus of a concretion which may prove fatal in the long run, and the most careful of stablemen cannot trust himself to detect such dangers. The abolition from every stable of the sharp, steel-pronged fork is a thing much to be desired, and the substitution of the tool with knobs instead of points or the wooden fork is very desirable.

We can heartily recommend the work, a large portion of which has appeared in the *Live Stock Journal*, as a thoroughly sound and practical manual which should find a place on the shelf of every horse owner. The illustrations and diagrams are well selected and generally well reproduced.

The war creates a public for a class of literature that would otherwise never be seen outside barrack gates, and would be properly regarded within as purely

professional. Such a book is this,* which comes with the compliments of the anonymous author from Cape Town. Its twenty-three short pages were written, we learn, for the guidance of a friend new to the country who was on his way up to the front. That friend may be congratulated on having a mentor who is so obviously well-versed in Boer methods, the thousand and one details of veldt life, and who, plainly from experience, can give so much sound advice in so few words. "Notes on Reconnoitring" should find many readers in South Africa, and also in this.

Major Mockler Ferryman has played rather an unkind prank in giving this handsome book to the world. He starts out to give us an account of the origin and development of the R.M.C., drawing entertaining pictures of life at Sandhurst in old and modern days; and when the reader has fairly settled into his stride, looking forward to a further two hundred pages of amusement, he is brought up with a jerk. One third or less is reading matter, and most of it very good; two-thirds of the book consist of cricket scores, athletic records, and the like, which may on occasion prove useful, but which cannot be recommended to a man in his arm-chair. Sandhurst was originally founded in 1802 as a school for boys ultimately destined for the Army; until about 1858 it was maintained on these lines, much as Wellington is nowadays, and then was reconstituted. The change afforded the War Office authorities opportunity to perpetrate a blunder worthy of their best traditions.

The rules which had been enforced for boys of thirteen to eighteen remained applicable to young men of from eighteen to twenty-two! It is hardly credible, but these latter were expected to be content with a bread and milk breakfast, were not allowed to smoke, and were watched by a body of trained spies when not on parade or in class. Major Mockler Ferryman gives an amusing account of the rows that used to take place regularly at Blackwater Fair; it was a regular college institution, and repressive measures by the Governor were useless. Blackwater Fair provided an annual stock of trouble, until about the year 1887 the then Governor (Sir Richard Taylor?) suggested to the cadets that the fair was hardly the class of entertainment suitable for gentlemen wearing the Queen's uniform. This common-sense appeal to good feeling did what the most drastic punishment had failed to do, and the "Fair row" ceased to be. One cannot help feeling aggrieved that the author has not given more reminiscence and anecdote, and less figures; for what he does tell he tells with spirit and humour.

Mr. Lane's work scarcely justifies its comprehensive title.* He takes each variety in turn and renders some little account of its points and uses; with some varieties he is quite at home, as indeed the reader would expect of an authority who is widely known and as widely respected as a judge at dog shows. We cannot accept him as a final authority on hounds: "the name of 'Heriers' or 'Harriers,'" he observes, "is known to have been given to hounds used for hare hunting in the time of

* "Notes on Reconnoitring in South Africa." By R. C. M. (*Cape Times*, Ltd., Cape Town.) 1s.
† "Annals of Sandhurst." By Major Mockler Ferryman. (Wm. Heinemann.) 10s.

* "All about Dogs." By Chas. Henry Lane. Illustrated by R. H. Moore. (John Lane.) 7s. 6d.

Henry V." The name was in use long before the fifteenth century, as witness the "Law of the worth of All Things" among the Ancient Welsh statutes codified about 1080, wherein no fixed value is attached to the harrier because "there was not a dog of that kind in the time of Howel the Good" (942-948). Blood-hounds may perhaps be fairly included among "Dogs used for Sport," as packs of these have been kept for stag-hunting; Lord Wolverton had such a pack until a few years ago, but Mr. Lane makes no reference to the blood-hound in connection with sport. Concerning the otter-hound, too, the author goes astray: "Of course these hounds are usually kept in packs," he says, apparently under the impression that the seventeen packs of otter-hounds in the kingdom consist of this breed. The Dumfriesshire is the only pack which consists of otter-hounds, all other hunts using foxhounds or cross-bred hounds. The chapter on the Humours and Vagaries of the Show-ring is very readable, but the Anecdotes about Dogs, to which six chapters are devoted, have for the most part been told over and over again. The book is badly written. It is illustrated with portraits by Mr. R. H. Moore of dogs which have won distinction on the show bench. Many of these pictures are exceedingly clever.

Mr. Nat Gould's latest is quite up to the level of his previous works. In this book* he has put together some five-and-twenty essays reminiscent and reflective chiefly in connection with the turf. He recalls now the "Druid" at his lightest, anon the writer whose identity has been so well

concealed under his pen-name, "A Son of the Marshes." His choice of subjects commends itself; he gives us an excellent little peep at Newmarket on a non-racing day, and lends emphasis to the subtle and distinctive "horsey" atmosphere of the place which has been noted by most occasional visitors. He has something to say of the betting men and their clients, and those spin-drift members of humanity who haunt all big racecourses: of trainers and their lives, of jockeys and of famous races he has seen. And for a change takes us out rabbit-shooting before breakfast, schnapper fishing in Australia, or to visit an old toll-keeper. The author considers that from a jockeyship point of view the three best races he has seen in England were Bend Or's victory over Robert the Devil in the Derby of 1880, Master Kildare's conquest of Leoville in the City and Suburban of the same year, and Valour's success in the Manchester Cup of the following season, Archer up in each case. We observe that the author believes in the English style of jockeyship over the attitude so much debated since Sloan introduced it; our own feeling is that either school can learn something from the other, more especially the American, which presupposes the most abject docility on the part of the horse. Mr. Harrington Bird has contributed half-a-dozen or more clever drawings.

This work* consists of about one-third of the contents of the "Encyclopædia of Sport," Mr. Watson having selected his matter with an eye to the special needs of the important individual whose name it bears; and where neces-

* "Nat Gould's Sporting Sketches." By Nat Gould. Illustrated. (R. A. Everett & Co.) 6s.

* "The Young Sportsman." Edited by A. E. T. Watson. (Lawrence and Bullen.)

sary made alterations and additions to fit the book for its special purpose. The long articles on Racing, Chasing, Polo, Coaching, Stalking, Big Game Shooting and the like are properly omitted as falling without the sphere of boyhood. We are not quite sure that just a page or two of specially prepared polo would not have been admissible: some of our best players began as schoolboys—Mr. Buckmaster's name occurs as a prominent example; but where space is an object a game for the fortunate few must be omitted in favour of more widely popular matter. Those departments of shooting in which boys do bear part are retained, and the section dealing with the rabbit, the usual quarry of the young idea learning to shoot, has been amplified to suit the aim of the book. We are sorry to see that the practice of teaching the beginner to aim at his instructor's eye recommended in the original work has been allowed to stand. The plan is a bad one, opposed to the first rules of handling a gun, and indefensible when a mirror answers the same purpose as well or better. The re-modelling process might with advantage perhaps have been applied to the Hunting section. We learn more readily from the printed page in youth than we do in maturer years, and a little advice to the youthful

sportsman concerning his duty at the meet, the covert side and when hounds are running would have been a judicious addition to Mr. Blew's excellent pages on the duties of master and hunt servants. One of the best among the new papers is Mr. Gerald Lascelles' contribution on Dogs. Full of straightforward sound good sense, based on wide knowledge and thorough understanding, boys may study it with great advantage to their dogs, themselves and other people. Altogether the book is an excellent compilation and well adapted to its purpose.

The simple, plain, and practical instruction as to the causes, symptoms and treatment of the diseases affecting horses and live stock generally, given in "Everyday Farriery,"* are very valuable, and its description as "a book for all stockowners, wherein the symptoms and treatment of general diseases and ailments are plainly given, and in such a manner that the inquirer may learn in a moment 'what to do'" is fully justified. The illustrations nearly approach one hundred in number, and the fact that this is the thirty-seventh edition shows how widely the work is appreciated.

* "Everyday Farriery, or the Management of Stock from Disease to Health." By Day and Sons, Crewe. Thirty-seventh Edition. (Published by Day and Sons, Crewe, Cheshire.) 1s. 6d.

A Battle Royal.

THE purity and freshness of the summer green had passed away, and the many gorgeous tints of autumn were silently coming on. The year had ripened, and all the forces of a great transition period of Nature were at work. The river, which had kept low and clear for several weeks, was now a fine peat-brown colour, and getting quickly into fishing trim after a heavy flood. The "red-potted rascals" of salmon that had tormented the angler with appearing to feed in the evenings, especially in the hard-run necks of the streams to which they had resorted for the freshest water during the long drought, had at length been dislodged from their holds and drawn away up river, in obedience to the instinct that impels them to the spawning grounds. The spate had come in the nick of time, and from the seaward reaches many a shoal of silvery salmon was reported to be steadily moving upward. One day more and the autumn angling would commence in earnest.

A fortnight after the netting closed, a friend and I, in response to a telegram saying, "She will fish the morn," arrived at Banchory to be present at the beginning of the "back-end" on a lovely stretch of the Royal Dee which my friend's brother, a London banker, had rented for the autumn season.

After a refreshing night's sleep and a substantial breakfast we started for the river. A perfect calm prevailed; not a zephyr was yet awake. The frost lay white on the grass as we hied through the "fir-park" field where several squirrels in the beech trees near the waterside were actively occupied "nutting." The air was

crisp and clear, and here and there little columns of mist circling aloft indicated the course of the river away up amongst the hills to the west. Eastward the sun was just beginning to peep over the fir-crowned heights of Tilquhillie, and before our rods could be rigged up by our old and tried attendant, "Disty," already his cheering rays were thrown around us on water, wood and field. It was a scene such as the poet portrays "when sounds the most faint attract the ear." In front of us the river glided tranquilly by, and except the chirrup of a bird whose season of joyous song had long gone past, or the fall, after their summer reign, of the sapless leaves as they rustled down through the boughs to the ground, scarce a sound near or distant broke the stillness of that charining autumn morning.

By mutual consent it was resolved to divide the water into two beats of nearly equal length. Who should have the first turn of the upper and who of the lower was duly tossed for. Dick won the toss and decided to take the lower. At the end of every two hours we were to change beats. Before Dick started off to commence fishing we improvised a water-gauge by inserting a notched wooden pin in the sand of a quiet bight which the water was just reaching. This would show how the river was behaving. By half-past nine we were at work.

After fishing an hour or two, during which I had gone over most of my water without seeing a fish, the question was forced upon me: Can any of the numerous salmon reported to be coming up have yet reached this

part of the river? It did not seem likely. I observed, on looking at the water-gauge as I moved back to the top to start afresh, that the river had already fallen fully an inch, surface level. This I could have anticipated, as the sharp frost which had prevailed in the night and morning was bound to cause a shrinkage within the next few hours. But I had not counted on flying showers on the mountains that feed "the infant rills" far up country. No, indeed. Judge, then, my surprise to find the river "grow" very rapidly about two o'clock.

I had fished both beats, and had returned to the upper one for my second run over it before I became aware of the rise. Dick, as we crossed, remarked that like me he had not seen a fin. "The water lovely, too," he said; "and, besides, it is still falling, which is in our favour." "Yes, but I'm afraid we have no fish," was my reply, "and it matters not a whit what the water is like, or how it behaves, if there is nothing in it to try for."

A little before three o'clock I was fishing away very carelessly. I had quickly covered my water, and was at the tail of the lower cast, when I heard a shout from Dick, who had newly arrived at the top of his upper pool, only a couple of hundred yards or so off. "What can be up with him?" I said to myself. "Some nonsense to make me believe he has a fish on!" But when a second shout was given my curiosity was excited. Presently emerging from the trees appeared "Disty" charging full speed towards me. "What's up now?" I called out. "Oh! sir," he answered, quite breathless, as he neared me, "Mister Richard sent me to tell you that fish are running up by the hundred!" "What non-

sense!" I remarked. "No nonsense, sir, I assure you; they have been tearing over the garth abune the bridge in a regular string for over ten minutes. We have watched them, and I am sure we have counted a hundred come up, some very waichty anes amang them." "That's very good, 'Disty'; this 'rise' has set them a-running; the river has been 'growing' fast, which will be against our getting fish to-night; for the water being warm, they will not rest till it begins to fall; but we are now quite sure of some to-morrow. Tell Dick to fish the sharp-run necks of the pools; he may drop on a resting fish in them; or let him go down to the tail of the flat above the long garth, where I've often seen a runner caught. You see, they halt there to recover breath after their battle with the long, strong rush of water below."

Very soon, not only at the garth mentioned, but at two or three other garths in the fishery, lots of salmon were to be seen splashing up through the shallows and flinging themselves out of the water on passing the rapids. This grand display continued till past four o'clock, by which time the water had gone back full half of the three inches it had gained between two and half-past three. Apparently there had been only a slight rain on the up-country mountains during the night, for the fall of the river was as rapid as its rise. By five o'clock it had gone down to its morning height, and then scarce a running fish was to be seen.

Half-past five, and as yet we had done nothing. Dick met me at the Bugths. How lovely the water looked; the rays of the westering sun shone full upon us, and the nodding and swaying autumn-dyed birches cast a golden

shimmer half across the pool, but the pool itself, a high-water cast, was already a trifle too low. "Dick, you might have a try there; get out on the big stones, jump from one to another, and then throw straight across as far as you can. I've sometimes seen a fish make a fine 'taking' rise well out there beyond the black stone." Dick tried, but without any response to his offer. We then sat down for a short rest.

"It's your turn now," said Dick. Having on my waders, I was able to reach a stone somewhat farther out than the one from which he had tried, and casting—casting with a great effort—I managed to reach the black stone. But my fly came round too fast.

Could I but accomplish two yards more—it might be forty yards of a cast, for the river here was eighty yards broad, and I did not seem to be getting half across—I should probably succeed by giving the line "the back flip," in making the fly come round all right. Two or three efforts were made unsuccessfully, but with one greater than the rest, and by shooting the line, I made a grand cast, my fly alighting even further out than I had sought to send it. I gave the back flip, and evidently the "Dunt" came nicely down over the deep water a little below the black stone. A good fish rose head and tail out of the water. "Not to my fly," was the thought that flashed across my mind: it must be nearer than that, but, hey, boys! I was wrong. The line quickly tightened—a fish was on, no mistake about it. He must have hooked almost immediately after I made the back flip: while the current was carrying the fly downward he had felt no restraint to cause him to

make his presence known; it was only when the line, coming round, began to drag him, that he showed himself—showed indeed, for the next moment he made a wild spring for liberty, and tore away at a furious speed towards the other side.

Now the fight began. I made for the bank as fast as I could, the line the while flying out at a tremendous rate—all the faster that I was going away from the fish. Dick was intensely excited. I had on a "flyer," and the possibilities were enormous. Already three-fourths of my 130 yards of reel line was run out. The fish I could see was forcing the pace up through the thin water almost under the birches on the opposite bank. He had drowned a great deal of line. I backed on to the top of the steep bank, held the rod as high as possible, and ran along to get ahead of him that I might recover line. This I managed in a short time, and by putting on a very severe strain, succeeded also in bringing the fish considerably nearer me.

I knew I had a strong wild salmon to deal with, and my object was to knock the wind out of him as speedily as possible. Having good tackle I held hard on. Up he worked into nice water for playing him, and I was thinking that in ten minutes I might have the satisfaction of bringing him to the side for Dick to gaff. But presently he began to roll and fall back: on and on he went, rolling and tumbling down with the stream. Still I kept him well in hand and pretty close in. Now a fence came in the way and I had to hand the rod to Dick. But meantime the line was allowed to run too freely, and before I could cross, the fish was again far out-away almost at the other side. The reel was nearly

empty by the time I could get back the rod from Dick. And where was the fish? He was far up stream, and had more than half of the line drowned. Must I do my utmost to again get above him and tighten on him? No, here he comes, and I rapidly reel in at least fifty yards of line. Down below me he now goes, rolling on. I am in good position again, but all my efforts cannot bring him near me. The water is strong and swift, and carries him with it. I slacken line, thinking he may turn of his own accord: this does not work. Down, down he rolls. Now he is on the verge of the rapids. Will he turn? The critical moment has arrived. If he goes down, he and I must part company, for never did angler save a break with a down-going salmon here. I pulled as hard as I dared. He struggled and plunged in the o'ergang, but the resistless rush of water caught him—and I felt all was over. I could but try to follow on. Jag, jag, I felt the line jag, jag, as it cleared stone after stone in the

rapids, while the fish was whirled away down the vortex. Following on, and holding the rod high up, but keeping sufficiently back to get the line angled for heaving it, if possible, over the many and large above-water boulders, fifty to sixty yards out, I had nearly got past the most precarious point, when my foot slipped down a broken bank, and catching a tree-root, I was brought full length on my face. Getting up quickly, however, I reeled in, splashed through a bit of back-water, and scrambled over numerous slippery big boulders, for the matter of eighty yards or so, to the bottom of the rapids. Was the fish still on? Yes, he was. There, in a quiet eddy, and without a kick left in him, was my gallant fish floating on his side—to all appearance "dead as a door-nail." He had drowned himself! My fly was firm in the roof of his mouth, and Dick lifted him out of the water—a 22 lb. cock salmon as silvery as a new shilling.

W. MURDOCH.

Public-School Cricket in 1900.

If there were no very wonderful performances in public-school cricket this year, it can be said with assurance that there were several cricketers who are likely to be heard of at the Universities and elsewhere. Perhaps the most interesting features of by no means a dull season were the sensational victory of Harrow over Eton, the visit of the Haverford eleven from America, and the fact that in most of the matches between the various public schools the players seem to have had no use for the drawn

game. Of course some matches have been drawn, but as a general rule there has been a splendid determination to avoid waste of time and to arrive at a definite result.

Of prominent individual cricketers Harrow had a fine batsman in G. Cookson, Rugby could boast of an excellent wicket-keeper in C. B. Henderson, and one of the best all-round cricketers in E. W. Dillon. Cheltenham had a good bowler in J. P. Winterbotham, for whom a successful future is confi-

dently predicted, and Uppingham was captained by A. C. von Ernsthause, a batsman and bowler of real merit. Although Eton were beaten by Harrow, and did not beat Winchester, they were a most useful side. The best batsmen in the team were H. K. Longman and D. J. Cassavetti. The latter failed both at Lord's and against Winchester, but is nevertheless a most promising cricketer, and as Longman has the happy knack of making runs when they are badly needed and making them well he should have a splendid chance of getting into the Cambridge team. Probably A. A. Tod was the best all-round cricketer in the team, and Whately, who bowls after the style of C. M. Wells, was a judicious, if not very dangerous bowler. A. C. Bernard did not quite come up to expectations, but on certain wickets he is undoubtedly a difficult bowler. Harrow were a very good side indeed. G. Cookson and E. W. Mann did a splendid performance in beating Haverford's score of 129 before a wicket fell, Cookson getting 89 and Mann 134. As Cookson also got 88 against Eton, he must be considered one of the best public-school batsmen of the year. The Harrovians were a good batting side all through the team, and they also possessed a lot of bowling. E. G. McCorquodale failed at Lord's again, but he bowled with deadly effect against Haverford. Against Eton K. M. Carlisle did his side inestimable service by taking 5 wickets for 15 runs in the second innings, and as Harrow had other bowlers in F. B. Wilson, A. Buxton and H. S. Kaye, they could not complain of a lack of variety in their attack. Perhaps the most astonishing thing in Winchester cricket was the brilliant improvement of the captain, H. C. McDonnell, who

proved himself a most dangerous batsman and bowler. K. O. Hunter was also a good bowler, and Winchester had good batsmen in A. C. Pawson, L. G. Cruwys and R. W. Awdry.

It has been said of the Rugby side that they were a one-man team, but although E. W. Dillon was incomparably the finest cricketer in the eleven this statement is not altogether true. Dillon has already made his mark in first-class cricket, he is a fine batsman and a good slow bowler. In bowling he would be even more useful if he tried to vary his leg-breaks more; all that can be said against them, however, is that they lack variety. T. A. Tapp bowled capitally against Marlborough, and F. C. M. Cruikshank is a good batsman. Of Henderson's wicket-keeping we have already spoken.

The Marlborough eleven were a disappointing side. Their failure at Lord's was pronounced, and all the more annoying to their supporters as they had previously done a brilliant performance against the M.C.C., and had played a good drawn game against Haverford. However the team is a young one and may possibly be really powerful next year. Rain interfered with the Cheltenham match, and although Marlborough had the worst of the draw they also had the worst of the luck; against Rugby they were beaten by nine wickets, but they played a most sporting game. The best batsmen on the side were E. S. Phillips, M. R. Dickson and N. C. Phillips, and the best of a moderate lot of bowlers was G. G. Napier. Their fielding was certainly outshone by that of Rugby at Lord's. Cheltenham were as disappointing as Marlborough and never showed their best form in the public-school matches. They had some good

cricketers on their side, notably Winterbotham, K. Fry and R. S. Bridge, but their record is one of disaster.

The Clifton side were not a great eleven, but they were a keen, useful lot of players. They beat both Cheltenham and Haverford, and, thanks to some good all-round batting, played an even draw with Tonbridge. Charterhouse cricket showed any amount of improvement, and we are all the more glad of this, as it helps to contradict the statement that the Carthusians have not been very keen cricketers of late years. How this idea got abroad we do not want to know; that it is an absolutely false impression of Charterhouse cricket we are quite convinced. This year the Charterhouse eleven was quite a good one, stronger perhaps in batting than bowling, but good enough all round to produce some most satisfactory results.

The Wellington side was a really bad one; they batted well against Haileybury, but could not escape being beaten by six wickets, and Charterhouse beat them by 169 runs. In the school matches a word of praise must be given to H. Henderson. He made 60 against Charterhouse, and 43 and 89 not out against Haileybury.

The Haileybury boys had a remarkably strong batting side; nearly the whole eleven could be relied on for runs, and their performance against Cheltenham at

Lord's was a very great one, as at one time they had all the worst of the game.

A. von Ernsthauseen did several wonderful performances for Uppingham, and as he is going up to Balliol, he will probably supply the Oxford team of next year with their much-wanted fast bowler. He had a good side under his control, worthy of the high standard of Uppingham cricket.

The Westminster eleven did some very bad performances, and although they had some good batsmen in their team, must be considered a moderate side. Their collapse against Charterhouse was complete.

Malvern had a lot of capable run-getters in their eleven. Repton received yet another crushing defeat, B. S. Foster taking 102 not out off the Repton bowling, and B. A. White scoring 137. The Uppingham match was drawn, White and G. B. Sanderson batting finely for the Malvernians. W. H. B. Evans is an all-round cricketer of much promise. In a brief article such as this it is impossible to speak of all the public-school teams, and we must conclude by saying that P. Eglington of Sherborne is a remarkably fine batsman, that Tonbridge had some good cricketers in their team, and that Merchant Taylors had a fine cricketer in J. E. Raphael.

A. B. C.

Some of my Father's Stories.

THE voice that told these stories with such humour and enjoyment is silent; yet, whenever I come across something odd, or quaint, or funny, I see again the long dining-table, our large and merry party gathered round, my father at the head recounting, with kindling eye and droll intonation, some telling story in apt illustration of something just said. One of the circle, who was studying law, had a sharp wit and sharper tongue, and happened to make caustic remarks upon the denseness and stupidity of country witnesses. "Ah! take care, my dear fellow, they are not as stupid as they look," said my father, "I remember hearing a young barrister thoroughly squashed by one of those very people you are describing."

Many years ago, in the Black Country, where the old system of "truck" in paying the workpeople was very generally practised, a system that was called in the vernacular "Tommy shops," shops which the masters kept. An Act of Parliament was passed to put this practice down, and in process of time it accomplished its purpose, although it died hard. One long-headed member of the fraternity with an extensive business adhered to this method very tenaciously, maintaining that it was a benefit to his workpeople; it certainly was in many ways, as the women received an equivalent for wage in food and clothing, which naturally kept down drunkenness.

The Government instituted proceedings against this iron-master for a breach of the law. One young barrister engaged in

the case for the prosecution was rather insulting to some of the rough witnesses called for the defence. A foreman of the blast-furnace department called a "furnace gaffer," was one of the witnesses—a typical specimen of his class, tall, big boned and fat, with a large, pale face. On entering the witness box he took off his wide-awake hat with great deliberation, and proceeded to pull a tuft of hair, making a profound salaam to the presiding magistrate, whom he regarded with considerable awe and reverence, and whom he persisted in addressing as "yore lordship's honor."

"Well, Mr. Baconface, what have you got to say?" said the barrister.

"Well, I ha' got this to say, as I think yo're caulfs yed and moy bacon faace u'd mak a very good dish."

"Oh! come, come," interrupted the magistrate, "you must not be insolent to counsel."

Witness, making another prodigious salaam: "Beg pardon, y're lordship's honor, but if poopies dunna behaf themsels, they mun be whipped."

So much for young barristers; old ones too, did not always come off with flying colours.

I was present on one occasion, many years ago, at the assizes at Shrewsbury when an eminent barrister, who went on that circuit, was employed in an important trial—I think murder. He had the reputation of being a very able and severe cross-examiner, the terror he inspired being increased by a very forbidding aspect, indeed it is no libel to say he was an exceedingly ugly man, and like most people of peculiar appearance he was most sensitive

upon the point. A woman witness came under his hands and proceeded to recount a conversation she had had with the prisoner at the bar, in the prolix fashion usual with such people, at length remarking :

"Well, sir, and so, sir, after that, sir, he went on a-humbugging me."

"Stop, stop, my good woman, tell me what you mean by humbugging?"

"Well, sir, just humbugging."

"Yes, yes, but what do you mean by this humbugging?"

"Well, sir, s'pose I was to say as you wos a very 'andsome mon, I should be humbugging you."

"You may go down."

In a considerable town in South Staffordshire a Board of Guardians found the accounts of the overseers of the poor in a state of great confusion, no annual balance sheet having been prepared for several years. They therefore appointed a committee of their number to examine the accounts and to make up the best balance sheet they could out of the confused records.

They managed to make out a statement of receipts and payments, but finding it impossible to reconcile figures and cash they presented to the Board a balance sheet squared by this lucid and instructive item, "Messed and mombled away, £1,000."

I remember a story of two influential and rich ironmasters, shrewd men of business in the Black Country, who sometimes had dealings with each other. The one was a quaker—Ephraim. He was very thin, very upright, with a grave dignified manner. He was held a man of strict morality, but was not above occasional sharp practice. The

other was a regular John Bull, stout and jolly, yet a commanding presence, showing his frank honest nature in his face. The two had had a business transaction in which John thought that Ephraim had somewhat over-reached him; he was very indignant, and meeting Ephraim one day a warm altercation ensued, John characterising the quaker's action as "a d——d shabby proceeding." Ephraim reproved him for swearing and added, "John, I think I could cure thee of swearing."

"And how?"

"Well, if thou would'st wear my hat for a week, thou'dst leave off swearing."

"Very well, give me your hat;" and the exchange was made on the spot, and for several days, to the amazement of his friends, John was seen going about in a broad-brimmed, quaker's hat.

At one of the Birmingham Exchange meetings the two met again, and John gravely taking off the hat said:

"Here Ephraim, take thy hat."

"Well, thou did'st not swear, John?"

"No, I did not swear, but I lied and cheated most abominably."

Some of us are prone to deem fools those who are ignorant of what we know, a peculiarity shared even by witless folk, as the following incident will show.

In a Shropshire village there was a poor half-witted man, called Soft Dick, an inoffensive fellow, who lived in the workhouse and spent his time walking about the lanes and talking to himself.

In one of his wanderings a gentleman on horseback overtook him, and called out "Hi! my man, which is the way to Shiffnal?"

Dick replied with a laugh and a leer, pointing his thumb towards

his questioner, "Ha! thee's a fool—dunno know the road to Shiffnal, an' I do."

The following incident is perfectly true. The audacity of the man led him to do many doubtful things, but this was perhaps his most impudent achievement. The fellow was a druggist, who had a shop in a thriving Midland town, he was clever and unscrupulous and what Americans would call "a smart man." His characteristics had gained him the curious *soubriquet* of "the Shiner." He busied himself a good deal in politics, and consequently was somewhat noticed by the surrounding gentry.

One day a gentleman came hurriedly into his shop and asked for the momentary loan of a local railway-time-table, explaining that he feared he had missed the only train to T—— where he was going to visit the Marquess of S——. Failing the train, would it be possible to secure a conveyance that would take him there in time for dinner?

"Oh," said the Shiner, "don't distress yourself, sir, I know the Marquess very well, a most popular nobleman in these parts. It is only twelve miles to his place, and if you have no objection, I will drive you over in my dogcart with pleasure; my horse is a fast goer; anyway, sir, I undertake that you shall be in time for dinner."

The gentleman, somewhat surprised at such an offer from a tradesman he had never seen before, expressed his thanks, enquired if his portmanteau could be taken as well, and being reassured on this vital point, went for a turn in the town at the Shiner's suggestion till he should be ready to start.

On his return he found a trap,

with a very likely animal in the shafts, standing at the door and his luggage already packed in. Next moment the Shiner appeared accompanied by a large portmanteau which was put on with the other luggage. This roused the stranger's curiosity but he made no comment. He was brought to his destination as promised, in time for dinner, when to his dismay instead of the expected good-bye to himself, his obliging friend gave a cool order to the groom to take the cart round and "look well after my horse," as he had come twelve miles at a smart pace.

The guest, closely followed by the Shiner, hurried into the house, to be cordially welcomed by the Marquess. The gentleman greatly embarrassed drew his host aside, and explained what had happened, and how he had only arrived in time by the kindly help of this man, adding, "I am afraid I do not even know his name."

"But I do!" interrupted the Marquess, reflecting that it would never do to be uncivil to the fellow. "Never mind, say no more, I will ask him to stay to dinner." Which he did, and the Shiner with his portmanteau were ushered upstairs.

He appeared in the drawing-room irreproachably dressed, and took his place amongst them, quite at his ease. Nothing daunted him and nothing disturbed his equanimity. The evening wore on but he made no sign of leaving, calmly following the gentlemen to the smoking room. The bewildered Marquess, sorry for his guest's distress, yet anxious not to offend the Shiner, at last quietly asked him to remain the night.

Next morning after breakfast he approached the Marquess with

many humble apologies, "he had a few important letters to write which must go by the early post; might he be permitted to write them in the library before asking for his cart?" Permission given the rogue sat himself down at the table and forthwith wrote to all his friends on paper which showed

them whence they were addressed, and proved the druggist to be on visiting terms with the great magnate of the county: which for some reason of his own was exactly the object he had had in view. This accomplished, he took his departure in high feather and great triumph. T.

Athletic Training in America.

THE remarkable successes of our American visitors in the Amateur Athletic Associations' championships on July 7th lend special interest to a "bulletin" which has just been published by the Office of Experiment Stations attached to the United States Department of Agriculture. During recent years this Office has conducted a series of "Dietary Studies" among various classes of the population, negroes, white artisans and students at College, with the object of ascertaining the relative values of foodstuffs in supporting life; and their latest enterprise in this direction has been the study of the diet of the Harvard and Yale University boat crews and athletes. Arguing that young men training to compete in severely contested races would be restricted to the most nourishing and muscle-forming foods, these industrious investigators took unto them a staff of chemists armed with carefully-tested scales, and established themselves in the kitchen of club or boarding house to weigh and analyse the rowing and running man's breakfast, lunch and dinner.

The undertaking was not a simple one: we do not hear, it is true, of open hostility on the part of the cook, who is generally

an autocrat in her own sphere; but in cases where "a considerable number of persons (including servants) not in active training were served from the same kitchen as the crew" it became necessary, as we understand, to waylay the waiters at the crews' dining-room door and weigh the dishes as they went in and came out. The dishes in which food was to be placed were weighed empty and after the food had been put in them, both weights being recorded. In case any dish came back empty during or after meals it was not weighed again, but the difference between the original weight of the dish and the weight of the dish and contents was taken as the measure of the amount of that particular food eaten. If some of the food remained on the dish, the final weight of dish and remaining food was ascertained and the difference between this and the weight of the dish as it went to table was taken as the quantity eaten. "Waste" or scraps left, such as meat or chop bones; and "refuse," such as the bones of chops, poultry and fish were jealously weighed to get at the exact amount consumed.

Of course these elaborate and painstaking measures could not

take account of individual appetite: and as the trainers and managers who ate at the same table as the crews did not abstain from comestibles which men in training abjure, a certain margin of error was bound to creep in. In one case the investigation was complicated by the presence at table of a self-denying coxswain who dieted himself rigorously to get his weight down: all they could do under these circumstances was to keep that coxswain under observation and exclude him and his dinner from the calculations. One rather sympathises with the coxswain; he ought to have had a Board of Investigation all to himself. Then again another series of studies was thrown out of balance by a coach with a taste for fruit, who ate more than his share of dessert; and sometimes the proceedings were crippled by the action of the athletes themselves who went home for the week end; but in these cases it was assumed, and no doubt quite correctly, that they dieted themselves on Sunday at the paternal board just as they did at training quarters.

From this cursory outline of the methods employed it will be seen that the "Studies" were conducted with very conscientious care. There is nothing very noticeable in the dietary itself; the crews lived plainly but well: soup, fish, meat, poultry, vegetables and fruit were sent to table every day during the training, which lasted from six to ten weeks. Puddings are rather sparsely represented, but for the rest the men fed as they would have done under normal circumstances. We will not go at length into the chemical analyses which are set out to take the record of a single "study" continued for five days. The "aver-

age nutrients" consumed per man daily was five ounces and a fraction of "proteine," or muscle-forming matter, about 6 ounces of fat and about $13\frac{1}{2}$ ounces of "carbo-hydrates"—starches and sugar.

When the Harvard crew was training at Gales Ferry in 1899 they breakfasted at half-past seven, lunched at one and dined after the evening's row. During the last week before the race each man took a dish of calves'-foot jelly and a glass of sherry after the morning row and an afternoon tea consisting of oatmeal, milk and bread at four, in addition to his regular meals. Tea and coffee were not allowed at any meal; but beer and claret were sanctioned at dinner. Immediately before the race each man had an ounce of beef extract and eight ounces of toast. They took little exercise except in the boat; "a five minutes' walk before breakfast, an occasional game of quoits or spasmodic effort to play baseball were the only forms of exercise indulged in. When not rowing, sleeping, or eating, the men passed the time in reading, writing, or in pure and simple loafing."

The weights of the men, taken of course without clothing, before and after rowing exercise repay examination. A table showing these particulars of the Harvard crew in 1898 proves that the average loss in weight per man through boat work was $2\frac{1}{2}$ lbs., but the surprising feature of the table is that after a practice row described as "medium work," the loss was $2\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. per man: after the next day's row described as "hard work, 8 minutes of very hard work," only 2 lbs.; and after the third day, "light work" $2\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. The explanation probably lies in the state of the

weather, a dull, cool day, we may conjecture, having been selected for a hard day's work. The maximum loss in any individual case during a practice row was $4\frac{1}{2}$ lbs.; the man, aged 20, stepped into the boat, weighing 11 stone $8\frac{3}{4}$ lbs. and came out weighing 11 stone $4\frac{1}{2}$ lbs; he was evidently in need of work as, although the day is noted as "extremely hot," the average loss of the eight was only 3 lbs. per man. In one table a rower, No. 7, is shown to have *gained* $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. in weight in the boat; but we suspect the figures have been accidentally transposed by the printer, as in every other recorded day this same No. 7 lost weight in degree varying from 1 lb. to $4\frac{1}{2}$ lbs.

It is to be regretted that these tables of weights, and work done with notes on the mildness or severity of the work and on the state of the thermometer, were not kept during whole periods of training; the tables included in the "studies" relate only to three, four or five days: in some cases the men lost weight on the whole; in one they gained a pound or two, but these details no doubt depend on the stage of training at which the records were taken. A man going into hard work loses weight at first in the shape of fat, and puts on weight afterwards in the shape of muscle.

Most of us resent the charge of nervousness before facing the starter. British phlegm may be proof against the sensation (though the writer confesses to invariably having felt nervous from the moment he left the scales till the starter's "Come along!" and uplifted flag braced him); but the remorseless scientific man has ascertained that in America rowing men always lose a little weight in the twenty-four hours preceding a race. This "preliminary loss," as it is called, naturally varies with temperament, but it works out on the average at $1\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. per man and is attributable to nervous effect upon the appetite. The same thing in an extreme form is observable in a man under the influence of fear, when he may perspire freely for a short time and thereby lose appreciably in weight.

To revert for a moment to the chemical constituents of the food of the American 'varsity oarsman (and athlete) in training. The investigators remark that their analyses of food show a striking difference between the quantity of muscle and flesh-forming food consumed by the men in training and men following an ordinary way of life; the former taking 45 per cent., or nearly half as much again.

“Our Van.”

Goodwood.—Every meeting at which the classes are wont to foregather was visibly affected by the results of the war, but a series of misfortunes were specially reserved for Goodwood, as though to wreck it as far as possible. They were national misfortunes, and, as one of our national institutions, the Goodwood meeting had to share them, and I think it got rather more than its fair proportion. The Chinese troubles, coming before the South African campaign is over, did not tend to inspire people with the holiday spirit proper to the enjoyment of a society gathering; but with an absolute crash, as it were, came, one after the other, the assassination of the King of Italy, and the death of the second son of Her Majesty the Queen. The last-mentioned lamented occurrence of course meant that there would be no royal party, nor, with one exception, were there any royal horses running either; and it had been intended to run several. No race-goer needs to be told that the glories of Goodwood are not as resplendent as they were. One hoped almost against hope that things would revive. With the view of restoring the Goodwood Cup to something like its old importance its value has been doubled, and there was a general feeling in society that an effort should be made to keep up the fine old meeting. But every act and resolution was hopeless in the face of such a series of knock-down blows; and, as though these were not sufficient, the weather broke down completely by way of making absolutely certain that nothing should be left undone that could help to mar the meeting.

On the first day the weather

was passably fine, and, all things considered, the attendance was as good as could have been anticipated. After that matters went from bad to worse. Every day the rain poured, drenching the luncheon tables, which were about one-third fewer in number than usual, and dwindled away day by day. People felt miserable and dull and did not strive to hide their feelings.

One would not arrive at a correct view of the situation by taking this year as a standard. The immediate causes of the dulness and desolation were within the control of no one. So much being granted, it nevertheless remains that the progressive decay of the meeting, which needs no searching for, has been accelerated by more or less preventible causes, but these are best not mentioned here. It is quite in the best interests of the meeting to say this; whilst every turf writer must, or should, take pride in upholding a time-honoured institution like Goodwood.

Seeing that Goodwood is more than five miles from Chichester station, no race should be fixed for later than half-past four. A five o'clock race is rarely over before a quarter past, and, in the face of the blocks of traffic that unavoidably occur on the road, it is impossible to catch the earlier specials unless the last race is missed. Thus trains go away not half filled, whilst later ones are much overcrowded, the holders of inferior class tickets forcing their way into the first-class carriages with impunity. When so much opportunity presents itself to the average race-goer, who takes his racing as a relaxation from his professional or business cares, to race at his ease, he is not inclined to go through the many disagree-

ables attending four consecutive days' racing at Goodwood. The meeting will come to depend more and more upon the purely society element, and that is why everything should be done to make matters comfortable for that class. The good old adage of Let well alone does not apply here, for things are not well, and some remodelling of arrangements seem advisable, even if a reserve has to be created with an enhanced charge for admission.

There is one class which always thoroughly enjoys the meeting, looking forward to it a long time ahead. This is the humbler class of resident within a radius of, say, twenty miles. These turn up each year with undiminished ardour and keenness for enjoyment. Goodwood is the only race meeting they know of. It is to them what Epsom is to the holiday-making cockney, who does not care what the excuse is for the gathering of people. For there are the swings and other simple forms of amusement that still flourish away beyond the carriage enclosure, a quarter of a mile or more from the winning post. This is an element that may be relied upon to give Goodwood its support for all time; but it will not keep the meeting going.

The by no means novel experiment of getting a road cheaply repaired was adopted of bestrewing a considerable portion of it with heavy gravel. By the end of the fourth day this had been ground in as by a roller, which was probably the end in view, but it does not seem to me a nice way of treating paying visitors to get them to play the part of steam roller. It is certainly cruel on the horses.

The exception amongst the horses of the Prince of Wales that has been mentioned was Lucknow, who had become so

great a favourite with the public, who thought him "chucked in" for the Steward's Cup, that it was deemed but an act of justice to allow him to run, which he did in Marsh's colours. The handicapper never entertained any fear of Lucknow spoiling his handicap, and the Prince's horse ran precisely in accordance with this functionary's opinion. All the morning people were repeating to one another what they knew as to the relative merits of Royal Flush and Americus, the prevailing opinion being that Americus was the better of the two at the weights. The latest betting did not support this opinion, for Royal Flush rapidly advanced to the position of favourite, whilst Americus went out to 100 to 7. It was really a very useful field, with Eager at the top carrying 9 st. 13 lbs., and he was not unfancied. The trouble with Americus was the difficulty of getting him to begin, and this no doubt accounted for much. The fears were fully borne out in the race, for it was not till quite late that he appeared on the scene, by which time Royal Flush was out by himself, he having raced down Master Willie. Americus beat the others all right, and The Grafter created surprise in being third. Eager ran well again, finishing fifth, but nothing was in it with Royal Flush, whose new record of winning both Royal Hunt Cup and Stewards' Cup in the same year reflects the greatest credit on Wishard, his trainer. The American division took a pile of money out of the ring over this race, and "playing it up" they had a huge credit balance at the end of the day. Had Americus won the ring would not have got off scathless, for the horse was well backed. In such a race it is rare for the same stable to supply first and second horse.

Such serviceable stakes (to the winning owners) as the Ham Stakes, Richmond Stakes, Gratwicke Stakes, Lavant Stakes, Goodwood Plate, Sussex Stakes and Drayton Handicap have to be passed over because there was nothing in them calling for comment. The Goodwood Cup was figuring under the new conditions as a £2,000 plate. Nothing much in the way of class was attracted, but it was very satisfactory to see as many as eight competing.

That Jolly Tar should have won there is no doubt, and had he done so J. Reiff would have won three of the most important races at the meeting. It was the jockey's fault entirely that Jolly Tar did not win, for Reiff presumed too much on the ability to get through on the rails inside Mazagan (F. Rickaby) and Strong Bow (O. Madden). The jockeys mentioned are scarcely the sort of men to throw away a race in order that another may win it. Jolly Tar should have won the Goodwood Cup by half a length; as it was he had to pull up third to Mazagan and Strong Bow. The valuable Prince of Wales's Stakes went to Santa Brigida, who only just beat First Fruit, however. The presence of Merry Gal was sufficient to give distinction to the Nassau Stakes. The handsome filly was well penalised but simply romped home with her 9 st. 8 lbs. Each time this filly runs she advances in favour, and Mr. Hall Walker is well justified in having her portrait painted by Adrian Jones, with Johnny Reiff up. The same artist, by the way, has painted Ambush II. to the order of the Prince of Wales.

Brighton and Lewes.—These meetings presented a rather stronger contrast than usual. The difference between one of the finest courses in the kingdom

(Lewes) and the absolutely worst (Brighton) is constant. This year it was accentuated by the vilest of weather visiting the Brighton meeting, whereas Lewes had lovely weather. The inconveniences put up with by those in Tattersall's ring at Brighton were something akin to those suffered by English prisoners with the Boers, and I learn that at last something is to be done. That is to say, the Corporation propose spending some £2,000, and it is fair to assume that this time the additions will be made where they are wanted. The last time money was expended it was by no means judiciously disposed of.

Several winners at Brighton stepped over the way, as it were, to repeat their successes in the same week at Lewes. Prominent amongst these was Santoi, who won the Brighton Cup on the Wednesday, and, with a penalty 5 lb., cantered away with the Lewes Handicap on the Saturday. He was actually giving a year and a pound to Spectrum, who had won twice at Goodwood, and was here on odds on chance. Her weak spot was found out by Santoi—she cannot stay, and Santoi had her dead settled three hundred yards from the finish.

Kempton Park.—The Kempton Second Summer Meeting is one of the curiosities of the season. In the middle of August it is hopeless to expect many people to attend, but the meeting is always successful. Money is far from being stinted, £1,500 going to the City of London Breeders' Foal Plate. This was won by the reliable Aquascutum for Sir J. B. Maple, who by this time must be very glad that he has Sam Loates for first jockey. Sammy was all there at the meeting, and the American jockeys were by no means having their own way, they

winning three races out of thirteen. As only four of them were riding the average was good enough, but it was a very different state of things to what had so recently gone before. The younger Reiff rode more than one absolutely bad race, hanging about with his horses until it was too late.

Polo.—The Rugby Tournament.—The earlier days of the tournament were spoilt by the weather, and it must have taken some considerable resolution to play it out. However, luck rewarded the efforts of the managers and the two best teams were left in to the last day, Saturday the 11th, which was the only really fine and pleasant day of the week.

Good polo always brings a large crowd at Rugby, and this was no exception, the long stream of cabs and carriages and one motor-car testifying to the popularity of polo in the midlands. There was another element of interest in the game, in that the combinations were new. The teams stood thus :

RUGBY A.
Mr. Walter Jones.
Mr. M. Nickalls.
Mr. G. A. Miller.
Mr. P. W. Nickalls.

MR. BUCKMASTER'S.
Lord Shrewsbury.
Mr. F. Freake.
Mr. W. Buckmaster.
Mr. Duval.

The umpires were Messrs. E. B. Sheppard and C. D. Miller, and, as things turned out, the post was not a sinecure. A very curious polo question cropped up in the course of the game and was decided by the umpires on the literal rendering of the rule. It is probable, however, that those who drew up the rule never contemplated such a result, and would have decided differently.

But this is delicate ground, and we all know that the Hurlingham rules are a forbidden topic to the profane. The case will be found stated below under the heading "A Polo Problem."

Everyone who saw the game

will agree that Messrs. Buckmaster and G. A. Miller were the mainstays of their respective sides. Mr. George Miller never played better in his life, and the run with which he carried the ball down at the close of the game was something to be seen. This last few moments of the game and the first ten minutes have never in the writer's experience been beaten for good, sound, yet brilliant polo. The score was a small one, and was tolerably even.

The score was even—2 all—at half time, and even—3 all—at the last bell. After another "ten" Rugby won quite deservedly through pluck and staying power, as the writer confesses he thought they were beaten twice in the course of the match.

A Polo Problem.—Here is the case noted above. Let there be two sides, X and Y, of which X is pressing hard. A X hits at the goal, he would have missed but B X happens to be off side, the ball strikes his pony and glances off through the posts. Y claims that it is no goal. Will the readers of BAILY look at their rules and decide? Most people would say it was no goal, yet the writer doubts if that decision could be sustained on the present wording of rule 18.

The Warwickshire Tournament.—This is now only second to Rugby among autumn tournaments. The Warwickshire ground is a very good one, though rather small, and, like all county grounds, is somewhat hard at times. The tournament was a little marred by the accident to Mr. Lousada. His pony fell and he broke a collar-bone. It was won by Mr. Buckmaster's team.

Polo in the United States.—The Championship Meeting at the public Prospect Park, Brooklyn, New York, was witnessed by some 20,000 people.

The final was played on July 5th, when the Dedham Club of Boston, Massachusetts, beat the Westchester team. Six clubs competed, the Meadowbrooks, Westchester County of New York, the Myopia, and Dedham of Boston, and the Philadelphia and Devon Clubs of Philadelphia. The Westchester Club of Newport, Rhode Island, the present holders, did not enter. Heretofore the championship matches have been invariably played at the end of September, and the entries were never more than four. The matches this year were particularly interesting and exciting owing to the play of a team which, it was thought, had no chance whatsoever. By steady practice for several years, the condition of men and ponies and by their perfect combination the Dedham team defeated in turn the former champions, the Meadowbrooks, the favourites, the Myopia, and the Westchester County Clubs. In the final with the Westchester County Club, the score at the end of the fourth fifteen-minute period was six all, play was therefore continued for six minutes, when the Dedhams, whose goal had never been in any very great danger, made the seventh and winning goal. Their success marks an era in the progress of the game in America. Combination and skill in passing triumphed over individual play. The members of the Dedham team were Messrs. Forbes, Weld, Goodwin and Crane. The Westchester Club was represented by Messrs. Reynal, M. and L. Waterbury and Cowdin.

Hunting.—The New Queen's Huntsman.—Everyone who knew him must have regretted Charles Lowman, the late huntsman of Old Berkeley who had just accepted the post of royal huntsman, when

he met with his untimely death. A good servant, a pleasant man and a keen sportsman, he will be missed in his old country. His death obliged Lord Coventry to look out for a new huntsman, and the choice fell on Frank Goodall, who had not long since exchanged the horn for the auctioneer's hammer. Frank Goodall is the second of his name who has carried the horn in our time with the royal pack.

The Foxhound Entry of 1900.—

Last year there was an almost universal complaint of the ravages of distemper. This year there are but few complaints of this kind. Lord Manvers, who begins the season with a new huntsman, Higgins, has gone largely to Belvoir for blood. The Rufford have used Villager, Dexter and Rustic from Belvoir, and have a particularly strong lot of youngsters to put on. In other kennels we find Warwickshire Tuscan, and some Atherstone hounds have been favoured, so that the process of assimilating the blood of the kennels of England is going on apace. No matter what the country, the better the hound the better the sport. We need, above all things, stout hunting blood, such as runs in the veins of the Belvoir, the Warwickshire, the Brocklesby, the Grafton, the Pytchley, and other famous packs. All these, it will be remembered, have practically a common origin.

The Wild Stag on Exmoor.—

Whatever may be the fortunes of foxhunting, the chase of the wild red deer in the west seems ever to increase in popularity and prosperity. There are now two packs, and an endeavour has been made but without success to establish a third. The writer can recollect the time when Mr. Fenwick Bisset had barely stags enough for two days' hunting in the week. The stag is a large

animal, and difficult to preserve without the good will of the people which is most heartily with stag-hunting on Exmoor.

The opening meet at Cloutsham on Wednesday, August 8th, was not, as it appears to me, so largely attended as in former years. But the pic-nic element it was that was absent; there were plenty of sportsmen and sports-women, and we had, I think, the best run seen for some years on an opening day. The run was almost an ideal one. The stag, well harboured, was roused at 12.0, and at 12.30 Anthony brought his hounds. For fifty minutes we galloped fast, and a blood horse in hard condition had his work cut out. At Badgworthy we stopped, and it was an hour before the scent could be recovered. It was about 2.30 when hounds began to work on the line of the chase again, and about 3.30 he was taken in Badgworthy water.

Sir John Amory's.—This pack had a very fine gallop on the 4th from Hele Bridge. In stag-hunting there is such a variety of ground in a long run that the sport to the lover of hounds is always full of interest. The stag was killed in the Barle at 4.30 or thereabouts. It was not all fast work, or we should never have seen the end.

Foxhunters and the War.—We should like to draw the attention of readers of BAILY to the remarks made by Lord Scarborough at the Grove puppy show at Serlby. Lord Scarborough, who has been acting as second in command of the 3rd Battalion of Imperial Yeomanry, bore warm testimony to the value of the men, to the training of the hunting field they had received, and last but not least to the English horses. These, he said, were by far the best, as long as they were fed on

fresh rations. The value of hunting practice was shown by the escape of a South Notts Yeoman who, wounded and pursued, rode at and cleared a barbed wire fence, and thus choked off his pursuers effectually. This barbed wire was an open undisguised one, not, please note, a strand passed through a hedge, which is almost as dangerous as a Boer.

A Shooting Man on Hounds in Covert.—Just at the beginning of cubhunting, a well-known writer on shooting, Mr. Charles Walker, has written an article in *The Field* on "Shooting Rabbits over Beagles." In the course of this article the following sentence occurs: "The beagles sometimes put up a few pheasants, but it is astonishing how little the birds seem to mind the hounds, and the harm done in this way to pheasant shooting is very small." To have good sport you must rattle the coverts, and if beagles disturb a covert little, far less do foxhounds, who spend a much shorter time in the covert.

The Otter Hunting Season.—From the Hawkestone, probably the largest pack, a private report which has come to hand speaks well of the sport enjoyed, though the great heat of July was sometimes trying both to the hounds and their followers. The Dumfriesshire, too, speak well of the sport enjoyed by their followers. The only danger to otter hunting is its popularity, for in some countries the fields are growing very large and, indeed, unwieldy. The record run of the season seems to belong to Mr. Foster, who is well known in Leicestershire. Mr. Foster and the Duchess of Hamilton have lately started a pack of otter hounds which they took to the Eastern Counties. First and last the master and hounds were out for sixteen hours, but they

killed a fine dog otter after a most tremendous hunt. The hunt took place near Aldeburgh.

The Traffic in Game Eggs.—

The Field Sports Protection and Encouragement Association have not remained content with institution of a vigorous campaign against the dealers who trade in stolen game eggs; they have now set on foot an organisation whose object is to bring into communication the game breeder and the dealer who can lawfully sell eggs. The machinery of the "Game Egg Guild" is simplicity itself; and it promises to help so largely towards putting an end to egg stealing, and fostering the interests of legitimate dealers, that there is little room to doubt the early success of the undertaking. To summarise the programme of the Guild, it is proposed to visit annually the premises of every advertiser of game eggs, and to send a report of the legitimate sources of supply (and others) to each member on March 1st in each year. The advertisers of game eggs will be asked to sign every year an undertaking (1) to allow the Agent of the Guild to occasionally visit his premises, the results of such visits to be considered private; (2) to keep a complete account of all purchases, sales of eggs, and forward the record of purchases and sales yearly to the Guild for inspection; and (3) to buy no game eggs except from landowners or occupiers with complete sporting rights, or game farms, &c., registered by the Guild. The scheme, it will be recognised, proposes in effect to take the purveyors of game eggs under the wing of the Guild: it appears to require a good deal of them, but nothing, in our judgment, to which a tradesman of common probity can object; and in return the Guild brings the

purveyor into direct communication with his customers. The plan is practical, and there seems no reason why it should not succeed in its object if properly supported. The terms of subscription are nominal—five shillings a year. Particulars can be had from Mr. George Arthur Battcock, Hon. Sec. of the F. S. P. E. Association, 4, Carlton Street, Regent Street, London, S.W. The movement is one that every game preserver owes it to himself and to his neighbour to support.

Irish Notes—Racing.—The postponement of the Bank Holiday Meeting at Baldoy had the effect of sending down additional crowds of disappointed sportsmen to assist on the following Wednesday at the most crowded meeting ever held on the Curragh. They called it the July Meeting, *more Hibernico*, because it was run in August. The fact that Master Johnny Reiff was to make his first appearance in Ireland also added vastly to the success of the gathering, and the reception that he received was truly enthusiastic, especially when he got home on Rainstorm, and when he won the Newbridge Plate for the Viceroy on the second day.

Some good two-year-olds were there, notably the slashing Dodragh, who won the Marble Hill Stakes; Kingfield, who finished third when essaying to carry 9st. to the front in the Heath Plate; and St. Helena, who was second in the same race. The latter is all over a galloping sort, and considering that she has only been a few weeks in training, it was no bad performance to run second to St. Ulva with 21lbs. more weight on her back than the winner carried. She is by St. Florian—Davorgill, a Gallinule mare, and was bred by her owner, Mr. Copinger, of Middleton, and trained

at Ahanesk. Reiff came over to ride for Mr. Hall Walker, and had he not done so that gentleman would not have secured the Drogheda Memorial Plate of £1,000 with V.R., for Golden Bay must have won handily in the guidance of an expert. This was the first of the small boy's successes, but he took the next race, the Crotanstown Plate, with Old Brown Bess, and had he not been left at the post in the concluding event of the day, he would have scored a third successive victory; as it was, he rode a rarely judged race, and coming at the right moment, almost got up and won. Next day he rode three winners, and had no other mounts. One of these wins was a marvelous performance on Rainstorm, the top weight in the Thursday Plate, and here he fairly rode the heads off the Curragh boys, and received a great ovation. This made a total of five wins out of eight mounts for the midget.

Hunting.—We have heard a great account of the Meath entry, and also that good judges who have been at Ballydarton pronounce the pack there to have attained a higher standard of excellence than has been seen in Ireland for some time, and the bitches that will be entered shortly are just as good-looking as anything old Mr. Watson has ever bred. When the organisation of the new Waterford pack became an accomplished fact, as a matter of course the subscription raised by Waterford gentlemen to induce Mr. Langrishe to hunt that portion of South Kilkenny nearest to their city came to an end. This is the country that in former days was held by lease from the Kilkenny Hunt for the Curraghmore Hounds. An offer from Mr. Lambert, of Dysartmore, to hunt the part known as the Ross or

Rosbercon country, which lies to the east of the Waterford and Central Ireland Railway, has been accepted by the Kilkenny Hunt. Mr. Lambert, who has been hunting foxes (only) as Master of the New Ross Harriers for several years, is a very successful huntsman, and is never away from his hounds. He is bound to show good sport in that district, knowing as he does every inch of it, and now having some very clever and beautifully-bred hounds. His pack will number twenty couples, and he will hunt two days a week. The Kilkenny Hunt reserve to themselves the right of a certain number of draws to be arranged between the masters; this agreement to hold good only for one year. It is not settled by whom the Bessborough country is to be hunted, but it is to be hoped that the Waterford pack will operate there; it would be most convenient for them, as it lies so close to their kennels at Mount Bolton. Mr. Prior Wandesforde will hunt North Kilkenny as last year, so that the county pack under Mr. Langrishe will limit their operations to three days a week in the remainder of the county.

The Hound Show, which has for a few years past been held on the second day of the Clonmel Show, does not seem to create much public interest, or indeed to "catch on" properly. Possibly Clonmel is too far south for a national show, and the usual block system peculiar to Irish railways when different companies have a chance of proving how successfully they can retard the public journeying, makes it difficult of access; and it may be that Kildare would be a better centre. However, on this occasion the representatives of ten Irish foxhound packs appeared in the arena. The Duhallow Hounds

have never been allowed to deteriorate much since the old days when the late Lord Doneraile reigned supreme; for it must be remembered that when his mastership ceased he still held virtual control over the breeding and selection, assisting his successors, Mr. T. G. Hare and others, with the matured judgment which made his name famous among hound-breeders. Thus, as the present master, Mr. Nigel Baring, is honestly fond of hounds, it cannot be wondered that the Duhallow "swept the board" in the absence of any competition from the few Irish kennels that are best known to the principal houndsmen of England. The first prize in Class I., for the best two couple of dog-hounds, was won by the New Waterford pack with an Oakley dog, Fatalist, by Dancer—Famous, and a couple and a half from Cottesmore, viz., Gaylad, by Gordon—Trespass; Gilder, by Ringwood—Gaylass; Norman, by Nimrod—Governess. This lot were all purchased by Mr. C. Nugent-Humble for Mr. Malcolmsom at the recent Rugby sale. The Duhallow came next in this class, and then took the following three first prizes, viz., first for best two couple of bitches, first for best couple of unentered dog-hounds, and first for best couple of unentered bitches, and also Mr. Baring's cup for stallion hounds, and Mr. Biddulph's prize for bitches. The Kilkenny bitches shown were very smart indeed, though scarcely in the condition that looks best in the show-yard; but the wretched weather entirely spoiled the pleasure of the Hound Show, and none of the competitors could be expected to look their best.

Polo.—Though the end of July and the beginning of August is decidedly an "off" time in Ire-

land, yet polo has not languished much, though practice matches and preparation for the coming tournaments have been the order of the day, and it has not been always easy to get a county team together.

Antrim as a polo county is, I am told, going to come to the front with a rattle, thanks, in a great measure, to the Houston family and Mr. Richardson. They have given some evidence of coming danger already, since the Antrim team did not let Fermanagh have anything like a look in when a team from that county visited them on July 30th, only to suffer defeat by 10 goals to love.

The 21st Hussars, after a good game, just defeated a strongish team in Kildare (in which Captain Steeds played back) on the County Polo ground at Castletown, poor Mr. Tom Conolly's place which has now reverted to his brother, who is also at the front with his battery in South Africa.

Mr. John Watson has been playing in Ireland, and after visiting the County Carlow Polo ground, he got a team together and successfully engaged the A. I. P. C. in the Phoenix Park, the Master of the Meath being in his best form, and doing a lion's share of the work. He was, however, defeated in the same week after a good game by a team led against him by Captain Steeds.

The state of the polo grounds all over the country was such that an entire cessation from play seemed inevitable for a time, so sodden was the turf, the rainfall in the island having been something quite unprecedented; however, the heat wave arrived just in time to let the Kildare Club Tournament at Castletown commence on Monday, August 13th, when the A.I.P.C. adminis-

tered a very severe drubbing to the home county, who were unable to obtain a goal against 11 hit by the All Ireland men.

On the same day, on Lord Huntingdon's ground at Shara-vogue, King's County beat Kilkenny by 8 goals to 1, his Lordship playing No. 3 on the winning side.

Again the death of a good sportsman in South Africa has to be sadly chronicled; for in Tipperary no man, except the Master himself, could have been missed so much as poor Captain Church, who recently died of his wounds. Some years ago, when in the 16th Lancers, he "tried Tipperary" as a hunting quarter with a bachelor party, which included his brother. They dropped in for about the best season that Mr. Burke has ever had, and Captain Church became enamoured of the country, left the service, purchased Knockeven House, and soon found himself happily married and settled among the oceans of grass that surrounded his home. A true and most keen sportsman and beautiful rider, a charming and delightful companion, he made friends on all sides, and his loss has caused the deepest sorrow, while most heartfelt sympathy for his young wife and family is everywhere expressed.

Mr. David Mahony, the venerable and beloved secretary of the Kildare Hunt for thirty years, has also passed away, and was buried the first day of the Curragh meeting. Since the days of Mr. Cradock, in Quorndom, no secretary ever did more for a hunt than Mahony, of Grange, whose business abilities were of a high order, and placed the hunt in a most enviable financial position, while his engaging courtesy and politeness to all did much to popularise it.

The Autumn Field Trials.—

That the popularity of field trials shows no diminution has been proved by a series of three being held over grouse during the few weeks immediately preceding the 12th. A few seasons ago this would have been thought impossible, but with Mr. Arkwright's pet combination the International Pointer and Setter Society gaining new adherents, the promotion of autumn trials by the International Kennel Club, and the revival of the Irish meeting, followers of these most interesting competitions have been provided with plenty of sport this season. Each meeting was a distinct success, both the English fixtures proving game to be stronger and more abundant than had been the case for some years, whilst even old-timers were not slow to admit that in very many respects present-day pointers and setters are quite equal as game-finders to those of their time.

What they — the old-timers — find fault with is the latitude given handlers, it being pointed out that not infrequently the men in charge of the dogs have more to do with finding the game than have their charges. Several times during the trials it was noticed that dogs had to be literally dragged to their point; this, as all sportsmen must admit, would never do during a shoot. The value of a dog as a game-finder is reduced to a minimum, if he has to be assisted in this manner, and sooner judges mark their disapproval of this system of "forcing" the better it will be for those dogs broken to systematic ranging and quartering, work which it is a pleasure to witness, and which is, after all, the true test of the value of a dog as a shooting man's companion.

A review of the work done at

the autumn trials would be tedious, especially as full details have already appeared from the pens of a more numerous body of reporters than had been seen at trials for years, this fact being another proof of the increase of public interest in the competitions. Time was when one, or at the most two, went the circuit; at Bala this season there were on the first day five or six reporters, but only the regulars stayed the course, there being several vacancies on the second day. This was not to be wondered at, for the work, if done thoroughly, is very arduous, every spin having to be noted, and this can only be done by keeping up with those working the dogs. This, however, *en passant*.

The feature of the autumn series was the successful reappearance of Captain Heywood Lonsdale's English setter Ightfield Gaby, the puppy of whom my correspondent spoke so highly in the spring. Since his meritorious win at Woburn he has been *hors de combat*; at one time, indeed, his life was despaired of, but pulled round by Frost, he ran with all his old fire at the meeting over Sir Watkin Wynn's moors and cleared out the lot, including Mr. B. J. Warwick's Compton Sam, looked on as the puppy of the year, and Colonel Cotes's Prince Frederick of Pitchford, who at the Derbyshire meeting the previous week had won the important All-aged Stake, the most valuable of the year. There was, indeed, no doubt as to his superiority as a game-finder, and also as regards style, good judges present—the Rev. W. Sergeantson among the number—declaring him to be the most typical field trial dog seen since the day of Fred. W., generally spoken of as the best of his

species. He was hard pressed in quartering by Sir Watkin Wynn's Ruth o' Gymru, a grand type of pointer, who had, however, the advantage of knowing the ground. Had she been worked by her owner, the best amateur handler in the country, she might have turned the tables on her youthful opponent, who, despite all his steadiness, was a little prone to false pointing. In all other respects he was perfect, and this accounted for his meritorious win. Sir Watkin Williams-Wynn was, by the way, not on the moors either day, he being on a bed of sickness at Glanllyn, his Merionethshire seat. The effects of a sunstroke, a more serious matter than was at first suspected, may, indeed, keep the popular Welsh baronet indoors for some time.

The Duke of Beaufort.—Messrs. Dickinson & Foster, of New Bond Street, have published an admirable photogravure portrait of the Duke of Beaufort, which deserves the attention of the numberless sportsmen who enjoy sport with the Badminton Hounds. The Duke is shown not in hunting gear but in an ordinary frock coat, seated in an arm-chair. The portrait will be recognised as an exceedingly good one.

Aquatics.—Considering all things, nothing but honeyed words can be spoken of the first-class regatta season this year. Meetings at Staines, Cookham, Goring and Streatley, Bourne End, Reading, Oxford and Molesey have taken place since our last. At most of these fine sport was witnessed, and the competition was always keen. Indeed, Molesey Regatta bids fair to rival Royal Henley, both from social and racing points of view. This year the attendance both afloat and ashore was fully equal to that of Henley, and the racing

was quite as "classy" and exciting. As the result of the season's work, the London R. C. crews can again boast all-round supremacy. As in 1899, they again swept the board at many meetings, and their record is one to be proud of. From some reason or other, their old and dangerous rivals of the Thames R. C. have not justified earlier promise. As usual, they came on by leaps and bounds at the fag end of the first-class season; but, altogether, we cannot congratulate them upon an eventful year's work.

Other clubs deserving mention for doughty deeds are the Vesta, Kingston, Royal School of Mines, Marlow, Anglian and Twickenham, the Old Salopians, &c. Opinions differ greatly as to the quality of the racing. Some experts affirm that it was not so good as usual, while others (equally capable of judging) maintain to the contrary. Considering that so many prominent rowing men and coaches were away at the front, we personally consider the all-round exposition highly satisfactory. One thing is certain, *i.e.*, both at Henley and subsequently—at regattas where they were in opposition—University exponents ruled the roast this year. Perhaps in the face of their superior opportunities for practice, &c., this is natural; anyway the fact remains by common consent.

A feature of the season has been the large increase of really capable and promising scullers. Outside such cracks as C. V. Fox (Amateur Champion), B. H. Howell, H. T. Blackstaffe, St. George Ashe, F. L. Boyton, &c., legion is the number of juniors now coming on. Under this category may be placed L. Liversidge, A. H. Cloutte, W. W. Field, J. W. Knight, G. Bailey, C. O. Crisp, &c. By juniors in this case, of course we mean scullers who have not

hitherto figured in class fray; it is our opinion that never has the outlook in this direction been more rosy. *Per contra*, never have professional scullers been so few, or the outlook so black. Turffrey of Bankside certainly won Doggett's Coat and Badge in excellent style this year, but he sadly wants experience and polish. Not for some years is it likely that an English professional will again throw down the gauntlet for the championship. Since our last, G. Towns (holder) and J. Wray—both Australians—have agreed to compete for the English Championship and a substantial stake. The race takes place during the current month, and we shall comment on the result in due course. On present form, we fancy the tussle will be a sensational one, with Wray for choice.

The Punting championships this year attracted a good deal of attention. A surprise was in store for Shepperton when the amateur championship was decided. N. M. Cohen (holder) and C. R. Mullings met in the final, and the latter always held the whip hand. He led from the first, and went at such a pace that Cohen gave up after covering half the distance. Despite this, Mullings continued to punt finely, and finished the course in the record time of 6 minutes exactly! The Double Championship was also a bit of a surprise, the Brothers R. S. and E. S. S. Baker easily defeating Messrs. Mullings and W. Colin Romaine in the good time of 4 mins. 3 secs. George Haines (Old Windsor), the holder, again won the Professional championship at Maidenhead, but only just. F. Nickolls (Old Windsor) met him in the final, and one of the closest and most sensational tussles ever witnessed ensued from start to finish. Hardly separated

by a yard the whole of the way, Haines just gained the verdict by 4 feet only. We may add that the minor titles of Amateur Champion of the Upper and Lower Thames were won by Messrs. N. M. Cohen and Gordon Kerr respectively.

Sailing, canoeing, &c., have gone on unceasingly. Matches have been of almost daily occurrence, hence to mention even a tithe of them would occupy far too much space. Socially the season has well-nigh reached its zenith. Save for about a week's uncongenial weather—which unhappily included Bank Holiday—glorious conditions have prevailed. As the result, an ever-increasing, never-ending migration to riverain quarters has taken place all down the line. Rarely have boat-builders and boat letters had a better season; in fact, as in pleasure so in business "all the markets have overflowed." General news may be briefly vouchsafed. Old Carthusians and Cantabs mourn the death of Captain L. E. A. Ollivant (Royal Fusiliers) who was killed in action at Tientsin. Mr. Ollivant will be remembered as the famous "Old Blue" who rowed against Oxford as recently as 1893 and 1894. It is also a regrettable coincidence that the two famous Old Oxonian "Blues," Messrs. Wethered and Holland, should have lost their wives within a few weeks of each other. We are pleased to state the memorial boathouse to Mr. "Jimmy" Milner (Molesley, R. C.) is now in course of erection. Two bad features of the season have been (a) the prevalence of weeds in many districts, and (b) the wilful encroachment of pleasure craft upon regatta courses during racing. The first-named is directly the fault of the Thames Conservancy, and the second indirectly so. An example

should be made of defaulters in the latter case. It is refreshing to hear that new arrangements are to be made henceforth as regards dredging the river, cutting the weeds, &c. It is high time, too. Complaints just recently have been loud and long, and with ample reason! Altogether the aquatic season of 1900 will be remembered as a red-letter one.

Golf.—There was a great gathering of golfers at St. Andrews for the Calcutta Cup Tournament—greater indeed than is often seen on the occasion of a Medal Meeting. This tournament is played on the new course, and the handicaps are given in holes, not in strokes as is the more usual method, and it seems to possess a special attraction for members of the Club who are not quite first raters but aspire to a place in that class. They enter not only because they have a chance of winning the cup but also because the privilege may fall to them of having a match with better players than themselves. No fewer than seventy-three members balloted for places in the tournament, the number including Mr. Leslie Balfour-Melville, who was put two holes behind scratch, Mr. H. G. B. Ellis, the University player, and Mr. A. F. Macfie, both of whom were put one hole behind scratch, Mr. A. G. Tait, a brother of the late Lieut. Tait, Mr. D. I. Lamb, Mr. Henry Parker, Mr. E. Scratton, jun., Captain W. H. Burn, Mr. G. McEwan, Mr. W. E. Fairlie, Mr. W. Herbert Fowler, and several other scratch players. The tournament extended over four days, none of which was too favourable in the matter of weather for golf. Mr. A. F. Macfie fell an early victim to a player with 5 holes of a start, Mr. Leslie Balfour-Melville succumbed in the third round to a player with 8

holes to his credit at the start, while the third man behind scratch, Mr. H. G. B. Ellis, held on until the fifth round when he was beaten by Mr. E. Scratton, jun. The players in the final round were Mr. Scratton, scratch, and Mr. Spencer Gollan, the well-known racehorse owner from Australia, who has taken up golf with characteristic enthusiasm, and who

received in the competition a start of 3 holes. This start was too much for Mr. Scratton, who though playing a sound game was defeated by 4 up and 3 to play. Mr. Gollan is a strong and careful player, and no doubt his success on this occasion will put him back to scratch, a position specially creditable in view of the short time he has been at the game.

Sporting Intelligence.

[During July—August, 1900.]

THE sales held during the second July meeting at Newmarket commenced on July 17th. Business was very slow. Captain the Hon. A. Greville sold eleven yearlings for 3,305 gs., an average of 413 gs. each. Mr. Sievier paid top price, 1,500 gs., for the bay filly by Persimmon, and Mr. W. Low gave 600 gs. for a chestnut filly by Bend Or. The Duke of Devonshire's Hairdress, by Ayrshire, went to Mr. D. Fraser at 510 gs. Mr. R. Marsh purchased Mr. Gurry's Queenly Wise for 500 gs.

On Wednesday the 18th six lots from Mr. Joseph Cannon's stud were disposed of for an aggregate of 1,770 gs. Mr. W. M. Singer gave 610 gs. for a bay colt by Wolf's Crag, and Mr. Leonard Brassey paid the same figure for a filly by Rightaway. A considerable number of Thursday's entries changed hands. Count Lehnndorff gave 4,000 gs. for Manners, by St. Simon, and Mr. L. White paid 800 gs. for Sir. W. Fitzgerald's Heir Male, by Ayrshire.

The final heat of the annual contest for the Wingfield Sculls was rowed on July 20th, when E. G. Fox, Guards' Brigade R.C., easily beat the holder, B. H. Howell, Thames R.C., in the record time of 22 mins. 54 secs.

Earl Manvers, the new master of the Rufford Foxhounds, presided at the luncheon in connection with the Puppy Show held at the Kennels on July 20th. During an interesting speech, he said he was hopeful that the farmers would help to support the hunt by not using barbed wire, of which, however, he thought there was very little in their country, except on the Derbyshire side, where he hoped the farmers would

take what he said, to heart and have the wire removed. Concerning the prospects of the next season, he believed there were plenty of good foxes. He heard good accounts on all sides as to cubs, and he hoped there would be plenty of kills, because, if the hounds did not kill the foxes, someone else would.

The following appears in *The Field* of July 21st:—During a walk with my gun in search of rabbits on July 9th, I met with a pack of weasels numbering about fifty. They were running with their tails up, as if hunting. I fired a charge of No. 5 into the middle of them, and picked up two. Then they took refuge in some holes in an adjoining hedge.—CHAS. R. MURRAY (Broughton Hall, Eccleshall, Stafford). [Although we are inclined to think that our correspondent's estimate of the number seen is unintentionally exaggerated, there is no doubt whatever that both weasels and stoats will travel and hunt in packs. Many well authenticated instances of the kind are on record. The late Mr. E. T. Booth, who formed the beautiful collection of British birds now the property of the Corporation of Brighton, gave a graphic description in *The Field* of October 6th, 1883, of an encounter which he once had in East Lothian with a pack of stoats which attacked a terrier he had with him, when, with the aid of his dog and his breech-loader, he killed a dozen or fourteen. Another case is reported by Mr. Shand in *The Field* of July 21st, 1891, and the late Richard Jeffries, in his "Gamekeeper at Home" (p. 121), mentions parties of five and eight hunting in company.—ED.]

The famous polo ponies, Policy, Sailor and Sermon, owned by the late Lord Kensington, were offered for sale by Messrs. Tattersall on July 23rd. Sailor made 430 gs., Sermon 310 gs., and Policy was bid for up to 140 gs.

The Bicester and Warden Hill Puppy Show was held on July 25th. Responding to the toast of "The Judges," Mr. Douglas Pennant, master of the Grafton, strongly emphasised the necessity of keeping up size in hounds, and deprecated the limited practice of inter-breeding with one or two packs, such as the Belvoir and the Warwickshire. Tom Whitmore endorsed what Mr. Pennant had said. He believed in keeping up the size of hounds, and disagreed with a prominent master of hounds at Peterborough Show that a hound of 23 inches was sufficient. He thought that if the size was stultified at 23 inches it would very soon be reduced to 21 inches. It seemed to him that the animal who would hunt the afternoon fox should be well made and have plenty of bone and muscle.

At the North Cheshire Hunt Puppy Show on July 28th, the Earl of Enniskillen, the master, who presided at the luncheon, in proposing the health of the puppy walkers, referred to the happy state of affairs existing in the country, and said there was no country that had a better class of walkers, who did so much to promote the sport. Last season they were exceedingly successful in the field, killing no fewer than 106 brace of foxes, passing through the season without the slightest obstruction from, or friction with, the farmers, and hunting generally in such a way as to make his position an exceedingly happy one. Prospects for the coming season were exceedingly bright, foxes were everywhere plentiful, and there was no reason why they should not do as well or better than last season.

Mr. John Burnup, who was hon. sec. of the Surrey County Cricket Club from 1848 to 1855, and a member of the committee up to the time of his death, passed away on July 29th.

The annual race for the Doggett Coat and Badge was rowed on August 1st for the one hundred and eighty-sixth time, the course being from London Bridge to Chelsea. Six watermen qualified for the final, and a good race ensued, resulting ultimately in an easy win for Henry C. Coppock, Bermondsey, the favourite, Wm. Hamerton, being five lengths behind, with A. R. Chitty, Richmond, fourth.

During the race for the Goodwood Corinthian Plate on August 2nd, Sweet

Coquette fell and Kopely rolled over her. Mr. Frank Hartigan and Allsopp, the respective riders, were both injured, the latter seriously.

During the cricket match between Somerset v. Middlesex, played at Taunton on August 6th, 7th and 8th, Albert Trott secured all the Somerset wickets in the first innings for 42 runs.

The annual regatta of the Royal Yacht Squadron opened at Cowes on August 7th. The race for the Queen's Cup attracted four entries, the German Emperor's *Meteor* (scratch), Sir Maurice Fitzgerald's *Satanila* (25 mins.), Captain Towers-Clark's *Lorna* (53 mins.), and Mr. John Gretton's *Betty* (37 mins.); the last-named did not start, being wind bound. *Satanila* won easily from *Meteor*, her time being 2 hours 30 mins. 50 secs., as compared with *Meteor's* 2 hours 28 mins. 20 secs.

The race for the Emperor's Cup was sailed on August 8th, when nine started, Mr. A. Fynn's *Columbine* was the winner, Mr. P. Lord's *Erycina* being second, and Mr. C. Quentin's *Cicely* third.

The Hon. Walter Rothschild, who presided at the luncheon in connection with Lord Rothschild's Puppy Show at Ascot on August 8th, in the course of a speech, said that he had been in the district since he was seven years of age, and had received uniform kindness from all the farmers and others he had met. Although Englishmen, he continued, were looked upon with hatred by other nations, it was the hatred of envy, for no country had succeeded in such a marvellous way as this little wave-worn island. This success was largely due to the innate love of sport to be found in all Englishmen, which made them strong and fearless.

The annual competition for the Professional Punting Championship was held at Maidenhead on August 9th. The final heat was between George Haines (Old Windsor) and F. Nickolls (Egham), and resulted in the victory of Haines by 3 feet.

Lieut.-Col. Lord Binning (commanding the Blues) met with an accident on August 14th while out on the Lammermoors, Berwickshire, through his dog running against his gun, causing the weapon to discharge and inflicting a severe wound.

The Queen's Prize, shot for at the National Rifle Association's Meeting at Bisley, was won on August 21st by Private W. T. Ward, 1st Devon, with the record score of 341 points. Private Ward, who also won the prize in 1897, lives at Okehampton and is a coachbuilder.

Sir Henry Simpson, of Windsor, Veterinary Surgeon to the Queen, to the Royal Buckhounds, and Official Measurer of Polo Ponies at Hurlingham, was found drowned in the Thames at Datchet on the morning of August 17th. From evidence produced at the inquest, it would appear that the deceased gentleman was overtaken by dizziness while taking his morning walk by the riverside and fell into the water.

One of the victims of the fighting at Tientsin was Captain L. A. E. Ollivant, an old Cambridge Blue, who rowed in the 'Varsity Boat Races of 1893 and 1894.

The death of Mr. T. H. Ashton, at his residence, Clyro Court, Hay, is announced. Mr. Ashton, who was fifty-nine years of age, was master of the North Warwickshire Foxhounds from 1888 to 1894.

It is proposed to erect a memorial to the late Mr. D. Buchanan, the celebrated slow bowler. The memorial is to take the form of a new pavilion on the ground of the Rugby Cricket Club, Mr. Buchanan having been hon. sec. of that club for over forty years. It was always his wish to see a new and much-needed pavilion on the Rugby ground, but the cost (about £500) put it quite out of reach of the club to provide one, and help from old cricketers and associates of the deceased gentleman is being solicited. Amongst others the Marylebone Club have generously given £5 towards the funds, and if there are any of his old friends who would like to contribute towards this fitting memorial to such a well-known cricketer and thorough sports-man, the present hon. sec. of the Rugby Club, Mr. Bernard Relton, of Rugby, will be glad to receive their donations.

TURF.

NEWMARKET.—SECOND JULY MEETING.

July 17th.—The Beaufort Stakes (Welter Handicap) of 10 sovs. each for starters, with 300 added; Beaufort Course; seven furlongs.

Mr. J. B. Leigh's b. h. The Wyvern, by Bend Or—Flyaway, 5 yrs., 8st. 7lb. J. T. Sloan 1
Mr. Russel's b. c. Stage Villain, 4 yrs., 8st. O. Madden 2
Mr. Leopold de Rothschild's ch. h. Sacripant, 5 yrs., 9st. T. Loates 3
3 to 1 agst. The Wyvern.

The Dullingham Plate of 430 sovs.; Suffolk Stakes Course; one mile and a half.

Mr. J. W. Larnach's b. c. Strong Bow, by Morion—La Flèche, 3 yrs., 8st. 10lb. O. Madden 1
Mr. Ernest Dresden's ch. c. Brigadore, 3 yrs., 7st. 9lb.

J. Reiff 2
Mr. R. Waldie Griffith's b. f. Styria, 3 yrs., 7st. 12lb.

J. H. Martin 3
3 to 1 agst. Strong Bow.

The Soltkyoff Stakes of 360 sovs.; for two-year-olds; New T.Y.C.; five furlongs 142 yards.

Lord W. Beresford's ch. c. Petronius, by Isinglass—Spoleta, 8st. 9lb. L. Reiff 1

Mr. J. Musker's b. f. Nitrate Maid, 8st. 5lb. J. Reiff 2

Mr. L. de Rothschild's b. c. San Francisco, 9st. 1lb. ...T. Loates 3
10 to 1 agst. Petronius.

July 18th.—The July Handicap of 605 sovs.; Exeter Course.

Prince Soltkyoff's b. h. Leisure Hour, by St. Simon—Love in Idleness, 5 yrs., 7st. 9lb. J. Sloan 1

Mr. T. R. Dewar's b. or br. h. Perthshire, 5 yrs., 7st. 5lb. (car. 7st. 6lb.) S. Loates 2

Lord W. Beresford's ch. f. Myakka, 4 yrs., 7st. 5lb. J. Reiff 3
7 to 1 agst. Leisure Hour.

The Zetland Plate of 490 sovs.; for three-year-olds; one mile and a half.

Mr. Jas. Joicey's ch. c. Alvescot, by Raeburn—Alberta, 9st. 1lb.

T. Loates 1
Sir E. Cassel's ch. c. Martini, 8st. 5lb. (car. 8st. 6lb.) L. Reiff 2

Mr. E. C. Clayton's b. c. Victor Hugo, 9st. 1lb. M. Cannon 3
5 to 4 agst. Alvescot.

July 19th.—The Chesterfield Stakes of 900 sovs.; for two-year-olds; last five furlongs of B.M.

Mr. H. J. King's b. g. Chicane, by Juggler—Chevette, 8st. 7lb.

J. T. Sloan 1
Lord W. Beresford's b. c. Alien, 8st. 7lb. J. Reiff 2

Lord Wolverton's b. colt by Oberon—St. Isabella, 8st. 10lb.

M. Cannon 3
4 to 1 agst. Chicane.

The Midsummer Stakes of 495 sovs. ; for three-year-olds ; B.M. (one mile).

Sir J. Blundell Maple's b. or br. f. St. Nydia, by St. Simon—Nun Nydia, 8st. 4lb.	S. Loates	1
Mr. Russell Monro's br. f. Goosander, 8st. 9lb.	F. Rickaby	2
Mr. Fairie's ch. c. Mahdi, 8st. 2lb. (car. 8st. 5lb.)....	M. Cannon	3
8 to 1 agst. St. Nydia.		

SANDOWN PARK.—SECOND SUMMER (ECLIPSE) MEETING.

July 20th.—The Twenty-fifth Renewal of the Great Kingston Two-Year-Old Race of 461 sovs. ; five furlongs.

Lord Ellesmere's ch. c. Warning, by Lowland Chief—Missive, 8st. 8lb.	L. Reiff	1
Mr. Brodrick Cloete's b. f. Quest, 8st. 8lb.	O. Madden	2
Duke of Portland's br. f. Racing Cup, 8st. 8lb.	M. Cannon	3
10 to 1 agst. Warning.		

The Thirteenth Renewal of the Eclipse Stakes of 9,285 sovs. ; Eclipse Stakes Course ; about one mile and a quarter.

H.R.H. the Prince of Wales's b. c. Diamond Jubilee, by St. Simon—Perdita II., 3 yrs., 9st. 4lb.	H. Jones	1
Mr. J. H. Musker's ch. c. Chevening, 3 yrs., 8st. 8lb.	J. Reiff	2
Mr. H. C. White's b. c. Skopos, 4 yrs., 9st. 6lb.	L. Reiff	3
7 to 4 agst. Diamond Jubilee.		

July 21st.—National Breeders' Produce Stakes of 4,714 sovs. ; for two-year-olds ; five furlongs.

Captain Eustace Loder's ch. c. Star Shoot, by Isinglass—Astrology, 9st. 9lb.	L. Reiff	†
Sir R. Waldie Griffiths' br. c. Ian, by St. Serf—Berengaria, 9st.	Sloan	†
Mr. J. H. Musker's b. colt by Melton—Limosa, 9st. 9lb.	J. Reiff	3
6 to 4 agst. Star Shoot.		
10 to 1 agst. Ian.		

The Twenty-fourth Renewal of the Warren Nursery of 482 sovs. ; for two-year-olds ; five furlongs.

Mr. W. Sibary's b. or br. c. Armful, by Galloping Lad—Waistband, 8st.	Sloan	1
Colonel Lambton's bl. f. Hand-spike, 7st. 11lb.	S. Loates	2
Lord W. Beresford's bl. f. Sweet Dixie, 8st. 4lb.	L. Reiff	3
11 to 4 agst. Armful.		

LIVERPOOL.—JULY MEETING.

July 26th.—The St. George Stakes of 2,000 sovs. , for three-year-olds ; one mile and three furlongs.

Mr. Arthur James' b. f. The Gorgon, by St. Simon—Andromeda, 8st. 13lb.	M. Cannon	1
Lord Durham's ch. c. Martineau, 8st. 7lb.	F. Rickaby	2
Mr. J. Robinson's b. c. Cawnpore, 8st. 4lb.	K. Cannon	3
5 to 4 agst. The Gorgon.		

The Molyneux Plate of 10 sovs. each, with 300 sovs. added ; Canal Point in (about six furlongs).

Lord Derby's b. f. Ormskirk, by Orme—Bridget, 3 yrs., 6st. 4lb.	J. Reiff	1
Mr. L. de Rothschild's ch. h. Little Bob, aged, 8st. 8lb.	T. Loates	2
Mr. J. A. Drake's b. g. Boris, aged, 8st. 6lb. (car. 8st. 7lb.)....	L. Reiff	3
11 to 4 agst. Ormskirk.		

The Thirty-First Great Lancashire Breeders' Produce Stakes of 2,000 sovs. , for two-year-olds ; five furlongs.

Mr. J. B. Joel's b. c. Kilcheran, by Kilwarlin—Emita, 8st. 11lb.	J. T. Sloan	1
Lord Wolverton's ch. f. Silver Bird, 8st. 4lb.	O. Madden	2
Lord Derby's b. f. Glasalt, 8st. 11lb.	F. Rickaby	3
5 to 1 agst. Kilcheran.		

July 27th.—The Seventy-third Liverpool Cup of 1,200 sovs. ; Cup Course, one mile and three furlongs.

Mr. H. C. White's b. c. Skopos, by St. Serf—Stethoscope, 4 yrs., 8st.	J. Reiff	1
Mr. W. Bateman's bl. h. Kleon, 5 yrs., 7st. 5lb. (car. 7st. 6lb.)....	Rigby	2
Mr. Fairie's b. g. Cutaway, 3 yrs., 7st. 9lb.	T. Loates	3
9 to 2 agst. Skopos.		

The Mersey Stakes of 600 sovs. , for two-year-olds ; five furlongs and a half.

Mr. J. D. Wardell's ch. c. Armeath, by Enthusiast or Atheline—Sequence, 8st.	O. Madden	1
Lord Derby's br. c. Andrea Ferrara, 8st.	K. Cannon	2
Captain Michael Hughes' ch. c. Keen Blade, 8st. (car. 8st. 11lb.)....	Yarnell	3
7 to 4 agst. Armeath.		

The Forty-third Knowsley Dinner Stakes of 600 sovs., for three-year-olds; one mile and a half.

Mr. Fairie's b. c. Parquetry, by Trenton—Katherine Parr, 9st. 7lb. M. Cannon 1
Mr. Vyner's bl. c. Lumley Moor, 9st. 7lb. F. Finlay 2
Mr. E. C. Clayton's b. c. Victor Hugo, 9st. 7lb. O. Madden 3
6 to 4 agst. Parquetry.

ROYAL WINDSOR.—JULY MEETING.

July 27th.—The Royal Plate of 300 sovs., for two-year-olds; five furlongs.

Sir E. Wilmot's ch. g. Swooper, by Endurance—Eagle, 8st. 7lb. Mr. Randall 1
Lord W. Beresford's bl. f. Sweet Dixie, 8st. 10lb. L. Reiff 2
Colonel H. McCalmont's b. f. Haut-en-Bas, 8st. 10lb. Dalton 3
7 to 2 agst. Swooper.

July 28th.—The July Handicap of 500 sovs.; one mile and a quarter.

Mr. J. Tyler's b. h. Saint Noel, by Theophilus—Christmas Gift, aged, 9st. 6lb. Rigby 1
Lord Crewe's b. f. Saint Lundi, 4 yrs., 8st. 4lb. K. Cannon 2
Mr. T. E. Liddiard's b. f. May Bruce, 4 yrs., 7st. 8lb. J. Reiff 3
7 to 1 agst. Saint Noel.

GOODWOOD MEETING.

July 31st.—The Stewards' Cup, value 300 sovs.; T.V.C. (six furlongs).

Mr. J. A. Drake's ch. h. Royal Flush, by Favo—Flush, aged, 7st. 13lb. J. Reiff 1
Mr. Richard Croker's b. h. Americus, aged, 8st. 3lb. (car. 8st. 4lb.) L. Reiff 2
Mr. J. G. Clarke's b. g. The Grafter, aged, 8st. 12lb. K. Cannon 3
11 to 2 agst. Royal Flush.

The Richmond Stakes of 25 sovs. each, 500 sovs. added, for two-year-olds; T.V.C.

Sir E. Cassel's br. c. Handcapper, by Matchmaker—Agnes Osborne, 8st. 10lb. L. Reiff 1
Lord Wolverton's b. colt by Oberon—St. Isabella, 8st. 10lb. M. Cannon 2
Major E. W. Baird's br. c. St. Monans, 8st. 10lb. F. Rickaby 3
7 to 4 agst. Handcapper.

The Gratwicke Stakes of 100 sovs. each, h. ft.; for three-year-olds; second receives 200 sovs.; one mile and a half.

Lord Harewood's ch. c. Free Companion, by Sir Hugo—Damsel, 8st. 11lb. J. Reiff 1
Mr. A. James' b. f. Dumdum, 8st. 10lb. M. Cannon 2
Mr. A. Henderson's ch. f. Guid-wife, 8st. 10lb. G. Wyld 3
7 to 2 agst. Free Companion.

August 1st.—The Goodwood Plate (Handicap) of 800 sovs.; two miles.

Lord W. Beresford's b. m. Jiffy II, by The Sailor Prince—Joy, 5 yrs., 7st. 9lb. J. Reiff 1
Sir E. Cassel's b. g. Tirant d'Eau, 5 yrs., 8st. 3lb. (car. 8st. 4lb.) L. Reiff 2
Mr. Ernest Dresden's br. c. Poitiers, 3 yrs., 6st. 7lb. A. Barnes 3
7 to 2 agst. Jiffy II.

The Sussex Stakes of 25 sovs. each, with 500 added, for three-year-olds; New Mile.

Mr. A. Bailey's ch. c. The Raft (late The Worm), by Orme—Float, 8st. 3lb. L. Reiff 1
Lord Stanley's ch. c. Pellisson, 8st. 10lb. F. Rickaby 2
Mr. Douglas Baird's b. c. Sospello, 8st. 3lb. S. Loates 3
5 to 4 on The Raft.

August 2nd.—The Goodwood Corinthian Plate, 200 sovs. added to a sweepstakes of 5 sovs. each; one mile.

Colonel H. McCalmont's br. h. Argosy, by Suspender—Ethel, 5 yrs., 11st. 6lb. K. Cannon 1
Mr. F. Hardy's ch. h. Privado, 6 yrs., 11st. 7lb. L. Reiff 2
Lord Farquhar's b. h. Baton, 3 yrs., 10st. 1lb. F. Rickaby 3
7 to 1 agst. Argosy.

The Goodwood Cup of 2,000 sovs.; two miles and a half.

Mr. Douglas Baird's b. c. Mazagan, by Martagan—Maize, 4 yrs., 9st. 3lb. F. Rickaby 1
Mr. J. W. Larnach's b. g. Strong Bow, 3 yrs., 7st. 12lb. O. Madden 2
Lord W. Beresford's b. g. Jolly Tar, 3 yrs., 8st. 12lb. J. Reiff 3
13 to 2 agst. Mazagan.

The Drayton Handicap of 500 sovs.; the last seven furlongs of the Old Mile.

Mr. L. Neumann's br. m. Waterhen, by Gallinule—Gipsy Queen, 6 yrs., 8st. 5lb. Halsey 1

Sir S. M. Lockhart's br. colt by
Torpedo—Rinovata, 3 yrs., 6st.
13lb. Wetherell 2
Mr. J. W. Larnach's br. f. Vic-
toria May, 4 yrs., 7st. 6lb.

O. Madden 3
100 to 12 agst. Waterhen.

The Prince of Wales' Stakes (post
sweepstakes) of 200 sovs. each
subscription, for two-year-olds;
T.Y.C.

Lord Derby's b. f. Santa Brigida,
by St. Simon—Bridget, 8st. 8lb.

F. Rickaby 1
Mr. L. de Rothschild's br. c.
First Fruit, 8st. 11lb. T. Loates 2

Mr. Arthur James's b. c. Magic
Mirror, 8st. 11lb. M. Cannon 3
5 to 4 agst. Santa Brigida.

The Rous Memorial Stakes of 20
sovs. each, with 500 sovs. added,
for two-year-olds; T.Y.C.

Lord W. Beresford's b. c. Volody-
ovski, by Florizel II.—La Reine,
9st. 6lb. J. Reiff 1

Mr. L. Brassey's b. f. Ursula, 8st.
13lb. Rigby 2

Sir E. Cassel's b. c. Sang Bleu,
9st. 6lb. L. Reiff 3
15 to 8 on Volodyovski.

August 3rd.—The Motcomb Stakes of 30
sovs. each, h. ft., with 200 added,
for two-year-olds; T.Y.C.

Mr. J. Musker's b. f. Princess
Melton, by Melton—Schoolbook,
9st. 2lb. L. Reiff 1

Lord William Beresford's b. g.
Bronzewing, 8st. 9lb. J. Reiff 2

Sir J. Blundell Maple's b. or br. c.
Kentish Glory, 8st. 12lb.

S. Loates 3
5 to 2 on Princess Melton.

The Chesterfield Cup (Handicap),
value 400 sovs.; Craven Course (one
mile and a quarter).

Mr. W. C. Whitney's b. f. Spec-
trum, by Orvieto—False Sight,
4 yrs., 6st. 11lb. J. Reiff 1

Mr. E. Carlton's ch. h. Flavus, 5
yrs., 7st. 1lb. J. Dalton 2

Mr. R. C. Garton's ch. c. Heck-
ler, 5 yrs., 6st. 12lb. W. Lane 3
7 to 4 agst. Spectrum.

The Nassau Stakes of 30 sovs. each,
10 ft., with 200 sovs. added, for
three-year-old fillies; Gratwicke
Stakes Course, one mile and a
half.

Mr. W. H. Walker's b. f. Merry
Gal, by Galopin—Mary Seaton,
9st. 8lb. L. Reiff 1

Lord Ellesmere's ch. f. Inquisitive,
8st. 5lb. J. Reiff 2

Duke of Portland's b. f. St. Vigila,
8st. 10lb. M. Cannon 3
Evens Merry Gal.

HURST PARK CLUB.—AUGUST BANK HOLIDAY MEETING.

August 6th.—The Hurst Park Holiday
Handicap of 423 sovs.; one mile
and a half.

Lord Crewe's b. f. Saint Lundi,
by St. Symphorien—Alert, 4
yrs., 8st. 11lb. K. Cannon 1

Lord Ellesmere's ch. c. Pax, 4
yrs., 8st. 3lb. W. Halsey 2

Mr. W. Bateman's bl. h. Kleon, 5
yrs., 8st. 2lb. O. Madden 3
5 to 1 agst. Saint Lundi.

BRIGHTON.—AUGUST MEETING.

August 7th.—The Brighton Stakes of 500
sovs.; one mile and a half.

Lord Farquhar's b. f. Japonica, by
Lord Lorne—Primula, 4 yrs.,
7st. 7lb. C. Cannon 1

Lord Ellesmere's b. h. Pheon, 5
yrs., 8st. 10lb. L. Reiff 2

Mr. C. S. Newton's ch. g. Golden
Rule, aged, 8st. 7lb.

J. H. Martin 3
4 to 1 agst. Japonica.

August 8th.—The Brighton Cup of 500
sovs., for three-year-olds; one mile
and a quarter.

Mr. G. Edwardes's b. or br. c.
Santoi, by Queen's Birthday—
Merry Wife, 8st. 4lb. Halsey 1

Mr. A. Stedall's b. c. First Princip-
pal, 8st. 4lb. S. Loates 2

M. Michel Ephrussi's b. c. Le
Feu, 8st. 4lb. (car. 8st. 5lb.)

F. Rickaby 3
5 to 2 agst. Santoi.

August 9th.—The Brighton High-Weight
Handicap of 500 sovs.; one mile.

Mr. A. Stedall's ch. f. La Lune,
by Despair—Moon Flower, 4
yrs., 7st. 11lb. Rigby 1

Mr. Leopold de Rothschild's ch.
c. Cracko, 3 yrs., 7st. 10lb.

S. Loates 2
Mr. F. Stokes' b. c. Master
Willie, 4 yrs., 9st. 4lb.

Mr. Randall 3
6 to 1 agst. La Lune.

LEWES.—SUMMER MEETING.

August 10th.—The Astley Stakes of 10
sovs. each, with 500 added, for two-
year-olds; five furlongs.

Mr. J. Musker's br. c. Canterbury,
by Melton—Stole, 9st. 7lb.

J. H. Martin 1

Mr. A. Day's br. c. Royal River, 9st.	Mr. Randall	2
Mr. A. Stedall's b. f. Companion's Jewel, 8st. 3lb.	K. Cannon	3
9 to 4 agst. Canterbury.		
August 11th.—The Lewes Handicap of 439 sovs. ; one mile and a half.		
Mr. G. Edwardes' b. or br. c. Santoi, by Queen's Birthday— Merry Wife, 3 yrs., 8st. 8lb.		
	K. Cannon	1
Mr. W. C. Whitney's b. f. Spec- trum, 4 yrs., 8st, 1lb. J. Reiff		2
Mr. T. E. Liddiard's b. f. May Bruce, 4 yrs., 7st. 2lb. W. Lane		3
100 to 9 agst. Santoi.		

CRICKET.

August 2nd.—At Lord's, Rugby v. Marl- borough, former won by 7 wickets.	
August 4th.—At Harrogate, Yorkshire v. Essex, former won by 96 runs.	
August 4th.—At Lord's, Cheltenham v. Haileybury, latter won by 116 runs.	

August 4th.—At Bath, Somerset v. Glou- cestershire, latter won by 1 wicket.	
August 4th.—At Kennington Oval, Surrey v. Middlesex, latter won by 1 wicket.	
August 8th.—At Taunton, Somerset v. Middlesex, latter won by 1 wicket.	
August 11th.—At Clifton, Gloucestershire v. Middlesex, latter won by 125 runs.	
August 15th.—At Lord's, Yorkshire v. Middlesex, former won by 63 runs.	
August 15th.—At Bournemouth, Hants v. Surrey, latter won by 247 runs.	

TENNIS.

July 15th.—At Lord's (Silver Prize), Sir Edward Grey v. Mr. V. W. Yorke, former won by 3 all to 0.	
July 16th.—At Princes Club, P. Latham (Champion) v. C. Fair, latter won by 3 games to 0.	
July 21st.—At Queen's Club, Mr. J. B. Gribble and Latham v. C. Fairs and Dooley, former won by 3 all to 0.	

E. BROWN & SON'S

7, GARRICK STREET, LONDON, W.C.,
and 26, RUE BERGERE, PARIS,



MELTONIAN BLACKING
(As used in the Royal Household)
Renders the Boots Soft, Durable,
and Waterproof.

Boot Préparations

SOLD EVERYWHERE.



ROYAL LUTETIAN CREAM.
The best for Cleaning and
Polishing Russian and Brown
Leather Tennis Shoes, Polo
Boots, &c.



NONPAREIL DE GUICHEN
Parisian Polish
For Varnishing Boots and
Shoes, is more elastic and
easier to use than any other.

SPECIAL ADVANTAGES TO PRIVATE INSURERS The Imperial Insurance Co., Ltd., FIRE.

1, OLD BROAD STREET, & 22, PALL MALL, LONDON.

ESTABLISHED 1808.

Subscribed Capital, £1,200,000. Paid-up Capital, £300,000.

Invested Assets (Capital and Reserves), over £1,500,000.

The distinguishing characteristics of this Institution are:—MODERATE RATES; UNDOUBTED SECURITY; PROMPT AND LIBERAL SETTLEMENT OF CLAIMS. Steam Threshing Machines allowed without extra charge. Loss and Damage from Explosion of Gas and Lightning made good. Applications for Agencies invited from Professional and other Gentlemen of influence.

E. COZENS SMITH, General Manager.

HINTS TO HUNTSMEN.

By Colonel J. Anstruther Thomson. Fourth Edition. Price 1s., post free 1s. 1d.

THE LATE LORD HENRY BENTINCK ON FOXHOUNDS.

Remarks on the late WILLIAM GOODALL's Method with the Belvoir Hounds.

Price 1s., post free 1s. 1d.

VINTON & CO., LTD., 9, NEW BRIDGE STREET, LUDGATE CIRCUS, E.C.

Horse, Carriage, & Cattle Insurance

The Horse, Carriage, and General Insurance Co., Limited,

Chief Office: 17, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, LONDON, E.C.

The Oldest and Largest Office of its kind in the United Kingdom.

Claims Paid Exceed £270,000.

A. WATERS, Managing Director
R. WILSON, Secretary.

BOLLINGER'S



CHAMPAGNE.

By Special Appointment
to
HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN
and
H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES



BRAND
ON
CORK
SINCE
1829

BAILLY'S MAGAZINE

SPORTS and PASTIMES

OCTOBER, 1900.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
Sporting Diary for the Month ..	ix
Portrait and Biographical Sketch of the Marquis of Granby ..	229
Hunting Sounds. By "BORDERER" ..	231
Soldiering and Sport. By C. STEIN ..	235
"Animal Painters" ..	241
A Gun-Room Causerie. By "TRIGGER" ..	243
Reminiscences of Oxford Life & Sport.—I. ..	245
Unsatisfied Umpires. By "QUID" ..	253
Croquet Notes ..	255
Spurs at Polo ..	257
The Principles of the Declaration at the Game of Bridge. By ERNEST BERGHOIT ..	259
"Baily's Hunting Directory" ..	266
Irish Notes ..	266
The Sportsman's Library ..	270
The Farmer's Shooting Party. By E. B. M. ..	273
Staghunting History. By W. C. A. B. ..	277
"Our Van" ..	286
Sporting Intelligence (Aug.—Sept., 1900) ..	301

VINTON & Co., Limited

9, NEW BRIDGE STREET, LUDGATE CIRCUS, E.C.



H. L. SAVORY & CO'S CIGARETTES.

BY SPECIAL WARRANT OF APPOINTMENT TO H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF W
To be had of all the Leading Houses in the Trade, and may be had at all Depôts
France and Colonies, by concession granted by the French Government
Specimen Sample Cases, containing all Sizes, 2s. 6d. each, with Price List.

S. & H. HARRIS.



MANUFACTORY: LONDON, E.

MARTELL'S When buying, see that the capsule is CEMENTED to the bottle.

THREE STAR BRANDY.

"A Genuine old Brandy made from Wine."—
Medical Press, Aug., '99.

ONLY ONE ADDRESS.

Established 1840.

Day & Sons, Grewe.

Great Horse and Cattle Medicines

DAY & SONS' "ORIGINAL" MEDICINE CHESTS

For Horses, Cattle, and Sheep, 2s, 2s 4s., and 2s 1s.

For Horses and Colts, price 2s, 2s 14s., and 2s 1s.

Illustrated Prospectus Gratis, and Post Free.

DAYS' BLACK DRINK

Cures like a Charm, Colic or Gripes, Chills, Debility and Fatigue in Horses and Cattle, Hoven, Scour and Weakness in Cattle and Sheep, &c., &c.

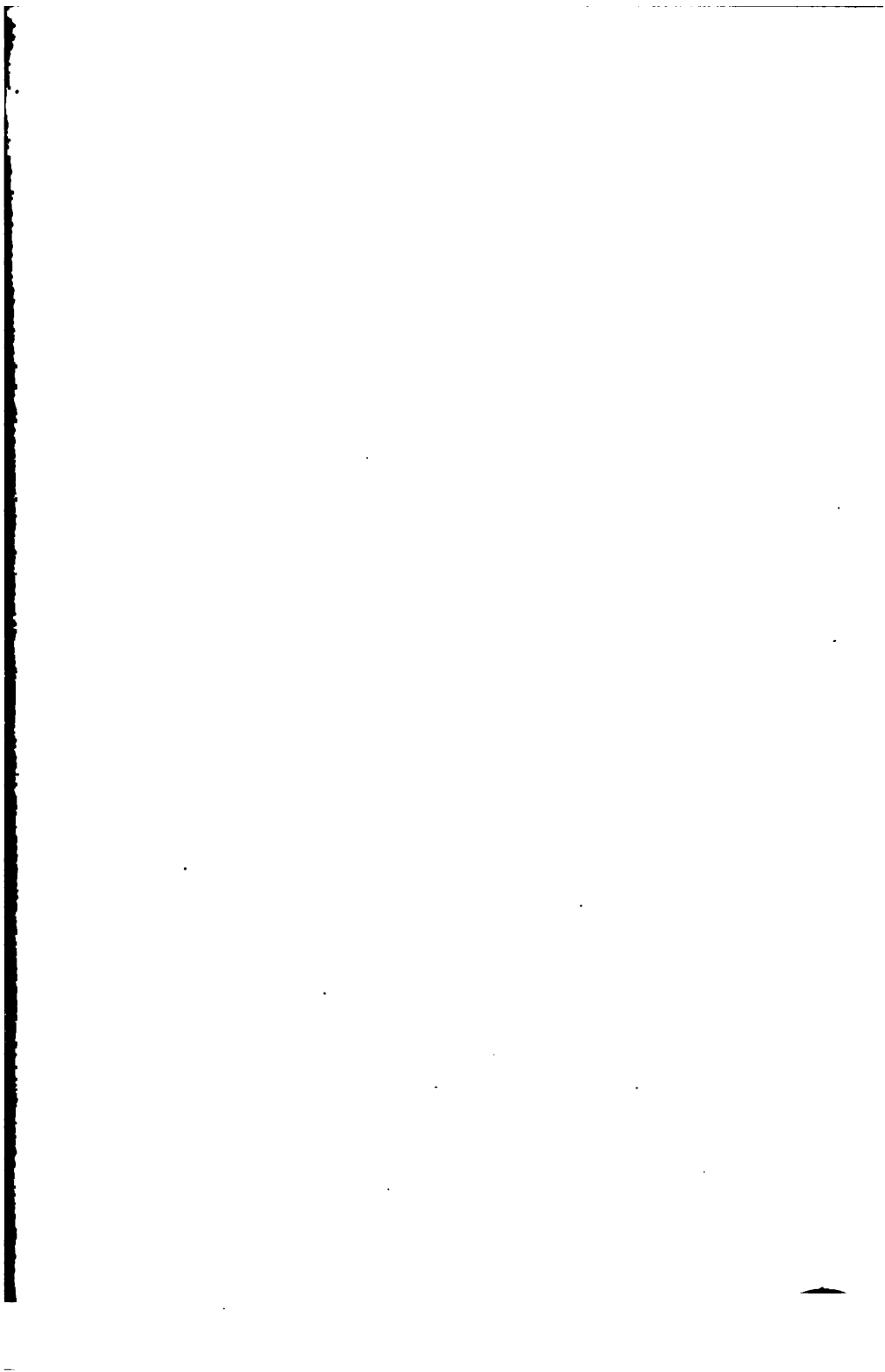
10/- per half doz., or 19/- per doz. Bottles, Carriage paid.

DAYS' "ZOMO-SAL."

A Saline Blood Tonic for Horses and Beasts.

For Humours, Anemia, General Weakness, Surfeits, Off Appetite, Lack of Force and Stamina, Indigestion, Staring Coat, Hidebound. Should be given before and after Foaling.

4/6 per doz. packets, 6 doz. for 25/-; or in Tins at reduced prices, 7/6 and 20/-, Carriage paid.



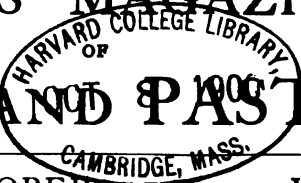


Blunt & Co. Artists

H. K. Mott & Co.

Franky -

BAILY'S MAGAZINE SPORTS AND PASTIMES



No. 488.

OCTOBER, 1900.

VOL. LXXIV.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE		PAGE
Sporting Diary of the Month	ix.	Irish Notes	266
The Marquis of Granby	229	The Sportsman's Library	270
Hunting Sounds	231	The Farmer's Shooting Party.....	273
Soldiering and Sport	235	Staghunting History	277
"Animal Painters"	241	"Our Van" :—	
A Gun-Room Causerie.—Fast Guns and Automatic Mechanisms	243	Yorkshire Summer Meeting	286
Reminiscences of Oxford Life and Sport.—I.	245	Derby Summer Meeting	288
Unsatisfied Umpires	253	Doncaster	289
Croquet Notes	255	Polo	292
Spurs at Polo	257	Hunting.....	294
The Principles of the Declaration at the Game of Bridge.....	259	The East Sussex Puppy Show	298
"Baily's Hunting Directory"	266	Coaching	298
		Coursing	299
		Golf	300
		Sporting Intelligence, August—Sept....	301

WITH

Steel engraved portrait of THE MARQUIS OF GRANBY.

Engravings of THE LEICESTERSHIRE STEEPLECHASE; TAKING WILD HORSES,
and HUNTER GELDING CANON ARTHUR.

The Marquis of Granby.

THE intense devotion to fly-fishing, which is one of the chief characteristics of the heir to the dukedom of Rutland, is perhaps an inherited virtue on his mother's side. This lady was the only daughter of Colonel George Marlay, C.B., who dwelt at Belvedere, Westmeath, on the shores of one of Ireland's most beautiful lakes which in those days was plentifully stocked with splendid fish ranging up to enormous weights, and giving glorious sport in the green-drake season.

On his father's side, the Marquis of Granby comes of a long and illustrious line. According to Dugdale, the "De Maners" were "persons of great note in Northumberland, for in 25 Henry II., Henry de Maners paid eighty marks for livery of his father's lands in that county." Sir Robert de Manners, knight, of the manor of Etal, Northumberland, anciently spelt "Ethale," was, in the reign of Edward II., one of those certified to bear arms by descent from their ancestors. He

it was who defended Norham Castle, of which he was the governor. He also represented his county in Parliament, and was one of the Commissioners who treated with David Bruce. About the close of the fifteenth century the baronies of Ross, Vaux, Triesbut and Belvoir, came into the family by marriage, and Sir George Manners, who succeeded to the barony on the death of his mother, became connected with the Plantagenets by marriage, his wife's mother being Anne Plantagenet, sister of Edward IV. His successor, the thirteenth Lord Ross, was created Earl of Rutland by Henry VIII. On the death of the fifteenth Baron Ross, the barony of Ross and the earldom of Rutland were separated. Following this long line, not too closely, we find that in 1679 John, ninth Earl of Rutland, was created Baron Manners of Haddon, County Derbyshire, and a few years later Marquis of Granby and Duke of Rutland. It is as Baron Manners of Haddon that the subject of our sketch sits in the House of Lords. The second Duke married the daughter of the great patriot, Lord William Russell, and the eldest son of the third Duke was Commander-in-chief of the British forces in Germany, serving under Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick. Charles; the fourth Duke, was Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland.

These few notes are sufficient to show the important part this old and interesting family has played in the history of our country; and it is not surprising to find the present Marquis of Granby a chivalrous, high-minded gentleman, who loves all that is best in English sport. He is, indeed, a typical representative of a somewhat curious nineteenth-century development, in which we find a combination of literary taste

and a high degree of refinement, coupled with an intense love of out-door life and the capture of *fera natura*, but only where such capture is brought about by personal skill.

With such tastes, it is not surprising to find that the Marquis of Granby considers dry-fly fishing an "enthraling sport." How enthusiastic he is on the subject may easily be gathered by those who read between the lines of his charming book on the Trout, which forms an important volume of the "Fur, Feather and Fin" Series. In the first page of that volume, commenting on the increase of wealth, power and influence of England during the present reign, he states that in no industry has a more remarkable development taken place than in that connected with the supply of articles necessary for the various sports and athletic competitions, accounts of which now occupy so much space in the daily newspapers, and "add so much interest to the lives of our fellow countrymen." But no sport, thinks our author, has obtained a greater number of votaries than fishing. In this work, too, he is somewhat inclined to deprecate the use of the wet fly, and this perhaps is natural to one whose chief pleasure in life it is to cast over the crystal waters of the Lathkill and other Midland streams where the trout are beginning to emulate in shyness and education the wise but timid inhabitants of the Test and Itchen. In conjunction with Mr. G. E. Dewar, Lord Granby is editing the "Haddon Hall Library," which deals with sport as considered from the country-life side of the question. From his father he possibly derives his literary tastes, for the present Duke, who was chairman of a Royal Commission on copyright,

has published several works, notably "A Cruise in Scotch Waters," "A Plea for National Holidays," "Notes of an Irish Tour," a volume of English ballads, &c.

Lord Granby is a salmon fisher, but living much of his life in a trout country, he is perhaps better acquainted with the more humble but not less charming members of the salmon family. In shooting matters, too, he is somewhat of an enthusiast, but, as with fishing, it is less for the sake of slaughter than for the interest and amusement connected with the management of the shoot—in short, that good generalship without which well-stocked preserves sometimes yield indifferent bags. He is, too, an adept at and an admirer of golf, holding that it enables those whose cricketing, racquet and tennis days are nearly over to have at their disposal a game quiring skill, temper and plenty of good exercise; a game, too, which can be played until late in life.

Lord Granby does not hunt,

but in a letter to an acquaintance he wrote: "I earnestly hope that that sport may flourish, but it can only continue to do so if those who hunt pay due attention to the requirements of the farmers, and do not injure either their crops or their fences unnecessarily. Pigeon-shooting I utterly detest, and cannot consider it sport at all. All forms of legitimate out-door sports I consider absolutely essential to the physical and moral welfare of the people."

Of Lord Granby's life outside the realms of sport there is little that can be appropriately written here. Suffice it to say that he was born in 1852, was educated at Eton, and Trinity College, Cambridge, entered the 3rd Battalion of the Leicestershire Regiment, and obtained his captaincy in 1878. In politics he is a Conservative, and has acted as principal private secretary to the Marquis of Salisbury. He represented the Melton division of Leicestershire in Parliament from 1888 to 1895.

Hunting Sounds.

It was only a dream, yet dreams bring their afterthoughts, and this one in particular begat this article. Dreams, too, have their prologues, and it chanced that I had been staying in Leicestershire, where it borders on the choicest part of the Pytchly country, and had from thence gazed upon one of its most favourite strongholds—to wit, Lilbourne Gorse. So thus ran my sleeping thoughts. Hounds had been thrown into covert at the far side on an early cub-

hunting morning, and as I leaned over a gate on the opposite side of the little valley that separates Leicestershire from Northamptonshire, I watched the scene in a mood of thrilling expectation. The gorse lay like a map before me on the opposite hillside, and three or four specks of pink dotted about at different points alone relieved the green landscape. An occasional huntsman's cheer relieved the silence. Eager and expectant, I waited and listened for a chorus of hound song, yet

alone came. The bits of pink certainly were on the move, and a whip or two cracked; but the gorse itself might have been a coal-pit, it gave forth no sound, save now and then a low whimper. My eyes ached with watching, my pulse grew tired of beating. At last a small, unmistakable reddish-brown form appeared in the field below. It stopped and listened, and then retreated whither it had come. Presently a hound in the same way flashed its stern wildly for a moment on the scent. Then there was a crack of a whip, and it disappeared also.

More than once was this little episode repeated, yet when once in the mazes of the gorse hounds seemed speechless. There was no life in the hunt. At last a long, low fox crept out under the hedge running parallel with the top of the covert, and went away in earnest. I sprang over my gate, all anxiety to see what the next move would be; but, alas! minutes came and went, and no hounds came, and no holloa had proclaimed his departure. This was tantalising, but dreamers do not enter as fully as they ought into the mysteries of cubhunting. But here was another little fellow, evidently a cub, as sleek as a mole, coming straight up the field to me, far too intent on what might possibly be the danger behind him to heed my stalwart form in the gateway. What a brown study that was, as he came within a few yards of me, and then crept through the hedge to my right. Of course I holloaed. It is an effort to holloa in a dream, and luckily my wife was not there to wake me. At last a few hounds came, and whimpered up the field after him. They seemed half-hearted in their work, and oh! had they only thrown

their tongues in earnest, and made something of a chorus, other hounds would have joined them, and the huntsman would have come. Yet all my excitement seemed vain, as I pushed through the fence in pursuit. Then came a road where my few couple of hounds *puttered*, and wagged their sterns in silence for a few moments, then threw up their heads, and hearing the huntsman's horn still in covert, trotted off contentedly to rejoin him, although my pet cub was probably hiding in the next hedgerow. Thus fairly provoked, nature aroused itself by awaking, and my sleeping hunt was over.

Pray recollect, dear readers, that it was only a dream, and forms no indictment against the Pytchly Hounds or any other hunt. It nevertheless set me thinking about hunting sounds in general, and especially on the absence of many of them that from our youth we have been taught to admire.

Of course I shall be set down as old-fashioned, and must admit that fashions do change at an alarming rate in these days, but are we to for ever bid adieu to the sound such as "The voice of John Peel, which could awaken the dead, as he found his fox in the morning"? Are we to listen in vain for the opening and ever-increasing chorus of hounds, even in a thick covert, and the burst that proclaims their dash into the open? Are we always to be without that ringing view-holloa of the first whip in its shrillest falsetto, telling us that we must sit down in our saddles and be off? Are we still to be satisfied with occasional whimpers in covert, which the talk of the coffee-housers renders inaudible, and be content with a whistle which may be used on non-hunting days for hunting

rabbits with terriers? Are we, in fine, to choose our hounds entirely by their forms on the flags, without reference to their tongues and powers of music?

Say what you like, my dear hunting friends, but the tendency of the day is in this direction. The causes are many—a silent huntsman makes a silent pack, and the first desideratum of pace in hounds leads to semi-muteness, too often indeed to entire silence. This may be all very well in a flying country, where everyone is bent on riding on their backs, and it is the foremost bits of pink and black that guide the rest of the field in the wake of the chase. What heed is there then of the cry of hounds? It is the thunder of the hoofs of the horses that dominates the chase, not the melody of true hound chase that we wantonly sing of in "John Peel" and other old hunting melodies; and in the Shires I suppose we must bow to the inevitable. Yet are there not thousands—aye, many a thousand—who cannot hunt in these shires, in fact, who prefer not to do so, and to these is not hound music and a huntsman's ringing cheer as essential to their pleasure and as needful in the intricacies of a run as can possibly be? In many of these countries, alas! the new fashion has upset the old one. The highest-bred hounds, the most silent of systems, the almost entire want of hunting sounds, with their necessary accompaniments of twisting foxes and scattered fields, mere follow-my-leaders most of them, and rank disappointment on the return home.

There used to be a good story told of one of the old lords of Berkeley, who was a keen sportsman but suffered from deafness, and it was only by his thorough

knowledge of country that he managed to enjoy the sport. He always had an attendant, nicknamed his "hearer." The following colloquy very often happened, "Do ye hear 'em, John?" "No, my lord." "Damn you, sir, do ye hear 'em?"

There is scarcely a hunting country in England, Scotland or Wales that has not its woodlands. Here all will admit that the silent system is an absurdity, as far as the pleasure of the majority of the field are concerned; of course the Master and his servants can trot about the rides and whistle to their hearts' content, and the foxes will trot about almost as unconcernedly, while the sportsmen of the district cool their heels outside—ever in expectancy of being left hopelessly in the rear should a fox chance to break on the wrong side. On these occasions the huntsman, of course, leaves his mute hounds in kennel and manages to have music of a kind, but the dash of the thing is missing—no cheering is allowed. How many of us nowadays are like the old lord of Berkeley, and, be our ears ever so 'cute, are not fain to exclaim now and again, "Do you hear them"?

To show the difference between the modern hound and that of old days I cannot refrain from relating the object lesson I have now before me. I am walking a couple of foxhound puppies, each from a different pack, and different in blood and characteristics, yet beauties of their type. The one is of high English blood, of Stud-book descent, and the other is a Welshman, tracing back in three generations to the Llanharan, our oldest Welsh blood. To hear the Welshman throw his tongue is a real treat; he has that double note, which I fail to describe, that rings out like a bell, and is only

heard in these hounds. The Englishman, on the contrary, will not speak at all. I have tried every means to make him do so, but in vain. He seems to watch and wonder at his friend and companion, and dashes to him, but as yet he is quite silent. Will he turn out one of the mute ones, I wonder? On the flags he will be hard to beat, so straight and good is he all round. Yet give me the Welshman for the hunting-field. His sense and dash are astonishing for his age, and no strange cur dare show his nose on the premises ere Rallywood, with bristles up, is turning him away. I guess that his note would right quickly shift a fox from Lilbourne Gorse.

We cannot do without music in the hunting-field, although there is always such a thing as having too much of it, especially human music, and that in the wrong place. Surely the only way to make a fox, or any other wild animal, flee away straight before his pursuers is to have the best possible chorus in his wake. If you try to course him, as with greyhounds, he will naturally turn and twist. He does not require to be outpaced. The true science of sport is to hunt him down, and the hounds with the most tongue will have the most drive, and will do the job for you better and more surely than those of the greyhound sort, that trust merely to their speed, and throw up their heads at the first check.

I was unable to be at Peterborough myself this year, but I had the opinion of an M.F.H. upon it, which I think was trustworthy. His verdict was that

hounds were being bred too light and flashy, and were really deteriorating. How can it be otherwise, when we see that fashion has set its seal on some half-a-dozen kennels, and from thence most of the sires are chosen. The Hound Stud-book does the rest. Neither master nor huntsman dare go outside it for their blood; consequently the invaluable qualities possessed by such as my young Rallywood are passed by and neglected.

"Ah!" say my critics, "there he is again on his old crotchet of Welsh hounds. Poor old 'Borderer'! It is time he was drafted." Yes, perhaps you are right; but as long as a spark of life remains to enjoy hunting, "B." will proclaim in favour of "hunting sounds," which throw vitality into the sport and enjoyment into the hearts of all its followers.

If reading hunting lore from the pens of its best exponents has taught us aught, it is that hunting must be carried on with all the dash and activity of which we are capable, and that anything of the funereal order about it should be thrown to the winds.

"Heav'ns! what melodious strains, how
beat our hearts,
Big with tumultuous joy! The loaded
gales
Breathe harmony; and as the tempest
drives
From wood to wood, through every dark
recess,
The forest thunders and the mountains
shake."

Thus spake Somerville, and thus should we all echo his enthusiasm in these days that are at hand of glorious cubhunting.

BORDERER.

Soldiering and Sport.

THERE is a great outcry in England at present for the officers in her army to be made more professional, in other words, that they should be more completely wrapt up in the interests of their profession and more experienced in the practice of it. It is to be admitted that this outcry is apparently to a certain extent justified. Some of our officers have perhaps in our late campaign not displayed as much "slimness" as their adversaries. They have allowed themselves to be deluded by artifices which they personally would scorn to practise in war; they have found themselves out-manceuvred by a singularly active foe who was hampered by none of the necessities of civilisation and the stiff rules of European military training, and who was well mounted while they and their men were riding broken-down jades or plodding wearily on foot, and many of them were sent into the field after having been allowed by their country to have previously little or no real practice in manœuvres conducted on the principles of modern tactics. They have been the victims of many disadvantages, and all of them have not been able to rise superior to circumstances.

The officers of our army at home would appear to be in no better professional case, if we may judge from the very severe strictures passed by the Commander-in-Chief on the work which he saw at Aldershot on a day in August. Most of them were militia officers recently embodied, really inexperienced country gentlemen; many were men long out of military employment who had loyally come for-

ward at a time of stress to give their services again to their country, and who were doing their best with reserve battalions and regiments. They were not even in sufficient numbers for the work put upon them, for every corps was notoriously under-officered, particularly in the lower ranks. The staff which organised and superintended them was of the most "scratch" description, composed (to speak rudely) of the refuse of the Army List, and the General in command had never seen a shot fired in anger. Well, they too have failed to make bricks without straw, and must stand before their countrymen, condemned as inefficient officers.

All this is sad, and is sufficiently mortifying and disappointing to England. But is England, therefore, entitled judicially to say to her military officers in general, "You are unprofitable servants; the blame of your inefficiency is entirely due to yourselves, and to your habits and customs"? Ought she not rather to blame herself as a country for the way in which she has generally treated her army? May she not remember that, from undue parsimony, she has starved it in arms, in supplies, and in the necessary *personnel* of all three arms and of the subsidiary departments; that she has given to it few and most limited opportunities of practising its most essential duties; that she has ever, through her responsible ministers, shown a grudging spirit in matters which make for ultimate strength and efficiency, though they are not called for by immediate necessity?

England for a long time hugged

herself in the belief that she was not like other nations, and that she would never be called upon to put more than a comparatively small army in the field. She has been warned over and over again that such a belief was a fallacy, that her military forces were by no means proportionate to her needs, either in numbers or practical training, and that she had no real reserves of either officers or men. She has now been rudely awakened up to a sense of her shortcomings. She has found that soldiers, no more than surgeons, lawyers or scientists, can be improvised or made effective by theories alone, and in her impatient rage she is seeking to find some individuals to whose shoulders she may shift the blame of her own action or inaction. The officers are convenient scapegoats, and a section of the press and many of the people, ignoring totally what has been done and laying stress on what has not been done, cry out that they are not sufficiently professional, and that they have not been sufficiently wrapped up in the interests of their work in life. As it is not very easy for the critics to prove their statement that officers in our army take little or no interest in their military duties, it has become necessary for them to find some definite matter in the manner of our officers' lives which they think may prove their case. A great many of our officers are fond of passing their leisure hours in the pursuit of active sports, and have attained some measure of skill in them, so it is at once assumed that sports have been universally indulged in to the detriment of military efficiency, and that, if our army is to be made what it ought to be, field sports and active amusements should no longer receive encour-

agement among its commissioned ranks. It is worth while to look somewhat closely at this contention, and see whether it has any real weight; whether the reasonable pursuit of sports or pastimes can have, or has had, any deleterious influence on our officers' efficiency, or whether, on the contrary, we may not trace many of the good qualities, which even their most bitter critics allow our officers to possess, to the enjoyment of amusements which are the birthright of every Englishman.

In the first place we may ask the question whether it is really the case that all the officers in our army are strenuously devoted to active amusements. We wish that we could think it were so. No doubt a considerable percentage of the thousands whose names appear in the Army List do find their favourite relaxations in hunting, shooting, polo, cricket, racquets, &c., &c., but how many are there, who, from want of means, listlessness, or because their energies have not been properly directed, content themselves with a useless idleness, when they have no military work to do? And let it be remarked that, as a rule, it is the so-called sporting corps, in which good form demands that every man should exert himself in some definite way, which even the most captious critic allows to be efficient, and which have produced the men who have done most honour to the British flag. It would be unbecoming here to particularise regiments or battalions, but anyone who knows the British army at all intimately will recognise the truth of the statement. We can well recollect the instance some years ago of a battalion which for various reasons had drifted into a very slack

condition, unsatisfactory in every way. Its officers did not go in for manly sports and the military tone of the corps was simultaneously at a very low ebb. A new colonel was appointed, who, as Major, had previously made up his mind where the evil lay. As soon as he had grasped the reins of power, he gave out his opinions and intentions with sarcastic emphasis, "Now, you young fellows don't shoot and you don't hunt. You only loaf about — Street. If you have nothing else respectable to do, I will take care to drill you. You understand, I will drill you." And drill them he did. In a very short time the battalion was changed, as by magic, and recovered its usual pre-eminence as one of the smartest and most sporting corps in the army.

But let the question pass for a moment whether or not the great majority of our officers are too much devoted to sport. What is the life that it is theoretically desired by present-day censors that our officers should lead? Apparently it is considered that they should pass their whole existence in doing nothing but instructing themselves and in training the Tommies who follow them in the details of war's profession. The fact is overlooked that, in every walk of life, some holidays, some respite is given to hard-working men. Bishops, judges, lawyers, doctors, find it is absolutely necessary to take a holiday, sometimes a very long holiday, every year, and in that holiday many of them show that they are no mean exponents of various kinds of sport. Is the unfortunate soldier alone never to have any relaxation? The censors, too, form their opinions of the army and its duties from that portion of it which is quartered in England. They forget that

nearly two-thirds of its numbers are always on foreign service and are undergoing trials of climate and surroundings that fall to the lot of no other soldiers in Europe. It is necessary therefore, even for health alone, that they should have some opportunities of change and amusement. With the best will in the world also, a man cannot pass every day in the year, or indeed the whole of any one day, in usefully instructing himself or his comrades in the ranks. Any man who has really studied knows that, after a time, his brain becomes fatigued and that he must rest it by turning to some entirely different occupation; and any man who has had the training of soldiers in his hands knows that it cannot be pressed profitably beyond a certain point, that the men then become dull and unreceptive and that there must be some prolonged "standing easy," if any good result is to be eventually attained. Well, if it is granted that there must be some relaxation, is it not most desirable that that relaxation should take a form which is of benefit to the mind as well as to the body, which is undoubtedly manly and which teaches many lessons that are of most undeniable use in war? In continental armies, whose example is so often and so vociferously held up before us for imitation, is it not too often the case that officers, in their necessary leisure time, fall back into crapulous, unwholesome café haunting with results which can hardly be called satisfactory either to their morals or their physical capabilities?

We look upon the national zest for sport as one of the great objects of an Englishman's pride, and as a main factor in the wholesome strength of our race. Of all the classes in the popu-

lation, who should with more reason cultivate and encourage that zest than soldiers? Every influence that can be brought to bear on their physical development, on their quickness of apprehension, on their nerve and self-control in difficulties, on their endurance of hardship and on their knowledge of wild life and its expedients, is of a value so great that it cannot be gauged, and where is such influence more fully to be found than in various kinds of sport? Sport and the most practical soldiering have never been incompatible, but the one has always been recognised by the best authorities and proved by the best examples to be the handmaid of the other.

It will hardly be denied that General Baden-Powell is a soldier of the very first rank, not only in the English army but among all the warriors of Europe. Any country would be proud to own him as one of its defenders, and, on certain subjects at any rate, anything that he may say is a law to the military world. And General Baden-Powell is essentially a sportsman. Since he first joined the Queen's army, few men have taken so much and so practical an interest in sport as he. He has played the game all round and has played it well and thoroughly. We do not know and cannot say whether he has been more successful in sport than other men, though we may very fairly conclude that he has done a good deal more than hold his own; but he most certainly has very thoroughly assimilated the true spirit of sport, and has learned and appreciated all the practical lessons which are taught by veldt and mountain, by hunting field and shooting ground. He has given to his comrades by far the best book on that most

important military service, "Scouting," that has ever appeared and almost in every page we can there see how much he is indebted to the chase in all its forms for a knowledge of the principles that have guided him, and by which he desires to guide others, in war. In another work, recently published, "Sport in War," he has shown to demonstration how the true soldier finds his best and most profitable relaxation in occupations which bear the nearest relation to the profession which he loves.

Then, let us think of another man, who, though he has not yet pushed himself into the very first rank in the army, has yet left the "ruck" far behind him and will soon be reckoned among England's most trusted leaders. He is now serving in his fifth campaign and, still young in years, is old in experience. Even the most censorious of censors can have no word to say in depreciation of Colonel Alderson, now commanding a brigade of Mounted Infantry in the field. To what does he acknowledge, and indeed prove, that he owes much of his undoubted military capacity? Why, to hunting! In his extremely interesting, and to the young officer most instructive, book "Pink and Scarlet," he has pointed out how close a relationship there is, or may be, between a day's hunting and the same number of hours spent in specific military study, how the chase of the fox in England may be the best of preparatory schools for war, and how a man is learning lessons of infinite military value from the time that he first buys a nag till he has seen the "little red rover" handsomely accounted for in the field. But many of our very best officers, those whose names are towers of strength to

our country, have had neither time nor inclination to testify in print to the value of sport in a soldier's training. So far they have been voiceless, but their example has spoken as strongly as the most emphatic words.

It may be considered to be harking back to ancient history to talk of the great Duke of Wellington, but it is not altogether beside the mark here to recall the fact that in the Peninsula, even while operations of war were in progress, he kept a pack of hounds for his own amusement and that of the officers in his army. Let us look at the men of to-day, however. Lord Roberts is a man of some mark and few people will care to cavil at anything in a soldier's life which he cordially approves. He did not learn his superlative horsemanship on the parade-ground alone, but by flood and field in the leisure intervals in his patriotic and hard-working life. No man in India was keener or better after an old grey boar than he, and, when he was commander-in-chief in Madras, it was a very good man indeed who could see the way he went on the Nilgiri hills with the Ootacamund hounds. General Broadwood has made something of a name for himself as a cavalry leader both in Egypt and in South Africa. He has been a student at the Staff College and has carried theory into practice in many long-drawn-out operations, on many hard-fought fields. And yet few men have been more devoted to sport than he. Across a country or between flags he has a reputation second to none among the gentlemen of England, in fact a very high racing authority once said that Broadwood was the best non-professional in silk that he had ever come across.

It would be easy to multiply instances among our most distinguished soldiers of men who are devotees of sport and who have proved how much of bodily and mental vigour and capacity they have gained by their devotion, but space does not permit the enumeration of what would certainly be a long list. On the other hand, however, it might be an interesting subject of inquiry what have been the antecedents of the officers who have been unfortunately found somewhat wanting on particular occasions during the present war. Have they been votaries of active sport in any form and have their military qualities deteriorated in consequence, or have they been among the large number, to whom we referred above, who have, for any reason, put sport out of their lives? There are several commissions now at work trying to find out the reason for many of our shortcomings in South Africa, and we cannot help thinking that before we have made up our minds as to the proper training and most profitable manner of life in work and amusement of our future officers, we might do worse than ascertain on good authority what has been the special training and manner of life of the individual officers who have proved themselves to be good, bad or indifferent in the past. We should not be surprised if it was found that the large majority of our best men were what we may roughly call "sportsmen," and that the large majority of those who have shown themselves to be more or less inefficient were not.

While we are considering ourselves, it might not be out of place also to give a thought to some of our adversaries. They have given some very practical proofs that a free, out-of-door life,

engaged in the primitive pursuits of hunting, herding and agriculture, is no bad preparation for a campaign, and may equal in value the study of text books of strategy and tactics and the theoretical handling of bodies of armed men. It almost appears as if operations of war, conducted on what we may call "sporting" principles, have in some circumstances rather the best of it, when opposed to movements devised by the best military European science. We cannot of course throw our officers back altogether into primitive conditions, but we should certainly not deny them any opportunities that they find for themselves of gaining the experience which is given by pursuits founded on primitive passions and carried out by the primitive faculties of man. BAILY'S MAGAZINE takes cognisance of sport and the study of sport in all its branches, and, in its pages, it cannot but enforce the principle that sport is a most important factor in our national life and has an influence that cannot be minimised in cultivating much that is good in our national character. Whatever is good for the nation at large must be good for its Army in particular, and, more than this, the special advantages to be derived from sport appear to be more applicable to the requirements of the Army than to those of any other trade or profession. All sports offer some permanent good in addition

to temporary relaxation; some give strength and agility to the body, some quickness to the eye, some harden the constitution, some promote horsemanship. All exercise the brain more than is generally believed. There are none which do not leave a man better physically and mentally, and more able to cope with difficulty and danger.

Surely England and England's administrators will not be so mad as to listen to the unthinking cry of those who would do anything to discourage the pursuit of healthy sport in England's Army. Englishmen who now seek for commissions are ready to submit to any trials, to go through any training, to acquire any qualification, that will make them efficient and trustworthy servants of the state. Let any path of duty be pointed out and they will unhesitatingly follow it; but let us beware of interfering with sporting proclivities, lest in withdrawing an influence which has, most falsely we think, been credited with doing harm to professional efficiency, we find that we have removed one that has ever done a superlative amount of good.

We believe most firmly that the real and enthusiastic sportsman is a half-made soldier and that any curtailment of sporting pursuits among our officers would make for the deterioration of our Army. *Absit omen.*

C. STEIN.





Painted by Henry Allen.

Engraved on wood by F. Babbage

THE LEICESTERSHIRE STEEPLECHASE. NO. V.—A RICH SCENE, AND SUCH AS NO OTHER COUNTRY CAN EXHIBIT.

Mr. Heycock.

Mr. Field Nicholson.

Dick Christian.

Mr. Guildford.

Capt. Ross.

Bill Wright.

Captain Ross's chance on the mare was now out, his stirrup having been left hanging on a thick fence.

“Animal Painters.”

THE mass of information contained in these handsome volumes* indicates an immense amount of research and constant discrimination; and only a man possessing the rare combination of artistic and sporting tastes, with leisure to indulge them, could have undertaken so large a task and have carried it to a successful issue. The author observes in his preface, “it is strange no work has yet appeared which chronicles the names of performances of artists who have devoted their talents to the portrayal of animal life and scenes of sport.” We will add to this that it is fortunate the task has been reserved for such competent hands.

Until the latter portion of the seventeenth century English art as exemplified by the painter was practically non-existent. We find drawings in colour on old manuscripts, and the best of these serve to show us how little idea of the elements of drawing those employed to illuminate such MSS. possessed. The first artist of English birth who deserved the name was Francis Barlow, who was born about the year 1628. His work as a painter of animal and bird life showed marked advance on any illuminations to be found on manuscripts, but there is necessarily a wide gulf between the merit of his productions and the merit attained by painters of a century later. In appraising the deserts of the pictures described, and of which numerous representative examples are here reproduced, the reader should remember the axiom adopted by the author: “If it appear that the

praise bestowed on these early pictures is higher than they deserve, let it be borne in mind that their merits must be considered not by the artistic standards of the present day, but in comparison with the worth of contemporary or previous painters.” The rule is a sound one; and had the main object of the work been to demonstrate progress, it would have been well to arrange the biographies in chronological rather than in alphabetical order. The author’s aim, however, is rather to show us how much lovers of field sports and of animals, the horse particularly, owe to these old painters; and that the painter tells us a great deal that the writer omits cannot be gainsaid: in Sir Walter’s words, “The details which, by reason of their absolute familiarity or contemporary insignificance escape the chronicler, are perpetuated by the artist.”

In collecting the information he has done concerning some fifty artists, and presenting them in this sumptuous form, the author has rendered no small service to the history of sport, for it is from the sportsman’s point of view that we approach his work. The first volume opens with Henry Alken, of whose private life and character singularly little has hitherto been known. According to the generally accurate “Dictionary of National Biography,” the famous painter of hunting scenes was originally employed in the stables of the Duke of Beaufort; but this would seem to be an error. The Badminton records make no mention of Alken’s name, and Sir Walter has succeeded in tracing a grandson and a granddaughter of the artist, from whom he has procured some account of the family in general,

* “Animal Painters of England: from the year 1650.” A brief history of their lives and works. In two volumes. Illustrated. By Sir Walter Gilbey, Bart. (Vinton & Co., Ltd.)

and of Henry in particular. Henry's father appears to have been a Dane who fled to this country about 1772 for political reasons, and settled in Suffolk, changing his name, Seffrien, to Alken; the latter being the name of a small village near Aarhus.

The book owes much of its value to the author's inclusion of artists whose names are unknown to the great majority, though their works should have earned for them honoured remembrance. The pictures of such men as Henry Alken, Abraham Cooper, John Herring, Sir E. Landseer, George Stubbs and James Ward are familiar to all; but it has been no man's business until now to render justice to painters whose works are of infinite value as contributions to sporting history. John E. Fernley, for example, is but little known outside hunting circles, and it is a question whether his work receives there the meed of appreciation due to one who has done so much to show us Leicestershire as it was in the earlier part of the century. Charles Hancock, whose career was contemporary with that of J. F. Herring, was a prolific workman whose portraits of famous horses deserve to be more widely known; that knowledge of them is not more general is probably due to the fact that he was overshadowed by his rival Herring, who painted portraits of the same giants of the Turf.

Of the private life of painters who lived and died a century or more ago there is necessarily little to tell; the career of a comparatively obscure artist can often be traced only, and in fragmentary fashion, through his pictures, and through occasional references in contemporary publications. Sir Walter Gilbey has made the most of material which must often

have been hard to find, and thanks to his industry, we have now a book which will assuredly take its place at once as a work of reference. Even as he has unearthed facts relating to the lives of obscure or forgotten artists, he has told much that has never before been published concerning the lives of famous painters. Of Sir Edwin Landseer he observes that "the excellent article in vol. xxii. of the 'Dictionary of National Biography' leaves little to be said"; but nevertheless he has added much to our knowledge of the man. Sir Walter's twenty-five pages on Landseer leave a singularly clear and vivid impression of the great painter's private life and character: the reader feels that he knows the man as intimately as he knows the pictures made familiar by the engraver.

A valuable and important feature of the book is the list of works which follows each biography. These in some cases serve to show us how much richer are the private collections of English noblemen and others in the works of old sporting artists than are the national collections. Thus neither in the National Gallery or at South Kensington is there exhibited a single specimen of the work of John Wootton, the first great English animal painter who flourished during the earlier half of the eighteenth century; while the Duke of Portland's collection at Welbeck Abbey boasts no fewer than fourteen paintings by this artist, and several important works hang on the walls of the Duke of Beaufort at Badminton; in all probability the most representative collection of his works in England. The catalogues of the Royal Academy, since its beginning in 1768, of other public exhibitions and loan



Drawn by S. Howitt.

[Engraved on wood by F. Babbage.]

TAKING WILD HORSES ON THE PLAINS OF MOLDAVIA.

collections, the wealth of engravings contained in the old *Sporting Magazine* and its contemporaries, and other sources of information have been laid under contribution for these lists; and if, as the author warns us, they cannot lay claim to completeness, they at all events give an excellent idea of the scope and nature of each painter's labours.

The majority of these fifty

biographies appeared in the pages of this and other sporting magazines; but in numerous cases these have been remodelled and supplemented with fresh facts. Our readers will also recognise most of the engravings. A copious index to the paintings, engravings, sculptures, &c., mentioned in the book renders the contents of this mine of information readily accessible.

A Gun-Room Causerie.

FAST GUNS AND AUTOMATIC MECHANISMS.

OF all qualities a modern shot-gun should possess none is so advantageous to first-class marksmanship as correct balance, which alone allows of the speediest manipulation of the gun. But if the advantage derived from ability to aim quickly is not to be lost, it is essential that the gun be fast. A fast gun is one in which the firing mechanism acts in the least possible time. With a fast gun the striker hits the cap of the cartridge within one two-hundredth of a second from the instant the trigger is pulled. A slow gun will require more than that; either a small fraction of a second longer, or such dilatory ignition as the old flint-lock guns gave. In the old days, when the merits of percussion-cap guns were contrasted with the defects of the flint-lock, much more was made of speed in ignition than at present. In fact, experts and critics regard the time required for the functioning of the gun's firing mechanism as a constant quantity, and for demonstrative purposes search out and recognise only trifling variations in the speed of caps and of nitro-explosives treated with different

deterrents to retard combustion and ignition. They do not appreciate the relative speeds of the guns. Possibly gun-makers, too, have overlooked the point. The sportsman has not. There is nothing like practical experience, after all. That the sportsman has, and intuitively, as it were, has taken to the fastest gun.

Among modern weapons the hammerless gun, generically, is the fastest. The speed of the lock-mechanism is governed by two factors, the distance between the striking-face of the hammer and the cap, and the strength of the mainspring. To detonate the cap a certain minimum force at impact is needed. This is obtained from a given weight falling a certain distance; if the weight be increased the distance may be shortened; by doing so the speed will be increased. This is just what happened when the hammerless system superseded the rebounding-lock hammer gun. Take an extreme instance by way of illustration. The Greener "patent-striker" gun, which preceded the rebounding-lock, was very slow. There was a distance

of over seven-eighths of an inch between the face of the hammer at full-cock and the face of the striker, and another three-sixteenths of an inch between the pulled-back striker and the cap. A light mainspring was not only sufficient, but necessary; with a mainspring of even the ordinary strength the cap would have been pierced by the striker. The hammer therefore fell the distance of one inch or more at a low velocity. In the Anson and Deeley hammerless gun the hammer and striker are in one, and the striking-face is only three-eighths of an inch from the cap when the gun is at full cock. In order to get the blow required a doubly strong mainspring is employed. The Anson and Deeley mechanism, therefore, is a fast mechanism—one of the fastest ever produced. The inventor of the "patent striker" was one of the first to recognise its advantages; Dr. Carver and the professional shots first appreciated its qualities, of which not the least was its speed—a quality that allowed of quicker shooting and made difficult shots more easy of accomplishment.

There were corresponding disadvantages. For instance, the employment of a heavier mainspring means a heavier pull-off. Anson, the inventor, who was a lock filer first and a gun-maker second, sacrificed the gun to his lock mechanism. Instead of placing the tumbler notch at a greater distance from the pivot on which the tumbler turned, he simply lengthened the tail of the sear to obtain greater leverage and a "let-off" with the normal pull on the trigger. This brought other modifications, and the net result was a gun closer built by nearly an inch than any then in use.

The inch was taken from the

head of the gun; the triggers were closer to the breech-ends of the barrels, and as it was necessary to maintain the same length of the stock from the trigger to the butt-plate, it was practically impossible to make a hammerless gun on this principle of the same dimensions as a hammer gun. The gun-makers were at fault, for instead of trying to make a gun which should handle the same, they adhered to the old measurements of the stock, and, particularly, balanced the gun from the breech, forgetful of the fact that the centre of gravity had been moved a half-inch at least nearer the shoulder. That has all been put right long since, and the ways of overcoming the difficulty are various. Some have reverted to the old stock length by modifying the mechanism, whilst others have held to the Anson & Deeley principle, because it allows of a gun closer built, with the greatest weight well between the hands, the balance point nearer the shoulder, and the gun therefore, other things being equal, more handy, under better control, more rapidly aligned, and because it is a fast gun to get to the shoulder as well as a gun with a fast mechanism.

There is a tendency on the part of some gun-makers to hamper the firing mechanism by requiring of it some secondary function, such as putting into gear the parts that eject the fired cartridge case. This to some slight extent makes the gun slower, and, though some advantages may be obtained, since it is not the only means by which they may be secured, the adoption of the plan is a retrograde movement, and not tending to the perfecting of the sportsman's weapon. All ejecting guns do not possess parts which drag on the firing

mechanism, but then all hammerless guns are not fast guns, or closer built than the guns with hammers.

The principle of the ejector gun is right enough, and the advantages it possesses ought to be obtained without sacrificing the qualities of speed and balance the Anson and Deeley improvement rendered possible. If the sportsman wants a fast gun with self-acting ejectors, it is to be had—any gun-maker can build one, and will do so if the point is insisted upon.

Another mechanism which has added to the speed of guns is the single-trigger. For the majority of the shooting we get nowadays it is decidedly advantageous, whilst for making the most of one's chances at driven game it is absolutely indispensable. The surprising thing is that its use requires no learning, practice, or

preliminary drill. A man used to the two triggers for a quarter of a century has no difficulty in pulling the same trigger twice in rapid succession instead of slipping the finger off on to the lie-down trigger. But it is by no means as easy, after shooting even a day with a single-trigger, to get into the way of using two triggers again. The reason is that it is easier to repeat a simple act, such as pressing the trigger, than to execute more complex movements. The pulling of two separate triggers in quick succession has to be learned, and efficiency increases with practice. How far it is from becoming "second-nature" a trial of the single trigger will quickly convince one. There may be mechanical difficulties in the way still, but the principle of the one trigger is undoubtedly correct, and in that way the guns of the future will be constructed. TRIGGER.

Reminiscences of Oxford Life and Sport.

I.

HAVING been asked to write some past experiences in the life of sport during an Oxford undergraduate's career, I have, after some hesitation, complied with the request, feeling that although personal recollections are always open to the charge of egotism, they may at the same time recall the memories of old and happy days to those who happen to read them, and may perhaps be of some interest to our successors who are now going through their course of studies at the Universities and taking their degrees in literature and sport. With a father, grandfather, and great-

grandfather all noted in their time as fine horsemen and devoted to fox-hunting, how could a fellow help being "tarred with the same brush?" A pony was my first present before I could walk. I have been told that I jumped a wall when in a child's saddle, strapped in of course, and quite unintentionally on the part of my attendant; still, it was a good beginning.

As time went on, old school books bear record by crude pictures of foxhounds and huntsmen that sport was more in my mind than Greek verbs and Latin verse. One eventful holidays I well re-



JOHN HILL AND JEMMY, 1860.

member being "blooded" after seeing my first fox killed by that past master of the art, John Walker. Those who knew him will, I think, bear me out when I say he never had a superior. He was the very essence of what a huntsman should be—keen, quick, quiet, cheery and fearless, trusted and respected by his Master (the late Sir Watkin Williams Wynn), and all who had the pleasure of hunting with the Wynnstay Hounds. One little incident stamps the man. After a capital gallop he ran his fox to ground, and decided that hounds should be rewarded by getting him out. Sir Watkin grew impatient. "Walker, Walker." No answer from the huntsman nearly submerged in the earth. . . another appeal (those who knew Master and huntsman will remember those appeals!) "Yes, Sir Watkin," was the reply. Another pause. "Come away," mutters the Master below the well-known pocket handkerchief. (N.B.—The handkerchief invariably was used by Sir Watkin when in difficulties: it was a trick he had.) "Close at him, Sir Watkin." Another silence and sundry mutterings. At last patience seemed to be exhausted. "Walker, Walker, Walker!" The last time with great emphasis. "Touch him with a stick, Sir Watkin." The huntsman gained his point, and his Master left him in peace to finish his work. Sticks are not all the same length, and if I remember right, the stick on that occasion was on the lengthy side! "Touch him with a stick, Sir Watkin," however, became more or less of a proverb from that day!

If the love of hunting and jumping over a country was to be subdued, the fates were against me. When at school at Rugby I

remember running out to see a steeplechase; where, I forget. All I do remember is that I ought not to have been there, and that the first man I saw there was Lord Combermere (Colonel the Hon. — Cotton), who at once "spotted" me and "reported" me at home! I need hardly say that my being there met with his entire approval. I got back to school, however, without being spotted by the authorities there, and added something to my sporting knowledge. Not every public-school boy has a chance of improving his riding during term time, but luck was in my way, and many were the afternoon half-holiday gallops I had, larking over sheep hurdles and other delightful obstacles, following the lead (tell it not in Gath!) of a present high and respected dignitary of the Church, the Dean of Westminster, who mounted me on a wonderful little Welsh pony he then had. On leaving Rugby after a course of cramming, I found myself safely ensconced at University College, Oxford, and after four eventful years was able to write B.A. after my name.

The first few days of a Freshman's life at the University is not usually the liveliest time of his existence. There is, or at least there was with me, a sort of feeling of loneliness at being launched into a new world, as it were, with the uncertainty of many of your old school-fellows, who had preceded you, being again your companions as of old, and in what "set" you would finally find yourself. 'Varsity etiquette demands that no Freshman renews or makes acquaintances until he is called upon. This excellent rule gives men a chance of being able to shake off, or keep as friends, those they

formerly knew as boys at school. Rugby, although then famous for its football and cricket, did not turn out so many riding men; and it was on this account that, looking round for kindred spirits, I had to make friends from other places, as riding was to be my line of amusement.

than the Rev. Mr. Headley, the Dean of University College. He understood and appreciated the undergraduate, and won both their affection and esteem. Stern and severe in manner, he received my application as became the position he held. I left his room, however, having the hours of



H. NEVILLE,
"SCOUT" AT UNIVERSITY COLLEGE.

On my going into residence in the end of 1859, to my disgust I found myself put into a college lecture for every day in the week. Looking forward to an occasional hunt, one's feelings may easily be imagined. I took the bull by the horns, and "appealed to Cæsar." No better fellow or more thorough gentleman ever existed

lecture so arranged as to give me one clear day for the chase. I am afraid as time went on it was found that I should never be likely to bring honour to the college from a classical point of view, so that my attendance at lecture was afterwards deemed of less importance.

I must just mention another

kindly action of the Dean. Dogs were not allowed in College, although the College was full of them. Whenever seen by the authorities with their owner, a fine of three shillings was exacted. My rooms were on the same staircase as those of the Dean. To my horror, one day my favourite Dandy Dinmont, "Jemmy," called on the Dean as he went by. They struck up a great friendship, and I heard no more of it. However, the risk was too great to be seen, and Jemmy was taught to go home by himself, from any part of the High Street, and to avoid the Dean, or anyone who looked dangerous. I saw him myself one day encounter his friend the Dean in cap and gown at the College gates, and he ran off round to the other entrance and escaped to my rooms in safety—affording much amusement, no doubt, as the Dean saw the performance. Such a man and the example he set is well worth the consideration of all College Dons. It was usual to try and get away to see the Derby run for. On the morning of the race the Oxford Station was always patrolled by the Proctor and his "bulldogs," so several of us determined to circumvent them, and thought that by ordering hacks and joining the train at Didcot the thing might be worked. I had been to the stable and secured the animal required, and was walking solemnly in cap and gown back to College, when I met the Dean. I, of course, saluted. "Mr. Hill, I think you have a lecture with me to-morrow at ten o'clock?" "Yes sir," I replied, and my Derby expedition was over. Although I might have shirked the lecture, I knew the Dean was aware of the Derby venture, and that it was his way of stopping

me going. After his kindness to me with regard to hunting, I could not have treated him otherwise, and at once countermanded the hack. This mutual good understanding is the essence of undergraduate training.

Not so well up in sporting lore was the respected Master of University College, the well-known Dr. Plumtree. A real old-fashioned English gentleman, but living his life entirely within the 'Varsity walls, he had little or no connection with the outside world of sport. When asked for leave by an undergraduate to go and see a sick relative at Epsom on "Derby day," after expressing his regret for the reason of the proposed visit, he at once gave permission, but remarking that general leave was stopped on that particular day, as he was informed there was to be "a race at Derby."

But I am over-running the scent, and must hark back a little. With a very limited allowance I was told I could not afford to hunt, or keep a horse, but where there is a will there is generally a way, and with economy in other ways, I determined to try it. I found from my "scout" (the Oxford name of your servant) that there were not many hunting men in college, perhaps some half-dozen, but only one, the late Henry Brassey, who then kept his own horses. Also that Charley Symonds was the best man to hire a hunter from. Consulting the card of the meets, I found that Tar Wood was within reach with the Heythrop, so ordering a horse for one eventful morning, with a critical gathering of men looking on from the College "quad," wondering who the Freshman was who was going to hunt, I mounted at the College gates and rode off up the

"High" with mixed feelings of pride and uncertainty.

Having seen nothing but scarlet before, I was surprised to see the green plush coats of the hunt servants, and was duly impressed by the grand old man who carried the horn, Jem Hills, the celebrated huntsman of the Heythrop. In days to follow what a delight to see him sailing away over the stone walls in the Bradnell Grove country, with "fox on ahead" and hounds in full view topping the walls from one field to the next! A true friend as he was to the Oxford undergraduate, he fully appreciated that they had "sent on overnight," and probably driven over in a tandem for the meet; so he always did his best to give them some fun for their money. Many a lark has he given them with no fox at all before him, but taking a straight line would gallop his hounds from cover to cover; and what did it matter to the rider of the Oxford hack, he came out to jump, and wall after wall gave him the pleasure he really enjoyed. I once participated in a hunt of this sort over that country on a noted horse 24 years old called Nebuchadnezzar, one of the finest wall jumpers of his time. I wonder if the same thing is ever done now. At any rate, I fancy if the present master should see these lines, it will remind him possibly of old days when we were at college together. I played a trump card in that day's hunting, as hunting men called and friends for the future were made.

Christchurch, or "the House," as it is called, was, and, I suppose, is still the college that takes the lead in sporting matters. Most of the rich men go there, and if they hunt keep their own horses. The hunting set there at the time I write of was, perhaps,

unusually select and exclusive. My contemporaries will remember how the Christchurch Grinds was won by Henry Davenport (Mr. Port) on "The Slasher," and how he and that capital horseman and light weight, "Joe" Waller, rode for the "Whip"; won, if I remember rightly, by the latter. The Marquis of Hastings was just then commencing his short and ever memorable career. Henry Chaplin (The Right Honourable), a little senior, was just about "going down" (how I envied him one day as he passed me on a galloping hack as I was hobbling home the long twelve miles from Brill Hill on a lame 'un). The Duke of Hamilton, too, always cheery and good natured. What a sight it was to see him one day with Lord Macclesfield fall off in a muddy gateway and two yokels scraping him passably clean with hedge-stakes! Then again there were all those who comprised the Marquis's set and good-naturedly rode the horses he always had to spare. Short days with hounds and long nights of all sorts of expensive amusements was the usual routine, men with £100 a year trying to go the pace with those who had thousands!

About this time H.R.H. the Prince of Wales became an undergraduate; capital hunters he rode, and was, I know, out hunting on Friday, November 30th, 1860, at Park Farm, Waterperry, with the South Oxfordshire, as I have in my diary: "Park Farm; rode chestnut mare; very wet day; waited half an hour for the Prince; got a fox away about one o'clock, after a great deal of hunting in cover over a beautiful country, but there being no scent had to give it up. Went away very quick; got wet through." A passing nod was about all that humble sportsmen from other col-

leges could expect, and it was only in exceptional instances that outsiders were admitted into their "set." It was, however, perhaps well that it was so, as only those who could afford to "go the pace" with them had any chance of paying their way.

About this time, too, Lord Harrington had a lot of horses at Christchurch; Sir Frederick Johnstone, and, a year later, Lord Jersey. Lord Willoughby de Broke also hunted from Christchurch. Lord Lansdowne (then Kerry of Baliol) used to hunt. Blackwood and W. Burkitt (both hard men) hunted from Trinity; also Dendy (afterwards so well known with the Blackmoor Vale), Meredith Brown, the 'Varsity stroke—his cousin, "Magenta" Brown, kept his horses at Charlie Symond's and hunted from St. John's.

W. H. Dunn, so well known now in hunting circles, was at Brasenose and hunted regularly. Phillip Wickham and Palmer at Exeter were always out. "Jem" Tomkinson, who goes now as hard with the Cheshire as he did when at Baliol, and Lowry Lightfoot, of University, who afterwards won the "Veteran" race at Aylesbury, were the best of pals in every line of sport.

Taking a line of my own, while gradually becoming intimate with the members of the inner circle and of the Bullingdon Club, I soon collected around me the riding contingent of my "own year," and we hunted in a quiet way as far as our pockets would allow. We generally went with the South Oxfordshire, as Lord Macclesfield was always most good-natured and long-suffering to the undergraduate portion of his field, while that "best of good fellows," the master's right-hand man, "Jack" Thompson, of Bal-

derton and Oxford old Bank, still, I hear, going as well as ever, was ever ready to forward sport, and many is the "lark home" he has joined us in after a disappointing day in the "Quarters" or the Waterperry Woods. The late Lord Parker and the Honourable Cecil, then a slim light-weight, now the respected agent at Eaton, were always in the thick of the fun with their father's pack. The meets with this pack, too, were within riding distance of Oxford, and it was only occasionally we could "run to" training to the Bicester and Selby Lowndes. Although we pretty regularly got to the near meets of the former, the Old Berkshire, with Charles and Tom Duffield as joint masters, sometimes came within reach, and the Heythrop as opportunity allowed.

Until it became time for us to think about the approaching examinations a day or two taken up by hunting was all right, but when daily reading (most of us with "coaches") became necessary, our thoughts were busy as to how to put in a few hours "jumping" relaxation from our studies.

One word on the subject of "coaches." An Oxford "coach" in my day was an absolute necessity to the undergraduate. The usual college lectures, except for those who were going in for "honours," were more or less useless. During the time I was in residence I do not suppose I ever got up a lecture, or that I ever had any good from one of them as preparation for any examination or my degree. The long-suffering gentlemen who undertook the duties of cramming were worthy of all praise. There was no better known man than the Rev. Mr. Cornish, of New Inn Hall, and those who had the

advantage of his tuition and the privilege of his acquaintance will look back upon it with satisfaction and pleasure. He had a special preference for his "sporting" pupils, and a "fiver" was the usual fee for an hour a day's cramming for an examination to the favoured few! As a don of his college he had to keep up a semblance of dignity as occasion required it. The only time he expostulated with me was once when, in a hurry, I went for my "hour" in a red coat. I had often gone in breeches and boots, but the red coat brought forth, "Come, come, you really mustn't come again like this." To early morning chapel I have been in hunting togs, covered with the sober coverings of everyday life, when the meet was a far-off one. Once I had to leave chapel in the middle of the service as my nose was bleeding. Immediately after the service I was "sent for." I heard afterwards that I was suspected of having tried a "plant," but it was a base libel, as my answer to the summons proved; but they thought they had caught me!

Half days with hounds are not satisfactory; either you have to leave just as the best sport is

commencing, or else after starting in the middle of the day you fail to find hounds at all. The alternative, of course, was "larking"; but farmers, notwithstanding all their proverbial good nature, objected to their hurdles and fences being smashed more than once and away, and a climax arrived when a party of us were fired on by an exasperated agriculturist, the shots whizzing in far too near a proximity to my ears. A council of war was held in my rooms. I reminded the company that there had been an "Oxford University Drag," a well-known picture of one of the best-known runs, hung in many a college room, a prominent portrait in the scene being that of "Jemmy" Allgood negotiating Waterperry brook. (The Rev. James Allgood succeeded his brother, and is now Squire of Nunwick in Northumberland.) The idea caught on. A formal meeting was called, and I had the honour of being elected the first master and huntsman of the revived pack of draghounds. If I remember rightly, this was before we "went down" for the long vacation, and the whole thing was left to me to get into shape before the October term.

Unsatisfied Umpires.

ONE of the features of the cricket season of 1900 has been the action of James Phillips, the Anglo-Australian umpire, with regard to the question of no-balling the deliveries of bowlers of whose absolute fairness he has not been satisfied. It will be remembered that in October, 1899, the authorities extended the power of calling no-ball to both umpires, and Law 48, as revised, reads as

follows:—"If *either* umpire be not satisfied of the absolute fairness of the delivery of any ball, he shall call no-ball." Thus the umpire who was in days anterior to the revision of this law for the time, so to speak, "off duty," and standing at square leg, has now an important voice in the question of fair bowling, and since he has the advantage of being able to concentrate his attention entirely

upon the arm-work of the bowler, free from the handicap which is imposed upon the umpire at the bowler's end of looking both at the bowler's feet and the bowling crease at the moment the ball is delivered, it would seem that the square-leg umpire has perhaps the best opportunity of judging of the fairness of the delivery of this or that bowler. It is certainly astonishing that through all the years during which cricket has survived the perils of its own legislation this simple law should never have come into operation before. Although there have always flourished of late years some bowlers whose delivery has been openly and to a great extent adversely criticised by the cricketers who played with and against them—more regularly, of course, by the latter—there have been singularly few instances of their being no-balled, and that despite the fact that the law was years ago specially adjusted by the Marylebone Cricket Club to impose upon the umpire the duty of calling no-ball, not because he felt convinced that the delivery was an unfair one, but because he "was not satisfied of the absolute fairness of the delivery of any ball."

Now this Law 48 is an extremely powerful instrument, and like all extremely powerful instruments, is an extremely dangerous one, for it gives to either umpire in any match the absolute authority to stop, by his own despotic determination, the bowling of any person bowling in the match. The fate of the bowler depends not upon his being convicted of throwing or jerking, but simply upon the action of any umpire who will frame an indictment against him charging the bowler with the offence of not satisfying the umpire as to the absolute fairness of his delivery.

Here is a law giving absolute power to any umpire to charge and sentence and execute any bowler who may come under his supervision, and this without there being any sort of remedy or opportunity of raising a defence on behalf of the accused, who can be stopped from bowling another ball in the match in which he has been brought to book, and has to spend the remainder of his days under the cloud of suspicion and the disgrace of having been publicly no-balled without any possibility of being reinstated on appeal.

In drawing attention to this aspect of the law, we in no way desire to express any opinion against the merits of the law as it stands, for it is an interesting law, and owes its origin to the loose ethics of the umpires of the day preceding its birth; at a time when some bowlers satisfied no one of their absolute fairness, except, indeed, the umpires, and the umpires, desirous enough of avoiding any trouble, would tolerate almost any delivery rather than face the bother of calling no-ball and attempting to maintain, to the dissatisfaction of the culprit and his supporters, that he was obviously possessed of an unfair delivery. By altering the law so as to give power to the umpire to no-ball any delivery of which he had the slightest doubt, a great chance was given to those guardians of law and order to do their duty and stop, at any rate, the more flagrant offenders; but actually little was done in this way. In the early days of the reformation umpires were shy of calling no-ball, since nobody could satisfactorily define what is a throw, and it is a grave responsibility to have to convict any person of an offence which you cannot define. Then, after this

difficulty was removed, the umpire, still unwilling to take the responsibility of being the judge of the fairness of a bowler, occupied himself with attending closely to the crease and the bowler's feet, and was able with some show of reason to explain that he could not closely observe the two actions at the same moment, the action of the feet and the action of the arm of the bowler. This difficulty has been removed since last October by extending to both umpires the power of judging the action of any bowler, and so there is but little excuse for umpires who tolerate unfair deliveries.

It is a merciful thing that there are no dishonest umpires, or else there might one fine day be a desperate match when each umpire took to no-balling all the best bowlers upon the other side; but one of the good points of cricket is that it is supposed to be played by honest men, and the laws are passed to control honest men.

We have seen how the Legislature, by slow degrees, have in their crusade against unfair bowling gradually extended Law 48 up to the point of its assuming its present powerful, and, as we have pointed out, dangerous dimensions, and we think that the legislative body have been led on to this point by the most laudable ambition of getting umpires to do their duty, and of inducing them to no-ball the unfair bowlers. For good or for ill the most recent amendment of the law has led to some no-balling by the square-leg umpire, and it is matter of common knowledge that during the season three bowlers have come under the ban of James Phillips, who bids fair to establish for himself a reputation such as Lord Bramwell enjoyed amongst exponents of robbery with violence.

The incident of no-balling in one case was interesting because the umpire who was standing at the bowler's end is reported to have protested against the action of Phillips in calling no ball, and to have asserted that he considered the delivery in question perfectly fair. He was anxious, moreover, to vindicate the bowler to the extent of not permitting the no-balls to figure on the score-sheet, and would not give extra balls in the over as usual to take the place of the no-balls called. This leads one to a point which may be a difficult one for the umpire who proposes to obey his conscience by no-balling the bowlers who do not, in his opinion, satisfy him of the absolute fairness of their deliveries. There must be, roughly speaking, some twenty umpires engaged regularly in presiding over the County Championship matches; they are watching the same set of bowlers day after day, and in the matter of unfair bowling, if Phillips is correct in his judgment and his suspicions are well grounded with regard to the three bowlers he has proclaimed, then the judgment of the other nineteen umpires who have refrained from calling no-ball must be at fault. A minority has in history so often demonstrated itself to be in the right that we would not for one moment question the correctness of the decision of Phillips; in fact, our sympathies would probably be found on his side, but we merely wish to point out the fact that his action must to some extent excite comment as to the supine attitude of his fellow-umpires.

Possibly during the ensuing winter months there may be some opportunities for the umpires to exchange ideas upon this question, and to come to some definite plan of action with regard to the

bowlers whose actions are discussed. It would seem to be a more reasonable and a more wholesome thing that if a bowler is careless enough or unscrupulous enough to let his delivery get so near the forbidden thing, the fact should be universally proclaimed

by the umpires, and not announced upon an isolated occasion. The laws of cricket give the umpires the strongest support; it only remains for the umpires to support and strengthen for one another their common position. QUID.

Croquet Notes.

OF the past croquet season it is merely necessary to say that from May to the close of September we have had a continuous weekly series of tournaments all over the country, and that from the reports of play the game seems to be more firmly established in popularity than ever.

A general knowledge of tactics, moreover, may be now found pretty widely diffused. The virtues of "corner play," the almost wearisome routine of the "four-ball break," the common form openings (the best and the second best, the "Willis gambit" and others), are familiar enough. If any noticeable change has crept over the croquet mind of the last season or two it has been a closer welding together of all these principles, a disregard of principles and maxims (once humbly venerated) in favour of a practical and effective "game" which recognises that the lengthy fourball breaks are all very well, but that the essential thing is to pick up and put together quickly and anyhow all the materials on the table.

Since the meeting of the U.A.E.C.A. (now entitled more simply the "Croquet Association") at Sheen House, which, by the way, is rapidly developing

into an excellent croquet centre, public interest has been rather occupied with the proposed alteration of the rules in relation to a long-vexed question.

As this is perhaps the one matter of serious controversy in the game, and a subject of some little complexity, we may be excused for discussing it here at some length for what we trust may be the last time.

Under the old Rule XXX., which is drafted in somewhat lengthy and (in one point) self-contradictory language, the penalties for playing with the wrong ball were, in fact, threefold: (1) compulsory, (2) and (3) optional to the adversary. The first of these involved the loss (a) of the remainder of the player's turn (after attention has been called to the fact of the mistake), and (b) of all points or roquets made after the *first wrongful stroke* (which may be and often is previous to that first noticed by the adversary): the net result being that (a) the turn on the discovery of the error is brought to an end at once, and (b) that no points or roquets made with the wrong ball are allowed to count in the game.

This first penalty is obligatory in any case, and remains under the new rule, with this addition,

that any use of the wrong ball *cancels the whole turn in which it occurs.*

This is undoubtedly a simplification, seeing that it does away with the whole question as to precisely *when* the wrong ball was first used, a question often of agonising and headsplitting obscurity, and usually based upon some such uncertain inference as: "Oh, I must have changed them when doing that croquet stroke in the corner," &c. But whether the simplification does or does not involve a considerable hardship to the negligent party is another matter. Besides the penalty (1) (obligatory, as has been said, in all cases where the mistake is discovered) there were also under the old rule two *alternative* penalties. (2) The adversary might leave the balls of the erring player "*as they are*" at the moment of discovery, and play on with whichever ball he pleased, or (3) replace them *where they were* (if by any research that spot can be ascertained) before the last stroke was made; and play on with the ball next in order, as if no mistake had been made.

It may be observed that the construction of the old rule was full of obscurity. It contains frequent references to "the penalty" without anywhere defining *which* (of the three) is the one referred to.

In fact, the phrase "claiming the penalty" means in one line of the paragraph, *claiming the right to replace the balls as they were* (the one positive privilege conferred on the adversary), and in another what is better defined in the new rule as *announcing the error.*

This latter phrase requires a word to itself. "*If the error be announced,*" we read, the various penalties follow. Of course if it were not announced, *i.e.*, if

neither player remarked the error (and *either*, we presume, may "announce" it), no question can possibly arise. But we might, perhaps, expect to be told *when* the announcement must be made. The answer (to be inferred from Par. 2) is "at any time during the turn." If A, in a far corner of the ground, accidentally changes the balls, it is natural and excusable that B, his antagonist, should not notice the first erroneous stroke or two. But he must pay sufficient attention to A's break to notice any such irregularity before it closes.

Then as to the substance of the provision, the following comparative summary may assist the reader's memory. Under the new Rule XXX., as under the old, the penalties for playing out of turn or with the wrong ball are three: (1) obligatory, (2) and (3) optional. Thus we have under the old rule:—

Obligatory.

- (1) (a) Cessation of turn, and
- (b) Loss of all points made after the mistake.

Optional.

- (2) Choice of balls to adversary.
- (3) Player's balls replaced, adversary going on with ball next in order.

And under the new rule:—

Obligatory.

- (1) (a) Cessation of turn, and
- (b) Loss of all points made during it, *either before or after the mistake.*

Optional.

- (2) Balls "spotted" in the near corners, Blue and Black on one, Red and Yellow on the other.
- (3) Player's Balls replaced, and "the stroke" played over again.

A somewhat captious critic has cavilled at this latter phrase, as if

it could mean simply to "encore" an error; but "stroke" is of course here used to signify the act of playing, not any particular or perverted use of it. On the general question of "hardships" one way or the other volumes might be written. For ourselves we think the best final solution would have been Penalty 3: "Put the balls back and play the stroke again." And if it be urged that this might lend itself to dishonest play at a critical moment, we reply, *no rule will prevent that.*

Another and a minor controversy has been disposed of in the amendment of Law II. abolishing (after the present season) the *rubber-ended* mallet. The game has been sufficiently tested now to show that the ordinary implements quite suffice in ordinary hands to

cope fairly with its various difficulties. In fact, it is rather to be regretted as to the mallet that the Association Committee did not "reform it altogether" by condemning the various extra handles and contraptions which (being in themselves infinitely *less* necessary or desirable than the rubber end) tend by their peculiarity rather to bring ridicule on a game which, except in first-class hands, is quite frivolous enough already.

These, however, are details. If croquet players become habituated to the mystery of "spotting" the balls, and the above "burning questions," to quote a happy Hibernicism from "Croquet up to Date," are *allowed to go to sleep* (!), the next season, if fine, should be an even more satisfactory one than that now closing.

Spurs at Polo.

SOME interest has been excited in polo clubs by the prosecution of a member of the London Polo Club for using sharp spurs. There can be no doubt in the mind of any polo player that the gentleman in question was in the wrong. Putting aside for a moment the question of humanity, the use of sharp spurs is clearly a contravention of the Hurlingham rules, by which spurs with sharp rowels are forbidden. Dummy spurs for polo are well known to all bootmakers, and are made especially for polo players.

In almost all polo clubs with which we are acquainted a member who attempted to play in sharp spurs would be requested to take them off at once. So far as we know, however, no one ever thinks of such a thing as using

spurs with rowels, and more especially racing spurs; and in a very long experience of the game we can say that we have never worn them, nor can we remember seeing any other player wear them. The Hurlingham rules, which prevail everywhere in the United Kingdom, are careful to prevent any cruelty to the ponies. The periods of play are short, and players are forbidden to use sharp spurs or to strike a pony with the head of the stick. The polo player, as a rule, is careful of his pony both from motives of humanity and because a good polo pony is much too valuable an animal to be wantonly knocked about.

Every polo player knows that one of the things to be most carefully avoided is to sicken the pony

of the game in any way. No pony who really dislikes polo is of much use in the game. A horse has a long memory, and if it receives blows, or is overdone, it does not forget it soon, or indeed ever. Every precaution is taken to protect the leg of the polo pony, which is encased from knee to fetlock in bandages, or a specially invented boot.

These things are, indeed, commonplaces to polo players, but it is, perhaps, not out of place to repeat them when there is some danger of discredit being brought upon polo and its followers by the *obiter dictum* of a magistrate or the zeal without knowledge of an R.S.P.C.A. inspector. For we cannot but think that from every point of view the prosecution was ill-advised.

To begin with, it was a solitary instance, and the case would have been amply met by a report to the authorities of the London Polo Club. This was so obviously the right and proper course that the action taken by the Society arouses a suspicion in our minds of the motives which prompted the prosecution. Is there not here indeed a sign that the otherwise excellent Society is inclined to overstep the boundaries of its proper sphere of action? It looks like it. To remove an inspector from the duties of watching the streets of London, where unnumbered cruelties of a far more serious character are of hourly occurrence; where lame horses, overloaded vans, hideous collar and girth galls disgust every man who is a lover of horses.

It is for the prevention of such suffering that the public subscribe to the Society, and not that they should allow themselves to be made the tools of faddists and doctrinaires by covert attacks on sport. It is against these insidi-

ous attacks that sportsmen must be on their guard. Nothing was said before the Penge magistrates that would suggest the existence of any previous suspicion that cruelty was commonly practised on the Crystal Palace polo ground. We gathered from the report that the inspector was there simply on the chance of finding material for "a case." It is the thin end of the wedge—a wedge that the Society has attempted to drive home elsewhere, and without success. One of the first duties of a magazine written for the sportsman is to speak out freely on the abuses of sport when it can; it is no less its duty to protest against actions which are founded on an unreasoning hatred of those sports which are the best and healthiest recreations of Englishmen. It is a fact which needs no affirming that the humanity of men to animals is in direct proportion to their love of sport. The Latin races and the Hindus, who are perhaps the least sporting races, are notoriously callous in their treatment of animals.

But perhaps the whole matter arose from the action of a not too wise inspector—what can we think of a man who stated that the spokes of the rowels were "a quarter of an inch long?" This statement of itself was enough to discredit the man's evidence. Where are such rowels to be seen outside a museum of antiquities? It is nonsense. One doubts whether that inspector even knows what the rowel of a spur is.

For the defendant we have no sympathy. A man who requires to hold on by his spurs, or is so poor a horseman that he cannot keep his spurs out of his pony's flanks, should not wear them at all.

Yet even this case will not be without its benefits if it causes

secretaries and polo managers to keep a sharper look out for offences against those rules of polo which have been drawn up in the interests of the pony as well as of his rider. It is quite possible that as clubs multiply a certain laxity may creep in, and if managers avail themselves of the powers conferred by the Rules, the zealous, or prying, R.S.P.C.A. inspector will find that attendance on polo grounds is waste of time. The

rules of the game should always be rigorously enforced, as well in members' games as in matches.

We would say to you, Mr. Colam, as the head of the Society, pray look upon things in a broader light. The funds of your Society are not intended to pay inspectors for enjoying an afternoon's amusement on a polo ground. The true love of sport existing in the British public is the best safeguard against cruelty.

The Principles of the Declaration at the Game of Bridge.

I.

THERE being in existence several small hand-books to the game of Bridge,—notably the brief but suggestive one published by Messrs. De la Rue & Co.,—and the game itself having sprung into wide-spread popularity with surprising suddenness, it will be assumed in this article that readers have already acquainted themselves with the routine of the game; the method of scoring and the principal rules of play. These points having been mastered, the crucial difficulty confronting the beginner is indubitably the declaration of the trump, and it is this branch of the subject that we now propose to discuss.

Every declaration should be made to the score. The important goals to reach (or to prevent your antagonists from reaching) are 6 (2 tricks in No Trumps take you out), 18 (the odd trick in No Trumps takes you out), and 24 (the odd trick in anything but a black suit takes you out). The main principles in declaring to the score are the following:—

(1) At love all, play a forward game. As dealer, do not make a black suit, unless holding an unusually weak hand, when your object should be to minimise loss. If you cannot make an expensive declaration, let partner have a chance.

(2) When your own score is in advance, play with more caution. Avoid prejudicing the advantage you have already secured.

(3) On the contrary, when you have been left behind, you are constrained to play still more boldly, running risks you would not otherwise be justified in taking. Desperate cases demand desperate remedies.

(4) When there is a choice, make the most economical declaration. If your score is 22 to 18, and you are in any doubt, give hearts the preference over No Trumps; since the winning of the odd trick then makes you game, while the loss of it does not make the opponents game. At 24 to 22, or 18 to 14, prefer diamonds to hearts, and so forth.

The separate declarations will now be examined in detail, the score being always assumed as love all, unless it be stated otherwise.

I.—NO TRUMPS.

It is the common idea of beginners that to go No Trumps you must hold an overwhelming hand. This is an error. First bear in mind that the dealer (who plays with a dummy) has this considerable advantage over his opponents: that he knows precisely the combined strength of his two hands, and can see just what cards are against him in each suit. He may be fully aware, for instance, that in clubs his adversaries hold tierce major, and that he cannot take a trick in the suit. But if one adversary has ace, queen and small, and the other king and small cards, each may remain in ignorance of the other's weapons, and may avoid opening the suit, particularly if the holder of ace and queen sees dummy's hand on his left, without the king. The dealer's advantage may be estimated as such that, if all four hands were exactly equal, he would most probably win the odd trick.

Here is an exactly average hand, containing one card of each denomination:—

♥ A. 8, 5; ♠ K. 8, 4;
♦ Q. 9, 3; ♣ J. 10, 7, 2.

On such a hand, at love all, since every suit is guarded, the dealer might declare No Trumps; but would be better justified in doing so if he had 10 of clubs and 10 of diamonds in place of the 8 and 9 respectively.

Supposing three suits only to be guarded, an accession of strength is necessary in those suits. You want a balance of cards in your favour in addition to the balance you already have

as the player of dummy. To transfer from the opponents a card worth half a trick, and to give in exchange a card (say a deuce) whose trick-making capacity may be estimated as *nil* (disregarding the effect of number in suit) is to make a difference on balance of one whole trick in favour of the dealers. And, if these cards are intrinsically worth seven tricks, they will probably, with the advantage of play, succeed in securing eight.

An ace is worth one trick, a king about two-thirds of a trick, a queen about half a trick; provided always that the latter cards are properly guarded. Add another queen, therefore, to the hand given above, and you will be right to declare No Trumps, even though in one suit you have no defence at all.

The following hands (all one queen above the average) are undoubted No Trumpers. The first two have the extra advantage of being guarded all round:—

- (1) ♥ A. Q. 5; ♠ K. 8, 4;
♦ Q. 9, 3; ♣ J. 10, 7, 2.
- (2) ♥ A. 8, 5; ♠ K. 10, 4;
♦ Q. J. 5; ♣ Q. 9, 7, 2.
- (3) ♥ A. Q. 8, 5; ♠ K. J. 8, 4;
♦ 9, 7; ♣ Q. 10, 3.
- (4) ♥ A. 8, 5; ♠ 7, 4;
♦ K. Q. 10, 8; ♣ Q. J. 9, 3.
- (5) ♥ A. J. 8, 5; ♠ K. Q. 4;
♦ 8, 7. ♣ Q. 10, 9, 3.

Here the high cards are all duly guarded, and may be safely considered as having their full value. The use of tens and nines as supports to face cards must not be overlooked. Holding king, 10, 4, you win a trick in the suit even if knave be led on your right and ace, queen are behind you. By covering the knave with king, your 10 will be good for the third

round; that the 9 is also behind you and that you will again be led through and finessed against being a contingency not seriously to be dreaded. With king, 10, 9, in the circumstances supposed, you are absolutely safe.

On the other hand, for want of proper support the value of a high card may be much lessened, and any such depreciation of value must be taken carefully into account. An ace single must fall the first round. An ace with two small cards may be held up until the third, when one opponent will nearly always be exhausted and unable to lead the suit again. A king single is no better than knave, 3, 2; and king singly guarded must necessarily succumb if ace and queen are behind him.

All the following hands contain one queen above the average, but cannot, at love all, be recommended as no-trumpers:—

- (6) ♠ A Q. 8, 5; ♣ K. J. 8, 4;
♦ Q. 7; ♠ 10, 9, 3.

(No. 3 with a queen and a 9 interchanged.)

- (7) ♠ A. J. 8, 5; ♣ K. Q.;
♦ 8, 7, 4; ♠ Q. 10, 9, 3.

(No. 5 with 4 of clubs replaced by 4 of diamonds.)

- (8) ♠ A. 10, 9; ♣ K. J.;
♦ Q. 8, 7, 5; ♠ Q. 8, 4, 3.

In the last the king, knave, 10 and 9 have all lost value, and the hand ceases to be effectively a queen above the average. When the score is adverse a dash must be made, and No Trumps might be declared on any of the above. The real weakness of the following as a no-trumper is not that three aces and three kings are against, but that the king of spades, ace of hearts and queen

of clubs are all devoid of support:—

- (9) ♠ A. 4; ♣ Q. 5, 4;
♦ Q. J. 10, 8, 5, 3; ♠ K. 3.

Cards of identical denomination, but differently grouped, might form a no-trumper of normal type:—

- (10) ♠ A. 5, 4; ♣ Q. J. 4;
♦ Q. 8, 5, 3; ♠ K. 10, 3.

On hand No. 9, at 12 to 26, we think diamonds the proper make; but at 10 to 26, on a diamond declaration, you cannot win the game unless you score four by cards. You will find that, if dummy has a hand enabling him to win ten tricks in diamonds, you will nearly always succeed in winning eight tricks in No Trumps, which is just as good. It is 5 to 4 that dummy has ace or king of diamonds, in which case the suit can be established with the loss of one trick in it; and it is quite unlikely that dummy will be able to utilise any little diamonds in ruffing.

Yet there are counter considerations. Even if you only win nine tricks in diamonds, and the other side goes out next deal, you will have the advantage of starting the next game on your own declaration. Further, you will have scored 28 by cards, and the odds are in favour of your scoring at least 24 by honours, while it is 3 to 1 against dummy's holding two aces. And players are apt to forget that there are distributions where you may win the game in diamonds, but make a positive loss in No Trumps.

Human nature being addicted to what the Official Receiver calls "rash and hazardous speculation," let us, by way of example, transcribe such a deal in full:—

♥ 10, 9, 6, 3, 2.		♥ K. J. 5.						
♠ A. K. 8, 6.		♠ 10, 7, 3.						
♦ 4.		♦ A. K. 6.						
♣ 10, 8, 4.		♣ A. J. 7, 2.						
♥ Q. 8, 7.	<table><tr><th colspan="2">NORTH. (Dummy).</th></tr><tr><th>WEST.</th><th>EAST.</th></tr><tr><td colspan="2">SOUTH.</td></tr></table>	NORTH. (Dummy).		WEST.	EAST.	SOUTH.		
NORTH. (Dummy).								
WEST.		EAST.						
SOUTH.								
♠ J. 9, 2.								
♦ 9, 7, 2.								
♣ Q. 9, 6, 5.								
♥ A. 4.								
♠ Q. 5, 4.								
♦ Q. J. 10, 8, 5, 3.								
♣ K. 3.								

Score :—N.S., 10 ; E.W., 26.

South deals and declares diamonds. Leader, West.

(1) West leads 5 of spades. Won by East.

(2) East leads 2 of spades. Won by South.

(3) South leads a high diamond. Won by East with the king.

(4) East leads spade trumped by South.

(5) South leads high diamond. Won by East. North discards heart.

(6) East's only chance to save the game is to find West with a trick in hearts. He leads the 5 ; South puts on the ace first round to draw the remaining trumps, if divided, and his clubs and trumps win all the remaining tricks.

N.S. score 24 by cards and 12 by honours and win the game.

If East had changed suit and opened the hearts at trick 4, as he ought to have done, when he still had the command of trumps, he would have saved the game ; but these windfalls are part of the dealer's perquisites.

Now suppose that South declares No Trumps. There is no preventing E.W. from making three spades, two diamonds and two hearts, and N.S. lose the odd trick and the game. If the game be the deciding one of the rubber, better go No Trumps and take your chance ; otherwise, the ques-

tion cannot but be considered dubious, depending on the idiosyncrasy of the player and the view of life he happens to entertain at the moment.

With four aces always make No Trumps. You have four certain tricks, and are 100 by honours. With three aces *and the deal* make No Trumps. This is an exception to the normal No Trump hand, which has been defined as a queen above the average. *On a pass* it is very doubtful whether you should make No Trumps on three aces and nothing else. The exposure of the hand is always a source of weakness ; but with an adverse score it is neck or nothing. Speaking generally, for the same reason, the dealer's partner, at love all, cannot afford to strain the declaration with the same impunity as the dealer.

Two aces, a king and a queen are rather better than three aces. But two aces and a king, or one ace and two kings, are not sound as No Trumpers, unless you are driven by desperation, when, like the drowning man, you clutch at straws. Holding

♥ K. 7, 3 ; ♠ A. 8, 6, 4 ;
♦ A. 5, 4, 2 ; ♣ 10, 9.

the dealer should pass, the dealers' partner should make spades. In the long run you are bound to lose by playing against the probabilities. The dealer, having passed, cannot be trusted for more than three tricks, and his partner, with the above cards, should expect to lose the odd. You are better off if you lose five by cards in spades than the odd in No Trumps.

When the adversaries are so nearly game that they are almost certain to go out on their next deal, it has been recommended to go No Trumps on a doubly-

guarded queen in each suit. The policy is exceedingly doubtful. In such a case partner may be trusted to declare for the utmost his hand is worth, and if, when you pass, he can do no better for you than a spade, be thankful to save what you can out of the wreck. If you are in a particularly tight corner, and hold

♥ Q. 10, 7, 3; ♠ Q. 6, 5;
♦ Q. 9, 8; ♣ Q. 3, 2.

stretch a point and go hearts; you have at least a colourable pretext.

A useful mode of computing whether or no a given hand is a legitimate No Trumper is to reckon an ace as equal to a king *plus* a knave, or to a queen *plus* a knave *plus* a 10. Similarly, a king equal to a queen *plus* a 10, or to a knave *plus* a 10 *plus* a 9, never forgetting that, to be worth its full value, a card must have its full complement of guards.

II.—HEARTS.

When you cannot make No Trumps, you are naturally desirous of making hearts. Consider the following:—

(10) ♥ A. J. 7, 6, 5; ♠ 8, 4, 3;
♦ K. 2; ♣ A. 6, 5.

Counting one of the aces as the equivalent of a queen *plus* a knave *plus* a 10, we see, first, that this hand is not a queen above the average, and, secondly, that the king of diamonds has lost value. It is not, therefore, at love all, a No Trumper. Is it a heart hand? The criteria that have been suggested (and we think them good, though a rigid line of demarcation is impossible) are the following:—

To go hearts on five, as dealer, when you cannot go No Trumps,

(1) The hand should be at least of average strength.

(2) You should hold at least

one certain trick in the hearts themselves.

These two conditions (when the length of the trump suit is taken into account) ensure a reasonable probability that you will not be put *hors de combat* by a force in one of the weak suits, and that you will, in any case, win the odd trick. Under such circumstances it is imprudent to drop the substance for the sake of snatching at the shadow. Your partner *may* be able to declare No Trumps if you pass, and you *may* win the game right off. Equally well, he may be forced to fall back on spades, and you will only have yourself to blame.

Judging by the preceding criteria, if the score is love all, and you hold as dealer

(11) ♥ K. Q. 8, 6, 3; ♠ K. 8, 6;
♦ 5, 4, 3; ♣ A. 7.

you go hearts. So also if the hearts are K. J. 10, 6, 3. But if K. J. 8, 6, 3, you leave it to partner. So fine a line can only be regarded as a rough guide. With the last-named combination it has been contended that, when hearts are trumps, even if your partner hold ace or queen of hearts, and ace, queen of clubs, you must lose four tricks and perhaps five tricks. It can be seen by a simple example that there is no such necessity:—

♥ Q. 5, 4.
♠ A. Q. 5, 4, 3.
♦ 10.
♣ 8, 4, 3, 2.

♥ 10, 9, 2.
♠ 10, 9.
♦ A. K. Q. 7 6.
♣ K. 9, 8.

NORTH. (Dummy).
WEST. EAST.
SOUTH.

♥ A. 7.
♠ J. 7, 2.
♦ J. 9, 8, 2.
♣ Q. J. 10, 5.

♥ K. J. 8, 6, 3.
♠ K. 8, 6.
♦ 5, 4, 3.
♣ A. 7.

Score: love all. Dealer, South. If South makes hearts,

(1) West leads king of diamonds. North's hand is then exposed. West cannot let the weak trump hand ruff, so

(2) Probably leads 10 of clubs, won by South with the king.

(3) South leads a diamond trumped by North.

(4) North leads queen of trumps won by East.

(5) East leads queen of spades won by South.

(6 to 13) South draws the adverse trumps, North discarding spade. North wins four tricks in clubs; South makes the last two trumps; and

N.S. win five by cards, scoring 40; and 16 by honours. Game.

If West should lead a spade at trick 2, East, having re-entry with ace of hearts, must make one spade, and N.S. score four by cards only, but win the game as before.

Supposing South makes No Trumps, West wins five diamonds right off (East throwing 8, 9 and knave to the first three rounds); if he then leads a spade, E.W. win the odd trick. If not, E.W. win six tricks, and save the game easily.

It is impossible, then, to consider the criteria given above as absolute; but they will be found very useful while gaining experience; nor are they by any means to be despised even by advanced players. If your side have scored 18, hearts are undoubtedly the declaration on the hand last given.

With only four hearts, do not declare the suit as dealer, unless your cards are four honours. This is an article of faith with Bridge players and, generally speaking, is quite sound. We may take leave to doubt, however, whether any rule, in either Bridge or

Whist, is absolutely free from exceptions, nor could the dealer be greatly blamed for going hearts on the following:—

(12) ♠ A. K. Q. 3; ♦ 10, 8, 2;

♠ A. K. 5; ♣ 8, 7, 6.

On a pass, with this hand, declare hearts without hesitation. And, in general,

The declaration being left to you, make hearts whenever you have not a No Trump hand, and can win four tricks if hearts are trumps. With three tricks only in hand, a heart declaration is not sound.

Whether as dealer or dealer's partner, if you have not a No Trump hand, always go hearts on six.

III.—DIAMONDS.

The main distinctions to be observed between this declaration and that of hearts are (i.) that two by cards in hearts will bring you very near the landmark of 18, whereas the same number of tricks in diamonds are little if at all better than in clubs; (ii.) that, with five diamonds, if you leave it to partner, you have the chance of two better declarations instead of only one.

On five diamonds, therefore, without four honours, diamonds will very rarely be right when your score is love. On six diamonds, the declaration is mostly advisable, though perhaps less frequently than if you had the same holding in hearts. Even with four honours in diamonds, make No Trumps if you can; if you cannot, take the good the gods provide you; in no case, under such circumstances, can you afford to leave it to partner.

IV.—CLUBS AND SPADES.

It is the practice in some circles never to make a black suit at love

all, on the ground that on such a declaration you cannot win the game that hand; whereas partner may be able to declare No Trumps or hearts, and, if the worst comes to the worst, can himself fall back on spades or clubs. Those who uphold this doctrine expect too much. There is a limit of weakness beyond which it becomes your duty to the partnership to prevent the other member of the firm from making an expensive declaration. We have seen already that he should, and will, make No Trumps on a protected hand one queen above the average; and, failing this, will make hearts or diamonds with four tricks in hand if the suit he chooses are trumps. In other words, he will rely on you for something not much worse than an average hand. Whenever you are unhappily not in a position to give him anything like the support he will reasonably expect, you must clap the brake on in time to prevent a catastrophe. Opinions may differ as to what degree of weakness should constrain you to decline to leave the declaration; but, since as a rule you would be foolishly sanguine to look for six tricks in your partner's own hand, it does not seem too much to say that you ought not to pass unless you yourself have two.

To make this rule and to stick to it is to promote a mutual confidence that will bear valuable fruit; and although, in very exceptional cases, you may miss a big score, you will secure ample compensation for the temporary self-denial.

Unless, therefore, you can rationally hope to contribute two tricks from your own cards, declare spades.

With some players it is a maxim not to leave the declaration unless

you have good supporting hearts, it being thought that your partner may be tempted into declaring that suit, and come to grief on finding you with nothing therein. The restriction is artificial, and is not recommended. Accidents must occasionally happen; you may equally come to grief if he makes No Trumps or diamonds; but the rule already formulated will be found ample safeguard for the great majority of cases.

At love all, however great your strength in spades, you will do well to pass in preference to declaring that suit. It is not so clear whether you ought always to refrain from declaring clubs, holding great strength therein,—say seven with three big honours. The writer has seen clubs made by the dealer on the following hand:—

(13) ♠ J.; ♣ A. Q. J. 9, 5, 4, 3;
 ♦ 2; ♠ A. 10, 5, 4.

If the rule: not to declare a black suit at love all: is to be made absolute, he would have had no option but to pass. It is, of course, just possible that partner can declare No Trumps; but, if not, you will doubtless suffer equally whether he fixes on hearts, diamonds or spades. The odds are about 13 to 2 against his holding six hearts. Of course the hand is a very exceptional one.

A declaration is always right on which you can see your way to winning the game.

Sometimes, on a pass, your declaration will depend on the calibre of the dealer. If a strong player, you may trust him with a light declaration; if a weak one, refrain from burdening him with a difficult task.

ERNEST BERGHOLT.

“Baily’s Hunting Directory.”

ANOTHER season has come round, and the preparation of the fourth yearly issue of “Baily’s Hunting Directory” is in full swing. During the summer months we have been collecting information for new features to be incorporated in the forthcoming issue for 1900-1901. The most important of these is a list of members of the various hunts who went out to fight in the war in South Africa with the Imperial Yeomanry and other forces; such a list is probably unique. There is also an alphabetical list of hunt servants with the packs to which they belong. Interesting articles, “On Summering a Country,” and “Drafting Hounds,” will appear, and the list of winners at Peterborough, the Point-to-Point races, and other matters in connection with hunting generally are brought up to date; the huntsmen’s records have also been considerably increased.

Thanks to masters, secretaries and friends, it is comparatively easy to obtain the information

required for the Directory, but difficulties are often experienced in putting the matter together so as to give it in concise form and handy for reference. Hints and suggestions have been kindly sent us from all parts of the United Kingdom. We need hardly say that we have endeavoured to give effect to these whenever practicable, and we shall always welcome new ideas for the improvement of subsequent editions.

We would take this opportunity of recognising the services of masters and secretaries who have so kindly given us their valuable assistance in compiling this work year by year, and who, for the most part, have promptly responded to our letters. Permit us also to appeal to the few who, for various reasons, have not replied to the correspondence, and to point out to them how greatly our work would be simplified, and the value of the Directory as a work of reference increased, by their kind co-operation.

Irish Notes.

THE annual bustle at horse-show time in Dublin was just as pronounced this year as ever, and Leopardstown on the second day of the racing was more crowded than it has been since the opening meeting. Yet the show was not so well attended as it has been, though a decrease of 4,000 in the number of visitors is, after all, not much in the four days when the counter-attraction of polo are taken into consideration; for there is no doubt that

after one visit to the horses many people reserve themselves for afternoons in the Phoenix Park when the A.I.P.C. provide such a captivating bill of fare.

Though, of course, the great show was a success, we have seen many better exhibitions at Balls Bridge, for there were few real champions. The champion hunter Canon Arthur, whose portrait we give, is a remarkably good horse. As usual, the arrangements were excellent, but exception must

be taken to the very unbusiness-like and puzzling classification of roadsters and harness horses. Class 22, for instance, was for "horses suitable for roadsters or harness," and they had "to be shown under the saddle," thus the judges having no opportunity of seeing how an animal moved or carried itself in harness, must have been forced to decide on its merits as a roadster alone. Again in Class 23, for "riding horses suitable for covert or park hacks," we found horses among the entries that were also entered in the harness classes and stabled among the harness horses. Surely this mixing of the classes is a strange mistake. Two classes with limits for height for roadsters or park hacks, a class for weight-carrying cobs, and another for children's ponies ought to exhaust the requirements for riding horses at any show, and certainly should suffice at Balls Bridge, where nine classes are devoted to hunters.

The blood-stock sales in the R.D.S. paddocks were well attended, and there were some good prices. A yearling by Florizell II. fetched 1,150 gs., Lord Fermoy would not let one of his go for 600 gs. (this was a beautiful colt by Ambergate by Ben D'Or), and a brother to Romanoff fetched 500 gs., while Mr. Buckley paid 550 gs. for a three-year-old by Royal Meath—Grace II. (Cloister's dam).

One of the most interesting incidents of the first day's racing at Leopardstown was the finish for the Lawn Stakes, when Mr. Tommy Beasley on Surehaven showed that he is as finished a rider as ever on the flat, and having taken the measure of Eccellenza he refused to be at all flustered by the efforts of the American jockey Rigby, but fairly played with him, and won most

comfortably by half a length. Mr. Wardell's nice colt, Newtown, was rather lucky to win the Londonderry Plate; for McIntyre was badly shut in on the washy-looking Theatre Royal, who is nevertheless a magnificent goer, and got to the neck of the winner, who appeared to be fully extended. In the Visitors' Plate, Shandradan scored his fourth victory off the reel—each time under different ownership, and Queen of the Gipsies won another race (the Trial Plate) for Mr. Dunne, and was subsequently sold. On the second day little Reiff won the Midsummer Plate for the most popular Viceroy with Windbound, amidst enthusiastic cheering, and Young Hopeful, with L. Reiff in the saddle, easily defeated a large field in the Royal Plate. This colt divides with Berril the honour of being the best four-year-old in Ireland, and a meeting between them would attract great interest. Young Hopeful is a brown son of Enthusiast—Faith, and is owned by Mr. Manley; he ran in blinkers, but is a fine, powerful colt, with wonderful hind leg action, and seemed to give his running most freely. He had some good three-year-olds behind him, nearly all of whom have won races this year, not to mention the four-year-olds Monmouth and Flower of Song. The Leopardstown Grand Prize was easily won by the New Zealand bred Ca Ira, who, getting all allowances, had only 6st. 13lb. to carry, and was the mount of Johnny Reiff. Ca Ira is a six-year-old horse, and was receiving a stone from the two-year-old Newtown, who ran second.

The final tie for the Irish County Polo Cup was won by Sligo, who fairly outclassed Carlow, and now retains the Cup, having won it three times. The

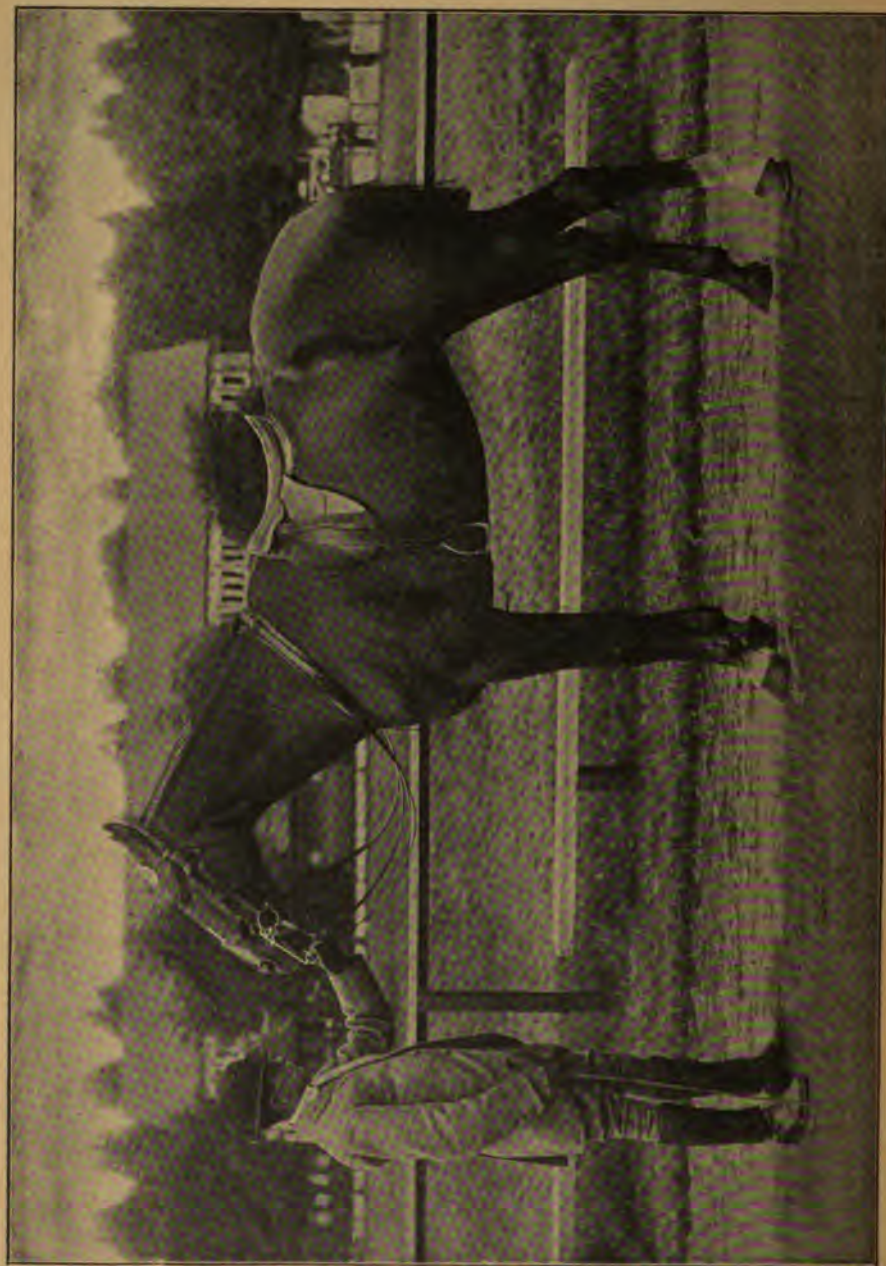


Photo by LaFayette.

HUNTER GELDING CANON ARTHUR-CHAMPION AT THE DUBLIN SHOW.

following players composed this champion team, who showed rare combination, only to be acquired by constantly playing together.

Co. Sligo.
Mr. Connolly.
Major O'Hara.
Mr. Campbell.
Mr. Fitzgerald (back).

The Open Cup Tournament began on the first day of the Horse Show, when Cirencester completely smothered Co. Carlow, who made a wretchedly feeble opposition. The winning team comprised Messrs. Adamthwaite, Rich and Drage, with Count de Madre as back. Score: 12 goals to *nil*.

This game was followed by the meeting of Co. Sligo with a team of the Irish County Union, consisting of Messrs. Moore and Leonard, Captain Steeds, and Captain Loftus Bryan (back). The Irish Champion County proved themselves far the stronger team, and won by 4 goals to 1.

On the following day the great event of the Tournament took place, when the Freebooters, Mr. John Watson, Captain Beresford, Mr. Freake and Mr. O. Haig met the All Ireland team, consisting of Major Paynter, Captain Gosling, Mr. Watt, with Captain O'Reilly as back. It was a beautiful game to watch, but All Ireland were over-matched. The Freebooters, under their able leader, playing a fast and sound game, scored freely, despite the great dexterity of Capt. O'Reilly, who was seen at his best. Mr. John Watson easily disposed of the attentions of Ireland's No. 1, carried out all his plans successfully, and his team ran out winners by 7 goals to 1. Next day

Sligo played Cirencester, and defeated them after a most exciting finish by 6 goals to 5.

On September 1st the Freebooters and Sligo met for the final, Captain Beresford's place in the former team being taken by Mr. Hargreaves, owing to the gallant hussar having fractured the thumb of his right hand, in which maimed condition he nevertheless had played brilliantly in the game against All Ireland.

The crowd was enormous to see the final game, and seldom has more excitement been displayed over a polo match. The game was most stubbornly contested from first to last, both sides playing with a grim determination that is seldom seen, which roused the spectators to the utmost pitch of enthusiasm. In the end, and when Sligo seemed to be going just as strong as ever, the Freebooters were one goal to the good, but half-time had been played without either side troubling the scorer. At the finish the score stood Freebooters 3 goals, Sligo 2 goals. Sligo, though they had all the hardest work of the tournament, have never played so well, Major O'Hara and Mr. Connolly in particular distinguishing themselves. It was "a great game entirely," and worthy of the occasion.

Meetings of the Meath and Ward Union Hunts were held at Balls Bridge during Horse Show week, when everything was satisfactorily settled for the coming season.

The Waterford Hounds were first to commence cubbing, and had several days in Curraghmore woodlands before September was a week old.

The Sportsman's Library.

THE most recent addition to cricket literature is a history of the celebrated family of Walkers of Southgate.* There have been many distinguished brotherhoods of cricketers, but none more famous than these seven Harrovians of whom Mr. W. A. Bettesworth writes.

Everything tended to make the Walkers great cricketers. Fine physique in the first place was coupled with innate zeal and keenness for the game; cricket was in the very atmosphere of their home at Southgate, where upon their beautiful private ground some of the best cricket of the day was played. Moreover, all the brothers were fortunate in being possessed of both leisure and means whereby they were able to devote themselves to the game without a care. Of the seven brothers, the three younger ones, Vyell Edward, Russell Donnithorne and Isaac Donnithorne, are best known to the present generation; in fact, since the never sufficiently to be lamented decease of Mr. I. D. Walker in 1898, V. E. and R. D. are the only survivors of this great family of cricketers; but the four other brothers all took a prominent part in the cricket of their day, generally beginning by getting their "flannels" at Harrow and proceeding to a place in the Gentlemen team at Lord's. Mr. John Walker was born in 1826, and from the time that he was old enough to play cricket down to 1898, when Mr. I. D. Walker died, there was always one of the brothers playing cricket, and at

one period as many as six of them in one important team at the same time, whilst a match is recorded in which all seven played together.

Of the seven brothers, Mr. V. E. Walker has perhaps made the greatest reputation as a cricketer, and his name is familiar to all as an all-round cricketer and judge of the game. He bowled underhand, and was a marvellous field to his own bowling, and to him belongs the credit of having upon three occasions taken all ten wickets in one innings, and we are told that upon another occasion he would have been credited with the same feat but for the punctiliousness of the umpire. The first time was in the historical match at Kennington Oval, in 1859, between Surrey and England, when, bowling at the opposite end to Jackson, the great professional, Mr. V. E., took the ten Surrey wickets in 174 balls at a cost of 74 runs, whilst the not-out batsman was missed off his bowling. Moreover, Mr. Walker followed up his success by scoring an innings of 108 runs in this same match, a feat only rivalled, we believe, by the inimitable W. G. Grace and E. M. Grace. In 1864 all ten wickets of the Gentlemen of Kent fell to his bowling at Maidstone, and in 1865 at Manchester for Middlesex against Lancashire he again dismissed the whole side, whilst in a school match at Harrow he had already performed this feat at the age of seventeen. Mr. V. E. was a great batsman and a remarkably agile field, and in 1860, when he was only in his twenty-fourth year, it was said of him in "Lilywhite's Guide to Cricketers":—"To Mr. V. E.

* "The Walkers of Southgate." By W. A. Bettesworth. Edited by E. T. Sachs. With nineteen illustrations. (Methuen & Co., 36, Essex Street, W.C.) 1900. 8vo, cloth. Price 15s.

Walker we gave last season the credit of being the best 'all round' cricketer in the world. We have no reason now to alter our opinion, as the figures in the batting and bowling department will justify the statement." Mr. Bettesworth says: "Every writer on the game who lived and studied cricket during the years that V. E. played has affirmed without the slightest hesitation that when he was in his prime no one could approach him as an 'all-round' man. No other cricketer ever stood out so prominently above other men of his day, with the exception of W. G. Grace, and it is obviously impossible to compare the play of the two men, because they batted, bowled and fielded under such vastly different conditions. Suffice it to say that while Dr. Grace is by common consent regarded as the greatest all-round cricketer who ever lived, Mr. V. E. Walker is by the same tribunal regarded as the greatest all-round cricketer who preceded him. It was on July 18th, 1887, in the Jubilee Match at Lord's, that V. E. made his last public appearance in a cricket match, when he played for eighteen veterans (over 40) against the Gentlemen of M.C.C., when he is said to have been "as active as a boy at point."

There is an interesting chapter upon Mr. R. D. Walker, of whom the author says: "He was without doubt the greatest all-round cricketer in the family, with the sole exception of his brother Edward . . . He was undoubtedly a genius, and as a genius he went about things in a way which not only defied all rules, but often defied description."

It was characteristic of Mr. R. D. Walker that after he succeeded in getting into the Harrow Eleven he did not again wear

pads or gloves when batting. At that time no boy had a chance of getting his flannels unless he wore pads and gloves, and Mr. Walker, not wishing to be left out, bowed to circumstances. But there was another rule at Harrow that once a boy was put into the eleven he could not be turned out, and once Mr. Walker was a full-fledged member of the eleven he discarded pads and gloves for ever. He was an absolutely fearless player, and always asserted, and still asserts, that it is a mistake to imagine that a ball from a fast bowler hurts more than one from a slow bowler. Mr. Walker was the last man who played five years for his University, and it was after the match in which he made his fifth appearance that a meeting of the two elevens was held, and the present rule that no one at either University should play for more than four years from the commencement of residence was made. "It is quite possible," says Mr. C. E. Green, in his chapter of reminiscences, "that R. D. would have been playing to this day had not the definite rule been passed as to limiting the qualification."

So long as Harrow School exists, so long must the name of Isaac Donnithorne Walker be treasured and honoured. Like Robert Grimston and Fred Ponsonby before him, he showed a loyal devotion and love for Harrow and Harrow cricket which made the school on the hill the most fortunate of all schools, for at no other place, so far as we are aware, have three such lives been so generously devoted on the cricket-ground and off it to the service of younger generations at their old school. For many years I. D. Walker captained Middlesex and the Gentlemen's team against the Players, and was universally

regarded as one of the great captains of the day, and when at the age of forty he elected to retire from the active pursuit of first-class cricket, he was enabled to devote himself to that which was always so near his heart—the cricket at Harrow. Always during his long seasons of first-class cricket he devoted any time he could spare to running down to the Harrow cricket-ground, and from 1884, when he retired from Middlesex cricket, down to the week before his lamented death, he spent all his summers up to the second week of July in assisting the Harrow boys in their preparation for the match against Eton. The pages of this book contain many passages supplied by old Harrovians, which speak of the great good I. D. Walker did for Harrow and Harrovians in his kind, gentle and lovable way.

As a boy at Harrow he showed the greatest promise, but was nearly always unfortunate, and it was not until he had left school that he attained the full measure of success which was always predicted for him by those who knew him. A magnificent batsman, always scoring rapidly and disdaining to waste a moment's time, he had some most beautiful strokes, especially one of his very own, which sent an off-ball sailing over the head of point or cover-point to the ropes. He was a most safe and good field, generally at mid-off, and that at a period when bowlers were hit to mid-off with terrific violence. As an underhand bowler, I. D. Walker was one of the best, and we think that in this respect he never was rated high enough. Year after year through the Harrow Wanderers' tour he was

the most effective bowler against some of the best batsmen in the North of England.

Mr. Bettsworth has been fortunate in the assistance he has been able to command in writing his history of the Walkers. We are pleased to note with becoming modesty that the old files of BAILY'S MAGAZINE have been of much seeming value, and the book is well supplied with extracts from our green covers, which are, if we may say so, by no means the most uninteresting part of the work. Moreover, a large number of friends and acquaintances have tendered their reminiscences of the Southgate brotherhood, and much that is interesting and amusing is to be found in the chapters for which Messrs. C. E. Green, C. I. Thornton, C. K. Francis, A. J. Webbe, and Professor Case are responsible, whilst the well-known umpire, Robert Thomas, relates much that is interesting.

Mr. Bettsworth has divided his book into three parts, the first biographical, the second "The Walkers in the Field," and the third statistics, a most elaborate table of all the innings ever played by the brothers that have been chronicled, and their doings in all their matches. The compilation of this part of the book must have entailed a vast amount of work upon Mr. F. S. Ashley Cooper, who is to be heartily complimented upon the result of his exhaustive researches.

There are portraits of the brothers and illustrations of the Harrow and Southgate cricket grounds, and also some interesting groups of cricketers, including one of the eighteen veterans who played against the Gentlemen of M.C.C. in 1887.

The Farmer's Shooting-Party.

WHEN the last field of waving gold has been laid low, and the last team with its pile of well-packed sheaves has jolted merrily along its way to the rick-yard behind the homestead; when the plough has already begun to trace long, ribbon-like bands of dark purple across surfaces which lately glowed yellow in the sun; and when the hum of the threshing machine sounds all day long like a muffled accompaniment to the shout of the ploughman or the bark of the shepherd's dog—then the farmer at length has time to organise his first shooting-party.

On many of the poor lands, where for twenty years past agriculture has been slowly sinking into a more and more miserable condition, tenants can only be induced to take a lease at all if the sporting rights are let with the farm. The lessee who has thus entered into a holding where mother earth, though niggard in producing crops, is favourable to the breeding of game, makes up by letting the shooting quite a substantial portion of his rent. Occasionally, however, such a tenant-farmer takes out the value of his fields not in money, but in sport. Sometimes he is as fond of gun and dog as any landlord need be, and, not being dependent on his yearly profits in farming for every penny of his income, is well content if he can make barely enough to pay his rent and expenses and have his shooting rent-free. In other cases he has perhaps asked too much of the sporting tenant to whom he expected to let the partridge-shooting. No bidder came in to accept his proposed terms, and, after waiting for some days after

the fatal First, he has been fain to console himself for the loss of a customer by shooting the land himself. Or possibly—but, alas! not probably in these days—he has “done pretty well” last year, and finds, as Monsieur Moutonnet says, that “his means will permit him” to enjoy for this one season that luxury of a blaze at the birds which in less lucky years he has had to barter away for filthy lucre. In all these cases he combines in himself for the time being the two usually very distinct characters of farmer and sporting tenant, and, after harvest is over, divides his attention more or less partially between the familiar labours of agricultural life and the exercise of what are usually deemed seigniorial rights.

When this is the case, and the day has arrived for the first shoot, the sporting farmer is to be seen in a gratifying phase of his existence. It would be wrong to say that he acts on such occasions like a “boy out for a holiday.” Between a farmer and a boy there is perhaps nearly as much difference as between any two categories of humanity. But, though it would be an insult to compare him to the most sedate and long-headed of boys, yet as he dons his shooting-coat and looks out his cartridges there is a holiday look about him which many a superfine sportsman and crack shot might eye with envy. To him the day is to be one of real relaxation and unmixed enjoyment. No great anxiety troubles his mind as to whether he will shoot well or badly. No qualms beset him as to the state of his nerves; no fears lest under a hot sun he should be found a bit out of condition. Has he not walked

the same ground over which he must trudge to-day any time during the last twelve months? What matter is it, compared with the price of wheat, whether the bag made to-day is heavy or light? Why should he care how many partridges and hares he brings home when by a small fluctuation in the value of stock during the day he may lose or gain many times the value of the whole bag? Here shooting is a diversion, and not a business. There will be no jealous rival to plume himself, when the day is over, upon having made a better bag. No tiresome keeper to record against him his unjustifiable misses. No sneering sportsman on the look-out to "wipe his eye." There is nothing about him of the professional crack shot. He does not set up a claim to any such qualification, or even to being "much of a marksman." He is an agriculturist first, and only a long way afterwards a partridge-shooter. Then he will be, as regards liberty of action, better off than many much more illustrious sportsmen. He is, indeed, pretty well absolute master of all he surveys. Is there a man hoeing or working in a particular field of roots to which it becomes expedient to drive the birds? He can order the man off summarily to some other work. Is it convenient, in passing from one field to another, to break through a well-kept hedge? He can beat and trample it down as much as he chooses, and there is no one to complain. Moreover, he will to-day be exercising a right which seems by the natural order of things to belong to him, and which would of course actually belong to him but for the special clause usually inserted in leases reserving the sporting rights. For are not these partridges in a way the

product of his own labour?—hatched out in the long grasses which he grew, fed on the crops which he planted, and saved hitherto from destruction mainly by the fear which the poachers have of trespassing on his farm? The farmer does not make a bad head-keeper when he knows that it is for his own delectation that he keeps off the local depredators.

The farmer's shooting-party is usually made up on a thoroughly sound basis—with a view to pleasure rather than anything else. The privilege of being included in it is not of easy attainment. The dweller in cities, especially, is not often invited unless he is a near relation. Townsmen, whatever may be their vocation, are not the sort of people whom the farmer fancies among the swedes and stubbles. Neither does he himself look exactly at home in a ribbon-shop or at a tea-party in Bayswater, nor does he easily picture to himself a Somerset-House masher or a young man from behind the counter carrying a gun among the mangolds. If, indeed, you have pleaded a successful lawsuit for Hodge at the assizes, or if perchance you have given him a tip whereby he has landed a few sovereigns at Doncaster or made a hundred or two in "Kaffirs," you may be honoured with an invitation to shoot at the Manor Farm next September. And in that case, unless you are very much engaged elsewhere, you will be a great fool not to go. But for the most part the guests will be farmers. And their anticipations of the day's entertainment will be pretty much like those of their host. There will be little about them of the seriousness which characterises the scientific shooting man, who studies profoundly the loading of cartridges,

and worries his head about "patterns." No; from their point of view this is an off day, when for once the face of nature can be observed without any regard to bushels or quarters, or pounds, shillings and pence. They are met together this time not to bargain or haggle, but for "a bit of fun." The jokes and chaff to-day will be, not how neighbour Stubbs was "let in" over the purchase of a heifer or a brood mare, but how he shot behind a hare or missed a right-and-left.

Often the day's proceedings begin with a breakfast-party, to which the guests drive over, not without a change of raiment, which may be donned when the sport is finished. For though in the notes of invitation or the verbal suggestion that the friend should "come and shoot" there has been no mention of dinner or supper, the farmer is not the man to dispense hospitality by halves; and when any guest, having returned to the farmhouse, talks of bringing his dogcart round, there will be a loud and surprised protest. "What, you're not in a hurry, are you?" And the departing friend, instead of being "speeded," according to the rather brusque old maxim, is given to understand that he will be considered rather a deserter if he does not stay and take "pot-luck." After a breakfast which would do no injustice to the Elizabethan age, the start takes place. And do not imagine that the plan of campaign is organised less skilfully than if the most cunning keeper had been the directing spirit. Do not suppose that there will be any driving of partridges the wrong way, or walking the home fields first. Not for nothing has the farmer put in a casual appearance when some very select party of "gentle-

men from London" with a whole apparatus of keepers and under-keepers, hired beaters and highly-trained dogs, and possibly loaders too, have been shooting over an estate in the most orthodox style. Very likely when he was quite a small boy he had a chance of looking on when "father's land" was visited by such a well-drilled company. Even then, perchance, he noticed with silent and cynical smile the mistaken tactics which are unavoidably adopted by people who are mostly strangers to the land. And lookers-on see most of the game. Consider what an advantage it is to a man, in shooting over an estate, to know, not only every yard of it, and every particular of the crops upon it, but also where every covey was hatched out, what is its favourite resort at different hours of the day, and where it is likely to make for when disturbed. All this, or most of this, the good farmer knows, because he can hardly help knowing it; because as he goes his rounds such knowledge is almost forced upon him. The partridges on the land are as familiar to him as the faces are at the railway station to the man who goes up to his business daily by the same morning train. Their habits and vagaries, their likes and dislikes, however perverse they may appear to the landlord and to the sporting tenant and his friends, seem only natural to the man who has in the mere course of his business had opportunities of seeing them for weeks past, either with his own eyes or those of some one working on the farm. Accordingly the farmer will be able to get at the birds as quickly and in as favourable a direction as the most observant and active keeper can do.

What a walk is that of the farmer and his friends through

the familiar fields! How different from that of the landlord's party, gathered often from afar! Every turnip-leaf that glitters with the dew, every stray blade of wheat or barley that strews the new-cut stubbles, is an object of real interest. The guest compares it with critical eye to those which his own land has produced. The host is astutely keen to mark the silent verdict which each invited sportsman mentally gives upon the state of cultivation of the fields through which they pass. And if in any one of them he suspects that this verdict may be adverse he is not without his word of explanation or excuse. But if the consensus of opinion is plainly favourable, what rays of triumph beam from the face of the conscious agriculturist! In very special cases the commendation of the critic breaks out into actual words. "That's a nice piece of mangolds of yours. I don't know as I've seen a better this year." "What, the one where you shot the hare? Aye, that's a goodish bit o' land." Such joys are not vouchsafed to the landlord or his friends. What's he to mangold-wurzel, or mangold-wurzel to him? All he cares about is the game which the mangold-wurzel may happen to hold. The farmer cares for this too; but the interest he takes is double, and therefore greater. At luncheon-time the party resolves itself into a sort of Committee of Experts. One and the same subject is pretty sure to dominate all others; and it is a subject upon which all can speak with effect. You may call it "shop"; but it is, at all events, appropriate to the surrounding scene. It is of the field, agricultural. Other matters will, of course, be broached—guns, dogs, perhaps pigmy cartridges. And

efforts will be made to give them the chief prominence. But they will not hold their ground long against the absorbing attraction of a topic wider, perhaps, and more important still to humanity than any other—how best to produce food. To the endless and ever-changing problems presented by this question the mind is forcibly impelled amidst these rustic scenes. Here, beside the sweet-scented rick—product and trophy of a year's patient toil—the farmer sits crowned with a humble and invisible, but not the less real, halo of glory won by triumphs over obstacles well nigh innumerable. This is the first day's leisure he has had for months—almost the first hour when he can fairly feel that he is off duty. And now, in the genial atmosphere of free and friendly discourse, he can air the theories which weeks of solitary reflection have inspired into his anxious mind. There is something almost Oriental in the delicate way in which the counsellors of the *al fresco* farmers' luncheon, between deep draughts of good sound liquor, deliver their terse criticism on any proposition which clashes with the accepted views on agricultural questions.

But, long before such subjects have been even summarily talked out, it is time to be moving on. The sherry bottle goes its last round in vain; and with pipes and cigars all in full working order, the line forms up again. The afternoon march is the most joyous and lively of the day. There is more noise and more excitement, more shooting at hopelessly long ranges, and more chaff after every miss. But now the birds are more scattered, and easier to get at. Possibly they are more tired than the stalwart yeomen, who are now in blood-

thirsty mood. Before luncheon they were thinking rather of their own Sybaritic holiday than of shooting straight; and their arms, long used to other sorts of hard exercise, came up rather stiffly with the gun. But now their blood is up; their eye is in; and they are burning to distinguish themselves by making a good bag. The pace, urged on by this praiseworthy ambition, becomes tremendous. Even the beaters, exhilarated by long draughts of beer or cider of unwonted potency, are caught by the spirit of sporting enthusiasm. They become demonstrative, and even communicative. They mark and find the birds with a success that makes them almost think they are all clever fellows. And in time the pace begins to tell. The

white pony with a suspicious-looking pannier slung over his back becomes an interesting figure in the background. Presently its attractive power draws towards it some of the nearest guns. A popping of corks betrays the fact that inside the pannier are certain shiny bottles, the contents of which may be made to combine very happily with those of another bottle of a more golden hue. A general adjournment is made to the white pony's side. Then the home fields of clover and turnips are traversed at a slower speed by those of the party who have not yet had enough walking. Then a short stroll homewards; a good wash; and a good dinner. And a bout of whist and nap to finish up the day. E. B. M.

Staghunting History.

ON the 8th of September last the Devon and Somerset Stag-hounds, after a few preliminary bye days, began their regular season, and had a run which compares favourably with the sport of most opening days. There are plenty of visitors in the West country; all available accommodation has been snapped up, and a good season appeared to be in store for those who like to begin hunting at the earliest opportunity, for now-a-days the huntsman's horn is nowhere heard before the second week in August, though in olden days Mr. Nicholas Snow used to exercise his hounds after foxes all the year round in the Exmoor country. Of recent years hunting the wild stag in Devon and Somerset has grown to be quite the fashion, and fields

of Leicestershire proportions are seen with the pack.

Sir J. Amory, as is well known, started a private pack of stag-hounds to hunt the Tiverton country about two years ago, as the deer had spread, and had wandered rather beyond the range of the Devon and Somerset. Then quite lately it was hoped to establish a third pack under the master-ship of Mr. Basset, a former master of the Devon and Somerset, to hunt the Barnstaple country, as nearly two score of deer had strayed that way. Six hundred pounds, however, was needed for the formation of the proposed pack, and this sum was beyond the resources of the county, so the project was abandoned, and the Barnstaple sportsmen desirous of staghunting had only the look-out

of making their way to one of the other packs; but at the last moment Mr. Peter Ormrod who had not found staghunting in Lancashire all beer and skittles, decided to take his hounds to the West Country where he has shown fair sport with a mixed pack.

In point of antiquity hunting the stag is possibly only second to the pursuit of the hare—perhaps it is older; in any case we can trace it a long way back, and it has been popular in many countries.

Henry IV. of France was a great admirer of staghunting, and in the way of amusement thought of little else; while Louis XV. was so devoted to hunting that even his love letters are full of his admiration for the sport, and his criticisms on it. No complete history of hunting in England exists; but if it did we should find that when our country was covered with woods which have since been cut down, staghunting was at least as common as any other form of the chase. Long before foxhunting was heard of in Lincolnshire, the Earls of Lincoln pursued the stag, and staghounds were kennelled at Belvoir Castle, at Quorndon, in Sussex, when St. Leonards Forest was a forest in something more than a name; in Surrey, and in the north of England; while at Killarney, in Ireland, staghunting was quite a famous annual function.

The Devon and Somerset pack of staghounds are probably as old as the Queen's Buckhounds, whose history has been written by Mr. Hore and Lord Ribblesdale, the latter a former master. Whereas, however, the history of the "Queen's" goes back to the time of the early Edwards, we know nothing of the Devon and Somerset prior to the time of Queen

Elizabeth, who not content with hunting in Epping Forest and at Windsor, made at least a couple of expeditions to Exmoor, when Mr. Hugh Pollard, her ranger, was master of the pack, and he is the earliest master of whom mention is made, though there is every reason to believe that the hunt had existed for several centuries previous.

No country, of course, could be more suited to staghunting than the Devon and Somerset, for the coverts are so extensive and the moor is so wide that, except as above mentioned when they stray a little beyond the boundaries, the deer never leave the precincts of the moor. Some years ago it was suggested that the red deer might be left out to roam at pleasure in Swinley Forest and that they should be hunted as in Devonshire; but the area would not be sufficiently extensive, and the deer would probably have wandered all over the county of Berks and into Hampshire till they might have eventually reached the New Forest, where, by-the-by, the royal pack used once upon a time to go for hunting once or twice a year.

In Lyme Park, in Cheshire, which in the last century was famous for the flavour of its venison, there was a curious custom of driving the deer round about the park once a year. They were driven through a piece of water and rounded up in front of the house. T. Smith, the artist, painted a spirited picture showing the proceedings. In connection with this old custom, a tablet records the fact that the art of driving deer like a herd of cattle was first perfected by Joseph Watson, who died in the year 1753 at the age of 104, after having been park-keeper at Lyme for sixty-five years. This custom,

however, of rounding up deer does not appear to have been peculiar to Lyme; a very similar proceeding is mentioned in Whitaker's account of Towneley.

As long ago as the time of Henry VIII. we can find reference to organised staghunting, and that welter-weight monarch is said to have once tired out no fewer than eight horses in the course of a single day's sport, though whether the scene of his exploits was St. Leonards Forest in Sussex, in Quorndon Chase, or in Essex, is not quite clear; but at any rate it is certain that Lord Sefton, who was as heavy as the eighth Henry, did not invent the use of second horses; and that is not the only datum we have. In addition to Queen Elizabeth, Queen Anne was an ardent staghunter, and to her we owe the cutting of sundry rides in Swinley Forest in order that she might the more easily follow her hounds when gout keeping her from the saddle compelled her to hunt on wheels; and it is said that in a light one-horse chaise she would drive furiously up and down the rides. Referring for a moment to Queen Elizabeth's hunting in Epping Forest, a certain "Peter the Barber" appears to have been a regular follower of the Epping Hounds, and on one occasion he was in a road as the stag crossed right in his line. The deer refused to be blanced by him, however, so took a flying leap at the barber and his steed, but not thinking it worth while to jump too high, caught the unlucky barber, *non sine lesione capitis*, as the account tells us, and Peter was knocked off his horse.

A former king of Prussia, who never hunted, was much given to the study and practice of music, and played most assiduously on the German flute. A German

meeting a Frenchman after the war asked, "si son maitre chassait toujours?" "Oui, oui," was the reply, "il ne joue jamais de la flûte." One of the most curious allusions to staghunting, however, is to be found in one of the old numbers of the *Sporting Magazine*. A certain Baron Hacke, a Belgian, hunted, or at least supervised, a pack of staghounds belonging to a foreign prince. The establishment was well kept up, and the Baron appears to have been quite master of his business, but the calling of a huntsman or manager of a pack of staghounds seems to have been quite repugnant to the notions of propriety entertained by the family of a Mr. Hack, at whose instructions a firm of solicitors wrote: "We are instructed by the friends of Mr. Hack, the pork butcher, a most respectable tradesman, to say that his family are not in any way connected with the huntsman above mentioned (Baron Hacke), or with any other menial servant in or out of livery." The friends of Mr. Hack, however, were before their time in the matter of law, as many years afterwards it was decided that a huntsman was a menial servant in the eyes of the law, and that a tax must be paid for him.

In connection with old hunting customs it is curious to notice that quite in the early portion of the last century, when hunting a captive deer was quite in its infancy, objection was taken to certain formalities observed at the capture of a stag. In *The Guardian* of May 21st, 1713, appears an article advocating the kindly treatment of animals, and in it mention is made, among "the barbarous customs existing in England," of one which is given in detail. "I must animadvert," says the writer, "upon a custom

yet in use with us, and barbarous enough to be derived from the Goths or even the Scythians; I mean the savage compliment our huntsmen pass upon ladies of quality who are present at the death of a stag when they put the knife in their hands to cut the throat of the deer." In Robert Browning's "Flight of the Duchess," the poet makes mention of the dame of the castle attending her lord with a "clean ewer and fair towelling" to preside at the disembowelling of the stag, and to wash the hands of her husband who has killed the deer; while in the "Bride of Lammermoor" it will be remembered that Brucklaw hands the knife to Lucy Ashton, and is surprised at her declining to officiate on the occasion.

That it was the custom for "ladies of quality" to despatch the hunted stag appears to be evident from what we read of Queen Elizabeth's staghunting exploits. After a particularly good run in Windsor Forest, in which the queen had taken part, she requested Lord Robert Dudley to send some of the venison to Archbishop Parker—what trouble the "advertisements" have caused in ecclesiastical circles. Lord Robert obeyed the royal command, and being apparently as good a cook as he was courtier and sportsman, wrote to the Primate to say that the queen had killed the stag "with her own hand," and he added on his own account, "as the weather is somewhat warm and the deer somewhat chafed, I caused him to be par-boiled in this sort for the better preservation of him." If, however, we may place belief in other accounts of the queen's staghunting, a certain number of the slain would appear to have been fattened deer, which were

not killed by fair hunting, but often driven into a net, the queen having as little to do with the death as the Goodwin Sands have to do with Tenterden church steeple.

King James I., too, was a staghunter, as much for the sake of health as for the exercise it involved, we may conclude; while his "progress" occasionally hindered the affairs of the State, as when some of his ministers went down to see him on important business, he made them all hunt with him for six hours in order that they might have six minutes' talk at some convenient opportunity. At the death of a stag, however, King James had a custom of his own, if, at least, credence may be placed in the statements contained in a letter from John Chamberlain to his friend, Sir Dudley Carlton, in which he writes: "With all his clothes muddy, he would pull up to see Bran and Buscar, Ringwood and Jewell, prime leaders of the pack, fasten upon the quarry's throat." The killing of the stag followed in due course, and when the deer was "gralloched," King James would "thrust his unbooted legs into the entrails as the custom was." For an explanation of this practice, which would have disturbed the mind of the *Guardian's* correspondent, we may refer to the court physician, Sir Theodore Mayerne, who gave it as his opinion that what the king did was the "sovereignest thing on earth for the twinges which remind the Stuarts how every inordinate cup is unblest, and the ingredient thereof a desire;" in other words, the king suffered from gout, and attempted to obtain relief by following his doctor's advice.

One might ramble on to any extent about ancient staghunting;

what fines and punishments were inflicted upon those who unlawfully pursued the stag and of the many incidents of the chase; but with the foregoing remarks I must remain content, and hark forward to some more modern incidents. Most people have heard of Colonel Thornton, of Thornville Royal, the greatest showman-sportsman of his or any other age, and he took staghunting under his wing—to a certain extent. He was certainly one of those who did his best to make staghunting appear ridiculous in the eyes of sportsmen. In the year 1815 he was living at Spy Park in Wiltshire, and during some very warm weather in October gave a kind of picnic in the grounds. The company split up into little groups after the midday meal, which was served with great magnificence, and some of them started a white buck, and expressed a wish that it could be hunted. The host, ever anxious to oblige, said that a hunt should take place, and forthwith ordered out two bloodhounds, Luther and Mahomet, which were slipped with the idea of their having an exercise canter. The two hounds, however, settled down to hunt in grim earnest. The unhappy white buck was hustled hither and thither, the hounds ran away from their attendants, and after a hunt of five hours pulled down the buck and killed him, according to the account of an eye-witness. Colonel Thornton was nothing if not theatrical; so on the death of the buck a kind of sleigh was dispatched to bring him back; the company were drawn up at the portico of the house, and the ladies are reported to have exclaimed, with tears in their eyes, "Alas! poor Adonis!" The chronicler remarked that if two hounds could show so much sport

where was the use of having such large packs, as if masters would only hunt with a couple of hounds they would save an enormous amount of money. A more cockneyfied performance can hardly be imagined.

The Epping Hunt was too good to be overlooked by such a showman as the Colonel, and for two or three years, about the year 1820, he, so to speak, ran the show. A carriage drawn by four horses conveyed to the "Bald-faced Stag" the Colonel himself, clad in a sort of military uniform, and three gorgeously-attired ladies. The deer provided for the day's sport was gaily decked with ribbons, and round his head was a frontlet bearing a loyal and patriotic motto, while the hounds and huntsman were a sight to see. A considerable number of the field hailed from the East-end of London, as was usual at that time; but according to report, half the horses went home riderless, the East-enders having, in their own vernacular, to "pad the hoof" to their dwellings.

While on the subject of sporting mountebanks, mention must be made of the Earl of Barrymore, who, while quite a young man, kept a staghunting establishment at Shiplake, near Henley. If his hounds were not quite up to Peterborough form, his horses were of the best, and his men were put into the most gorgeous clothing. Four Numidians were engaged, and blew French horns; but as the deer were the most wretched specimens, not much sport was enjoyed, and the establishment did not last for more than a year or two.

So far as can be ascertained, Colonel Thornton and Lord Barrymore have been the only two masters who have burlesqued staghunting. Bill Bean, it is true,

is credited with having been guilty of eccentric acts, but many of his staghunting exploits have been tremendously exaggerated. He was a horsedealer in a rather small way; he schooled horses belonging to other dealers, and partly for the fun of the thing, partly to afford an opportunity for riding his horse to hounds, and partly to give his customer the opportunity of trying horses otherwise than by mere "larking," he kept a few couples of hounds sometimes in Middlesex and sometimes in Hertfordshire. He certainly was not particular where he turned out his deer. His unpretentious cart would first be driven along the road, and the deer would be "enlarged" anywhere, and so "the Druid" christened him the "arch-trespasser," but his stag-hunting establishment bore about the same relation to regularly organised packs as a pack of trencher-fed foxhounds would to the Quorn, Pytchley, Belvoir or Cottesmore.

With the exceptions above-mentioned, staghunting, whether after the wild, red, or fallow deer, has been carried on quite seriously, while no one has ever attempted to parody the staghunting on Exmoor on the Quantocks, and when one looks at the men who have been masters of staghounds, and those who have followed the different packs, it is possible to realise to the full the absurdity of those who inveigh in no unmeasured terms against hunting the carted deer. That, however, is a detail with which these remarks are not concerned.

It may, perhaps, be news to some people to know that on the Laurie estate, where the Crystal Palace now stands, the Sydenham Staghounds were once kennelled in the early thirties. At one time a Mr. Russell was master,

but who the other rulers were is not to be ascertained. It is known, however, that the Sydenham Staghounds, which were no doubt the precursors of the Mid-Kent pack, showed a great deal of excellent sport, and on one occasion they turned out the stag at Beckenham, and did not take him until he had left Tunbridge Wells many miles behind him. Another deer led them a merry dance from near Swanley nearly to the sea. In the main, the Home Counties have been the headquarters of staghunting; but, as I hope to show presently, the amusement has at different times taken root elsewhere. Kent has been already mentioned, and it was at the end of the last century that the Earl of Derby turned out his first stag in Surrey with old Jonathan Griffin for his huntsman, and that worthy on the day on which the famous deer "Sailor Ben" was let go, had a cap made for him, and he had to ride through a long run with no less than £18 in silver in his pockets. Lord Derby kept his staghounds for upwards of thirty years, and took a supreme interest in everything which concerned the pack. Very few hounds, it is true, were bred; for Lord Derby, as a rule, bought the draft of one foxhound kennel or another, generally giving preference to those near him; but he occasionally went to Belvoir. On his giving up the staghounds, the farmers in the country were so averse to their falling through, that they kept them on by themselves, with some timely help from Lord Derby, until a committee was formed to take them over.

In due course Mr. Arthur Heathcote succeeded to the country, which he hunted for some time. He was wonderfully keen on the sport; but was one

of the worst horsemen and pluckiest riders ever seen in the hunting field, and had he not ridden some very good horses, he might not have seen the end of some of the runs. He never appeared to have any strength of seat, and would fly out of his saddle at every fence; but his horses managed to catch him again; yet no fence ever turned him, either timber or water. Nothing made him more angry than to see some of his field stealing on ahead before the hounds were laid on; in fact, he would frequently refuse to uncart the deer or to let the hounds go as long as he could descry anyone on in front. It was a favourite plan of his to have his deer-cart backed close to some formidable fence, a flight of rails, or a brook which had to be taken at once. Once over—he came to grief himself sometimes—he would turn round in his saddle, his round smooth face wreathed in a smile, and in his shrill falsetto voice, he would say, "We've stopped those tailors, you know," the last two words being a favourite phrase of his. At Epsom Mr. Heathcote was always present, "Arthur, dear," as he was called, being his father's invariable companion. On Mr. Heathcote giving up the hounds, they eventually became the Surrey Stag hounds, and under Mr. Morse Robinson, the late Mr. Tom Nickalls and the present master have had a most successful career. The Sydenham Hounds, as already mentioned, were the precursors of the Mid-Kent, which have provided excellent sport for their followers, while in the county of Sussex staghunting has for a long time been carried on, Mr. Lee Steere's family having for a long time been associated with the pack; while on the other side of the Thames an ancestor of Mr.

Sheffield Neave, who resigned only a few years ago, was hunting the stag in Essex a century ago, and apparently enjoyed the best of sport.

The County of Middlesex has been served by several packs, the Royal Buckhounds—which fifty years back enjoyed grand sport over the Harrow country—and the hounds of Mr. de Burgh, afterwards Lord Clanricarde, and these two packs used to meet at Aylesbury on the occasion of the Royal pack paying its annual visit to the Bucks town. Mr. Cosby succeeded Mr. de Burgh, and his pack was very popular, as also was that of the Hon. Grantley Berkeley, whose kennels were at Crawford. His was rather a select establishment, and things were done in quite first-class style, and with a thoroughness which would have reflected credit upon any foxhound establishment. Plenty of people used to go out with them, and Mr. Berkeley and his brothers generally had some friends staying with them, while the deer were good and gave excellent runs. Within the Home Counties may be reckoned the Vale of Aylesbury, where the fine pack of the Rothschild family have for about sixty years given much pleasure to those who follow the hounds. Popular as is the hunt now, it will hardly be believed that when Baron Rothschild first resolved to keep stag hounds, he encountered a considerable amount of opposition, not only at the instance of the farmers, but of the landowners as well. Gradually, however, it became known what a good sportsman the Baron was and what capital fun it was riding "at" stag hounds, as Whyte-Melville prefers to phrase it. Gradually, therefore, the pendulum swung the other way, and

he would be a bold man who would propose the disestablishment of Lord Rothschild's Hounds. The stables, too, are a sight, for the lover of good horses, and perhaps no men in England are mounted better than the staff of the Staghounds.

Passing away from the Home Circuit where hunting the carted deer chiefly flourishes, it may perhaps surprise some people to learn that deer were hunted in Dorsetshire long before a late Lord Wolverton started his black St. Hubert bloodhounds. In the hands of those who knew how to manage them they showed some capital runs, but when a portion of them passed into other hands, and were treated just as if they had been foxhounds, their shyness and fear made them of no use for hunting purposes. To Lord Wolverton's mind the quiet which necessarily reigned in his field added considerably to the enjoyment, and great was the regret expressed in the neighbourhood when the pack was dispersed. Lord Carrington tried bloodhounds to hunt deer on the cold scenting hills about High Wycombe, in Bucks; but the experiment was not a success, for bloodhounds require very gentle treatment in the field, and will not stand the whip nor being shouted at. The other pack hunting in Dorsetshire was that belonging to Mr. Sturt, whose hounds were in existence at the latter part of the last century. He lived at Crichel, still the family seat of Lord Alington. The Mr. Sturt of the day, however, besides hunting a good deal with otter-hounds, generally had his own out twice a week, and among other good runs which came off from time to time was one which lasted for three hours. The deer took a course right through the

heart of the Isle of Purbeck, and took to the sea. A rather rough sea was running at the time, but Mr. Sturt's brother swam out with a rope and succeeded in bringing the quarry ashore; but the deer from these paddocks were rather given to sea trips, and it is on record that six times running was the deer brought back by boatmen.

As a rule, it will be found that staghunting is most in favour where foxhunting is not of the most brilliant character, as, for example, in Kent, Surrey and Sussex, and this may possibly be the reason why staghunting—at least, in the carted deer form—has not been very much cultivated in Yorkshire, where, of course, there are plenty of opportunities to hunt the fox. Nevertheless, not a few Yorkshire sportsmen by no means disdained to follow the hounds owned by Sir Clifford Constable, though they were afterwards turned into harriers, while at Easingwold, under the mastership of Mr. Batty, there was also an establishment for hunting the deer. They, however, had plenty of fun, and some of the hard-riding Yorkshiremen really thought more of it than they cared to acknowledge. Cheshire, too, that county of grass, had its staghounds when Lord Westminster kept them in the last century, as is shown by Stubbs's picture and other records, while later on Mr. Shakerley kept a pack for some time.

One is so accustomed to associate the name of Lord Darlington, afterwards in succession the Marquis and Duke of Cleveland, with foxhunting of the highest type that one can hardly bring oneself to imagine that staghounds were ever kept in the Raby kennels; yet so it was, though not in the time of the first

marquis. There have been circumstances in which masters of hounds, who were once famed for their keenness for the sport, have taken a dislike to it in their later years. This was the case with the late Mr. Thomas Duffield, sometime master of the Old Berks hounds. Soon after resigning the country he abandoned the thrusting style of riding which once characterised him and used to go about on a cob; but this was only the first stage towards taking a dislike to seeing hounds on his land. In Lord Darlington's case, however, the original dislike to hunting seems to have arisen from a dislike to his son, and when he drew near the end of his life he grubbed up, and otherwise destroyed, all the best coverts in the country, so that when the second duke came into the family estates he found himself with a miserable pack of hounds, and with scarcely a covert to hold a fox. In this situation he did the best thing he could under the circumstances and started a pack of staghounds, an innovation which is said to have almost shocked the orthodox foxhunters of the district. Necessity, however, has no law, and before many weeks had passed the duke's staghounds were very well attended, and when the coverts were grown up the stag was forsaken for the fox; but the hunt never regained its former proud position.

In the Eastern Counties hunting the carted deer has, in one way and another, had a rather long life, not unaccompanied with merriness. Of Mr. Neave's Essex pack mention has already been made, and they were sometimes taken into Norfolk and Suffolk; but in the "thirties" Sir Jacob Astley, who subsequently revived one of the three Hastings peerages, determined to have

some sort of hunting ready to hand, so started a pack of staghounds and sent for Joe Hewett to hunt them, which he did for a couple of seasons, when Sir Jacob changed to fox. Mr. Villebois, of Masham, Mr. Hammond, father of the late master of the West Norfolk, and Mr. Bradley have kept staghounds in Norfolk, while later on it had its own subscription pack, as also did the county of Suffolk. Then came a pack called the Norfolk and Suffolk, and under Mr. Chaston (at that time a well-known amateur steeplechase rider) capital sport was shown. Now, however, staghunters in Norfolk have to look to the regiment which for the time being may be quartered at the Norwich barracks. The stock-in-trade is handed over from one regiment to another, while the sporting spirit and hospitality of the officers is very greatly appreciated by those who take their pleasure with the pack.

Hampshire, too, has seen a good deal of staghunting, as apart from the New Forest Hounds Mr. Shaw, Mr. G. A. Craven and Sir J. Halkett have at different times during the century hunted the stag. Nor must it be forgotten that Mr. Nevill, of Chilland, for some time had a very fine pack of St. Hubert bloodhounds. He was an extraordinary man for training animals or getting them to do what he wished, and he himself has left it on record that when he had nothing better to do he would go down to a pond or lake on his estate and hunt water-rats, or even moor-hens, with his hounds. Then the staghunting itself was something out of the common as dispensing with the cart. Mr. Nevill had a stag and a hind which would trot along by his side till one or the other was given the order to go. A pleasant

little run would then take place, and at its conclusion the deer returned home. The history of the staghounds which formerly hunted around Bath and Cheltenham was treated of sometime ago at length in the pages of this magazine, so there is no need to go over the ground again, except to say that both Captain West and Mr. Theobald, who were in their time masters, did good service to the Devon and Somerset by taking the hounds at a critical time, though Mr. Theobald hardly met with the success he deserved.

It will thus be seen that stag-hunting is no cockney invention

of yesterday, but was indulged in long ago by some of England's best sportsmen. No one would, of course, rank a hunt after a carted deer as being equal to a run after a good wild fox, but the latter cannot always be had. Nearly all writers have spoken disparagingly of stag-hunting. Harry Hieover almost apologised for mentioning it at all, and said that, in his opinion, the fact of putting the deer back where it came from took away all the ideas of sport. Whyte-Melville only makes very slight mention of it, while the great Mr. Apperley says nothing whatever about it.

W. C. A. B.

“Our Van.”

Yorkshire Summer Meeting.—

It was surprising to see how the York August meeting seemed to rise superior to the war depression that has affected racing so markedly. Although several were, of course, affected to the extent of being kept away, it was scarcely possible to decide, from merely looking at the assemblage in the private stand, whether it was greater or less than usual. In one respect it was precisely the same gathering, this being in its truly representative character of the best and most beautiful of the county, with distinguished aliens thrown in. In this direction the York meetings have one or two rivals, and one or two only. Not long previous to the meeting the Prince of Wales had paid a short visit to York, as a guest at the ancient Treasury House, which Mr. Frank Green has restored with such tender regard for the plans of the original builders, and stored

full of choice old furniture and other household effects well befitting the character of the building. His Royal Highness's visit, of course, set York and Yorkshire thinking how delightful it would be could the next one be made on the occasion of a race meeting. And if a two-year-old could be found to win the Gimcrack Stakes in the Royal colours, Yorkshire throats would give a dress rehearsal of the famous Sellinger yell. Who better than the Prince could fill the rôle at the dinner of the Gimcrack Club which appertains to the owner of the winner of the historic stakes? This particular York meeting unfortunately occurs at the very time when the Prince of Wales is taking his annual cure on the Continent.

The weather was lovely, and, the rain having strangely missed York, the course, although looking very green, was on the hard side. It is a fine galloping course,

is that on the Knavesmire, and when it is necessary to run two miles it can be accomplished with but a single turn. As it is, in the longest races run there is a seven-furlong stretch to commence with. Courses of this description are very trying ones, for which reason they supply excellent tests of stamina; and, as that is a rare possession, galloping courses are none too popular with the trainers of average horses. The best use of the facilities of the course is made, for of the twenty-one races run in the three days eleven are at a mile or over, viz., five at one mile, two at one mile and a quarter, two at one mile and a half and two at one mile and three-quarters. Where else is distance racing better cared for?

The most distinguished appearance made at the meeting was that of La Roche in the Yorkshire Oaks of one mile and a half. That she did not win in a canter as she did at Epsom and Manchester is explained by the fact that she was giving Inquisitive 19lb., and with this pull in the weights Johnny Reiff did not forget to set the pace as strong as he could. But Mornington Cannon took a feeler at Inquisitive as they entered the straight, all the same, and evidently was satisfied with what he found out. In what looked like something of a finish La Roche won by a length, but, with Morny Cannon up, who can say what there is in hand? The old complaint was heard that La Roche is a small one, but she looked big enough when galloping. She also appeared to us to have gone the right way as regards development.

Next in interest amongst the distance races came the Great Ebor Handicap, for which Jiffy II., winner of the Goodwood Cup, was not thought so well of as

Osbech. In one undesirable respect the race strongly resembled that for the Liverpool Summer Cup in that it was much marred by the swerving horse that seems to be the necessary concomitant of American jockeyship. At Liverpool it was Kleon, ridden by Rigby, who swerved against Cut-away and totally destroyed her excellent chance of winning. At York it was Old Clo', also ridden by Rigby, that swerved against Osbech, and as Osbech was beaten by half a length only by Jiffy II., who came up at the very last moment, it is justifiable to assume that he too had his chance destroyed by the swerving horse. But for this regrettable occurrence it was a fine race.

The Gimcrack Stakes was an interesting event, as a contest, quite apart from the sequel attaching to it. Of the thirteen runners five were making a first appearance, and of these five rumour had a good deal to say concerning four. The pick was Sir J. B. Maple's Bend Or colt, Lord Bobs, for which he paid 3,000 guineas at the Doncaster sales. He is one of the big ones, and it had not been found possible to get him fit before. He had run a very satisfactory trial, and on the strength of it he was an odds-on favourite. Of Matchworks, a Matchmaker colt, a great deal was thought, whilst John Porter confessed to a high regard for Rydal Mount, a filly by St. Serf, sold at the sale of the late Duke of Westminster's horses for 1,700 gs. There was another one bought at the same sale by Mr. Jay for 1,900 gs. Like Lord Bobs, he is a Bend Or colt, and named Garb Or. He was thought to be too backward to stand a chance with one so highly tried as Lord Bobs, but in the sequel he was just fit enough. Lord Bobs ran literally

like the great baby he is, staring at the crowd and running the greenest of the green, and Garb Or beat him by half a length. Of course there was a good deal heard of what Lord Bobs would do with Garb Or later on, but it is certain that there was at least as much room for improvement in the winner as in the second, so the turning of the tables is by no means a certainty, if even a probability. In the meantime, whatever happens in the future, Mr. T. S. Jay, and not Sir Blundell, will be the honoured guest of the Gimcrack Club. Rydal Mount and Matchworks gave displays that could not be separated in their degrees of wretchedness.

The filly by Queen's Birthday out of Sweetbriar proved herself a good stayer by winning the Yorkshire Stakes, the second of the two races at one mile and three-quarters; and Kendal got another serviceable lift when his filly out of Alibech won the Prince of Wales's Plate, this being her second appearance.

Derby Summer Meeting.—One of the few social rivals to York at which I have hinted is Derby, but the different arrangement of the stands causes the display to be less effective. At Derby there is no open space in front of the private stand covered with tented seats, as at York, and space there is altogether more cramped. Nor is the course anything like so severe as that on the Knavesmire. The straight course, from a mile downwards, is distinctly easy, what rise there is in the mile being at the commencement, whilst a great deal of the round course is on the bend. But we have very pleasant times and very good racing at Derby, all the same, and this particular meeting comes on at a time when the ardent fox-catchers have begun to

assemble for the cub-hunting. They were there this time, though of course not as numerous as would have been the case had Mr. Paul Kruger been safe in limbo in Ceylon or St. Helena, or even a refugee in Holland a couple of months back.

Derby is strong in nurseries, as it is the custom to call two-year-old handicaps, and other two-year-old races. Last year there could be no nurseries at this meeting, because it was held previous to the 1st of September. Of the two-year-old races the principal is the Champion Breeders' Biennial Foal Stakes, run on the first day. Last year it was won by Forfarshire, with Merry Gal second, O'Donovan Rossa being amongst those behind them. This year the race was looked upon as a gift for Star Shoot, and it was not easy to see what else had any chance. But Star Shoot has proved to be one of those very unsatisfactory horses that do not always put forth their best abilities. He was well penalised for his previous victories, his weight being 9 st. 2 lbs., that of the Dee filly, who had shown some promising form, being 8 st. 5 lbs. Three of the four were being allowed 17 lbs. by the top weight, two of them making their first appearance; but, so little were they feared, that 7 to 2 was laid on Star Shoot. The race was most disastrous, Star Shoot swerving sharply to the left in the first hundred yards, right into Merry Galop, an own sister to Merry Gal. He had plenty of time after this in which to make up his ground had he been able or willing, but he never made any sign of doing so, and two fillies who were making a first appearance, one by Isinglass out of La Flèche (the quintessence of thoroughbred aristocracy, this),

the other by Galopin out of Queen Adelaide, monopolised the race. The filly with the distinguished parents finished first by a neck, the Dee gelding being half a length farther away.

On the second day comes the three-year-old portion of this race, being the sequel to last year's two-year-old section. It was a sequel indeed, for Merry Gal turned the tables on Forfarshire in a fashion that was as decisive as it was expected to be. In 1899 Forfarshire gave Merry Gal 17 lb., and won; this year he was giving 1 lb. and had to be satisfied with third place, Merry Gal winning by a length from the filly by Queen's Birthday out of Sweetbriar. The fact that Merry Gal had to put her best foot foremost to win by a length, though giving but 4 lb., was commented upon, but the Sweetbriar filly had won the Great Yorkshire Stakes the week before, and was distinctly something to be reckoned with.

In the minor races what looked like two well-kept things came off in the Rangemore Plate, in which Madame Rachel won her first race of the season, Gyp following suit at his seventh attempt (six times unplaced) in the Hartington Plate, which he won in easy fashion.

For this particular meeting the visitor can be recommended to seek quarters at one of the many stations amongst the Derby hills and dales. A long morning can then be spent amidst the loveliest scenery which England can boast of, and a study of the map will show that branch lines take one to out-of-the-way place where the question of 7 lbs. and 14 lbs. troubles no one. It is difficult to get away from this in Derby itself. But why does not the Midland Railway stop trains

coming from Buxton to Derby at the Nottingham Road station, which almost adjoins the course? Nearly every train has to stop, for one reason or another, just outside the station. Did it do so at the platform, passengers would be spared the unnecessary trouble of going into Derby and the expense of driving out again. The Derby cab-drivers, however, are not expected to sign a memorial for the stopping of the trains.

Doncaster.—If it had not been for the war, what a record Doncaster we should have had! This must have been the impression of all who were present on the four days. As it was, no one remembers seeing so great a throng of the humbler foot folk, who come varying distances by the multifarious special trains that seem to leave untouched no quarter containing possible visitors to the races, jammed together in perfect contentment in the railway carriages. Yorkshire had thoroughly made up its mind that the St. Leger was to be a practical walk over for the Prince of Wales, for the windows of the hosiers' shops were full of Diamond Jubilee ties.

But, whilst the crowd "outside" was enormous, in the private stands and in the rings the effects of the war were too apparent. One moved about in the railed-in enclosures with a rare freedom that told its own tale. Making allowance for this and a few defections, even on St. Leger day, in favour of cub-hunting, the great Doncaster meeting was honoured in the way it deserved. It is needless to say that great regret was felt at the unavoidable absence of the Prince of Wales.

The racing provided a treat from end to end, though some of the surprises which took place might not have been relished as

such by the great majority. On the first day we had the Champagne Stakes for the two-year-olds and the Great Yorkshire Handicap for the stayers. The re-appearance of Sloan was unquestionably an important factor in the racing, and this fine jockey made us aware of the fact in the Champagne Stakes. With Veles, Orchid, Star Shoot and Lord Bobs amongst the field the race could not fail to possess great interest, although Star Shoot had apparently begun to go to the bad at Derby, whilst Lord Bobs had put himself out of court for awhile by his running at York. Unless for the purpose of getting him used to running in public, the reason for starting him on this occasion was not clear, although some people took 8 to 1 about him. The fact that Sloan was on Orchid and J. H. Martin on Veles caused the difference in the starting price between the two to be a quarter of a point only, and those who backed the jockey had the best of the deal, Sloan getting Orchid home three-quarters of a length in front of Veles. That Star Shoot, who finished third, was the best youngster in the race I make no doubt, but ability is of no use in a horse if he cannot be made to show it in a contest. This Star Shoot evidently declines to do, except in fits and starts. Johnny Reiff did his best with him by coming along in front, but Star Shoot suddenly left off trying, and not until they were within a hundred yards of the chair did he come again—of course too late. There is no truth in the statements that Star Shoot was in any way hampered by others in the race or that he did the same to them. If he can be got to mend his ways there is no reason why Star Shoot should not turn the tables on both Orchid and Veles, between whom

there cannot be much on their present form. The interference which Osbech met with in the Great Ebor Handicap at York had been much commented upon, for it was confidently thought to have cost him the race. This view was strongly supported by the result of the Great Yorkshire Handicap, run over the Old St. Leger course (1 mile, 6 furlongs, 132 yards), Osbech winning easily.

For the second day the St. Leger was all-sufficing. There is no longer the keen though friendly rivalry that used to exist between North and South, the training of the best horses having so surely drifted southwards, but Yorkshiremen assemble as of yore to see a good horse win their big race. The Yorkshire notion of sport is of the most open-minded character.

The tradesman who disported the Elopement tie in his window might reasonably be supposed to have learned John Porter's private opinion of Mr. Law's colt, which was that it might win; and after Throstle's success in 1894, why not? As in the case of Elopement, Throstle was trained by John Porter and ridden by Mornington Cannon, and she started at 50 to 1, those odds apparently representing the chance she had of defeating Ladas. Elopement started at 100 to 7, and was the clearly defined danger to Diamond Jubilee. The Prince's colt obliged with some of his preliminary boxing antics, of which no one who knows him takes the least notice, and he ran as kindly as could be wished. He drew a good place alongside of his henchman, Frontignan, and was always there or thereabouts. The pace was forced by Martineau, on behalf of Mardi, but it did not affect Diamond Jubilee, who strode to the front at the rifle butts and re-

mained there to the end. That Elopement made gallant efforts to get on terms cannot be denied, and what he did was done in very graceful style. Sloan called for a great effort on the part of Courlan at the distance, but it died out, and Diamond Jubilee won by a length and a half from Elopement. The time, 3min. 9½sec., was very fast, the previous best having been Sea Breeze's 3min. 11½sec. One must not set too much store by the time test, but fast time usually means good judgment on the part of at least one jockey in the race. If the earlier stages of a distance race are run at too fast or too slow a pace, poor time must result. I should also be very sorry to have to accept for purposes of comparison all, or even many, of the times that have been recorded in the past. But this year's St. Leger time may be relied upon, the watch being started as the horses moved, even before the red flag was down. The timing of most races is necessarily done from the dropping of the white flag, the horses frequently being out of sight, and in the case of the Cesarewitch three flags, one red and two white ones, have to be dropped before the watch is started. Diamond Jubilee is the ninth colt that has won the Two Thousand Guineas, the Derby and the St. Leger, his forerunners being West Australian (1853), Gladiateur (1865), Lord Lyon (1866), Ormonde (1886), Common (1891), Isinglass (1893), Galtee More (1897), and Flying Fox (1899).

On the third day, in the first race, we saw one of the most beautiful fillies in training, this being Hedera, own sister to Irish Ivy, herself good-looking enough for most purposes. Hedera's good looks may be judged from the fact

that she was awarded a first in the yearling class at a Dublin Horse Show. The race was the Alexandra Plate, and on Avidity Sammy Loates, who showed splendid jockeyship from starting post to winning post, was just able to get the better of Sloan, on Hedera, by a short head, thereby upsetting a great pot. In the Rous Plate Canterbury came to grief badly. After the way he had ran at Lewes, in which he just scraped home after a most erratic display, one should have been chary of supporting him, but no doubt people found an excuse in the fact that Martin was the jockey, for Martin is reckoned some pounds behind Sloan and Lester Reiff. This time Lester Reiff had the mount and Canterbury was expected to show us something better. But he ran disgracefully, swerving about horribly. A magnificent finish was seen, Madden getting Quest up in the very last stride to dead-heat with Tin Soldier. For a colt (now gelding) by Burnaby out of Childhood, Tin Soldier is a distinctly good name.

The finish for the Portland Plate was perhaps the finest ever seen on any racecourse, half-a-dozen being in a lump at the end, separated by heads and short heads. Were the race run three times it is possible that each time a different winner would be recorded. As a matter of fact Lucknow won, but this result was far from being satisfactory, for in the early stages of the race he laid on Eager to such an extent as to be "carried" by him, as the phrase goes, whilst a hundred and fifty yards from the chair he gave the top weight a vigorous bump. Nothing could have been finer than the gallant way Eager ran. As it was he actually headed Lucknow and the others for a few

strides, but Lucknow got his head in front again and won by it. The rush that there was in the last hundred yards was electrical in its effect, Sir Hercules in particular, coming along in a fashion which made it quite clear that had he had a straight course all the way he must have won. He finished a head behind Eager, and barely divisible from him and from one another came Vatel, Crarae and Sonatura. Eager won this race in 1898 and has been second on two subsequent occasions, each time carrying 9st 12lb.

The subsequent proceedings were curious, freely commented upon and nowhere approved of. Mr. Neumann, owner of Eager, though with a strong case, would not object to Lucknow because he belonged to the Prince of Wales, but he complained of Sloan's riding to the stewards. The matter was investigated and Sloan suspended for the rest of the meeting for "unfair riding."

The fourth day was full of interesting racing and barely second in interest to the St. Leger was the race for the Doncaster Cup, of about two miles. Here we were to see La Roche and Merry Gal meet again, with Chevening joining in at a weight that should at least give him a chance, whilst King's Courier, big with his American reputation, loomed a further danger. But the way La Roche had won her races had made an indelible impression and she started at slight odds on. The mighty effect of weight, which one ignores only to regret again and again, told its old tale once more. La Roche ran at least as gallantly as ever she did. She had to make her own running, but she could not prevent King's Courier, Merry Gal and Chevening from joining her three furlongs from the finish, and for the next

quarter of a mile the issue was so much in doubt that each spectator was quite justified in shouting for the one he had backed. Inside the distance it was clear that King's Courier would win, which he did by three-quarters of a length from Merry Gal, who beat La Roche by a length. It was an exceedingly pretty race, besides being a very important one. Merry Gal, at a mile, has beaten Diamond Jubilee by four lengths at 20lb. and at two miles has finished a length in front of La Roche, both "all out," at 10lb. Say, ye turf experts, which, on this collateral form, is the better, Diamond Jubilee or La Roche? In the Doncaster Stakes Forfarshire could not give 7lb to Mardi, and in the Prince of Wales's Nursery Sam Loates did Sir Blundell another good turn by winning on the unfancied Mackintosh, and this in very smart fashion in a field of twenty-two.

It was a glorious Doncaster, but I should like to see in future years a straight course for the sprint races.

Polo.—The Indian Polo Calendar, 1900.—This publication will suggest to many people a question. Why have we no similar official publication? Great as is the Indian interest in polo, there are more than 120 clubs and 600 registered ponies. It is hardly greater than that in England. But it is not only or indeed chiefly because the Calendar offers a bird's-eye view of the state of the game in any given year that it is so useful. The real value lies in the first few pages, which contain an abstract of the debates in the Indian Polo Association on the various changes which have taken place in the rules during the year. We can see at a glance what has been done, and why, and can, moreover, judge for our-

selves of the different views held by leading members of the polo world in India. The publication, being official, carries with it authority, but the general run of polo players are admitted in a measure to the councils of their representatives. This leads to thought, discussion, and the formation of a healthy public opinion. To the writer it seems that such a publication would obviate many misunderstandings, and the public discussion, while it led to useful changes and reforms, would also show to those who love change for change's sake, or to those who air fads and fancies, why their ideas were impracticable or undesirable. The Indian Calendar is published at Lahore at the Central Press, and is well edited. There are few changes in the rules, and of those that have been made by far the most important is the alteration of the standard height from 13'3 to 14'1. There are many reasons why this change is desirable, and not the least is that, after many years' experience of Indian polo, we believe that the larger pony will be safer. Blown and overweighted ponies are the chief cause of fatal accidents.

Sir Henry Simpson.—The death of this well-known veterinary surgeon deprives all lovers of polo of a kind friend, a sound adviser, and the Hurlingham Committee of an official measurer who never made an enemy even amidst the difficulties of a position which needs tact as well as professional skill.

The Polo Pony Society.—Amid some attacks and disparagement, the Polo Pony Society has wisely remained silent officially. But in holding the usual meeting at Dublin, and by giving publicity to the excellent report of the Society and to the clear, sound

common-sense of the Vice-President, Mr. Barker, the Society has done well for itself. Five volumes of a notably well-selected stud-book containing the register of 160 stallions and 920 mares, not to speak of the high class of the exhibits at the Royal and other shows, are sufficient witness to the work of the Society. Nor is this all, for the Society is endeavouring by all means in its power to encourage our native breeds the smart Welsh, the enduring Exmoor, and the useful New Forest and Fell ponies.

The Sidbury Stud.—While men have been discussing how to breed ponies of a riding and polo type from native foundation stock, it has been reserved for a woman to succeed. It was with great pleasure that the writer visited Miss Helen Tyrrell's stud at Ivy Cot, near Sidbury, South Devon. Miss Tyrrell has been a member of the P.P.S. from the start, and has studied the book and worked on the lines laid down. Exmoor mares crossed with thoroughbred blood is her leading idea. This has had great success, though the stud is on a small scale. The Judge and Mavourneen have won prizes at large shows. These ponies are turned out on the hills all the year round, the home paddock being only some three or four acres in extent. They are in every respect of the right type, and will still be improved as time goes on. Kind treatment has made them perfectly gentle, and when they are wanted to train for polo ponies this will be found no slight advantage.

Polo in America.—Narragansett, a name which is somehow rather suggestive of comic opera, has had a polo tournament. I believe Narragansett is a fashionable watering place and just therefore the place for good polo.

After a capital series of matches in which however there were several accidents, the final was played between Myopia and Dedham, two teams as well known for good play as, say, Rugby and The Old Cantabs. The former won with a tremendous score of 16 to 6½.

Polo at Bedford, St. Neots and in Yorks.—One of the most satisfactory features of the Autumn season to those interested in County Polo was the success of these two clubs. Not only has the play been good but the interest excited in the neighbourhood has been very great. Thus in the first match at Bedford between the Oakley and Cambridgeshire Hunts, both sides of the ground on the Ampthill road were lined with carriages, foot people, and even a few motor cars. The Cambridgeshire won the match, but both sides played well. The enthusiastic Holderness Club has had too a most successful season, winning seven matches and only losing two. This club should take a high place in County Polo.

Hunting—The Cottesmore.—The doings of this pack have now a threefold interest. First and foremost for those who are members of the hunt, for they have a new master, Mr. Evan Hanbury, a new huntsman, Arthur Thatcher, and in part at least a new pack of hounds, for Captain F. Johnstone's doghounds were bought at the close of last season. Thus Yorkshire men have an interest in the doings of the hounds, for part of the pack was made in one of the roughest countries in the county of broad acres. Lastly, Essex men will watch the career of the huntsman in whose gifts they had learned to believe. Let me give them in brief the story of a morning with the Cottesmore. A fine September morning with a soft grey haze

hanging in the rides of Wardley Wood whence later foxes may go in several directions, and can hardly take a wrong line. Sir Arthur Fludyer, the owner of the covert, is looking on. A moment's silence and then the whole wood rang again with the eager chorus of hounds. The pack have music and there is a scent. Now hounds are driving through the undergrowth and two or three foxes are afoot. It is an old stager that set his mark straight for Beamont Chase, and once in the open there is a scent. They ought to be stopped but it takes some doing, yet the whippers-in are equal to the occasion, and eventually the truants are brought back to take part in the tamer but more useful task of teaching the cubs to fly. Ayston has a litter too and they should be true Leicestershire foxes by the way they break at once. It always seems to me that foxes in the Shires even in their youth recognise the advantage of promptness. Two were killed. We have time to think how very hot it is and how glad we should be of rain and so home to breakfast.

The Bicester.—This hunt are among the most fortunate in England. They have perhaps as little wire and as much sport over a rideable country as any pack in England. Since Mr. John Lonsdale and Cox have had the pack great pains have been taken to build on the excellent foundations laid years ago by Lord Chesham and Dick Stovin. It is well known to have a great deal of Lord Henry Bentinck's Blankney blood. A friend well known to readers of BAILY told the writer lately, after a visit to the kennels, that the Bicester Contest is making his mark as a sire. This hound was crippled about two years ago by a bite. Fortunately he had al-

ready had time to make a name for himself as a worker, and he is now doing good work at the stud both at home and outside.

Lord Jersey's coverts at Middleton proved the scene of the opening operations in the Bicester country, where it is needless to say cubs were very plentiful. Mr. Heywood-Lonsdale allowed hounds to return to kennel when a leash of cubs had been accounted for. At Shelswell, or rather Spilsmore, on September 5th, they again found cubs strongly in evidence, and getting one away from Pond Head Wood to a drain at Mrs. Waters' farmstead, got him out and killed him, the other occupants of the refuge being a hedgehog and a couple of rabbits. From Hardwicke Heath they also acquitted themselves well, and from Stratton Coppice on September 11th secured a brace of cubs, and a badger at Cotmore Covert as the result of their exertions.

The Oakley Hounds.—Cub-hunting was commenced in the Oakley country on August 27th, scarcely as early as last year, owing to the lateness of the harvest. Mr. P. A. O. Whitaker, who, it will be remembered, relinquished his duties as master last season in order to take his place with his Yeomanry to serve his Queen and country, had unfortunately been invalided home from the front, but was able to carry the horn with his customary dash and zeal, finding too that even if he could not commence his raids amongst the cubs as early as usual, he had a decided advantage for his hounds and horses this year owing to the rainfall which marked the month of August. Radford Bridge at 4.30 was the opening fixture, and a very fair morning's work was

done; for getting amongst a litter of cubs in the Ashbeds, hounds got away on good terms with one, and raced him across the park to ground in the main earth. Mr. Whitaker then trotted on to the osier beds below the village, and soon had his pack busy with another litter, and after bustling them for a bit, slipped away with one by the brickyards to Freers Wood, crowning their first morning with blood, the young hounds entering well.

August 28th saw them at Putnoe, again a rare show of cubs, and after a useful morning's work, marked one to ground at Goldington, where two mornings later they were fortunate in killing another cub, having commenced their work amongst a litter at Renhold. Another very sporting morning was enjoyed at Moulsoe on September 10th, when Mr. Donald Fraser's coverts were requisitioned. It is true it was all too short for many; but the master did the wise thing, and returned to kennel when they tasted their first blood.

The Whaddon Chase.—Mr Selby Lowndes commenced operations considerably earlier than usual this year, August 30th witnessing the first waving of hounds into covert at Beachampton Grove at 5 a.m. Sturman found cubs strong and plentiful, but could not succeed in handling one. September 1st at Howe Park Wood, however, proved quite a different part of speech, for although but few men braved the elements on that drenching morning, those who did had the satisfaction of seeing and hearing hounds as they rarely do in that covert. The count of masks for the morning was a brace, the charm of the whole thing being the steady way in which the young hounds settled to work.

Narberries also teemed with foxes when hounds visited it a few mornings later, and a leash fell victims to the pack, a single cub having been the reward of a very hard morning's work in College Wood on September 7th.

The Grafton.—The Hon. E. S. Douglas Pennant's pack, like their neighbours, were able to take the field in good time, a very cheery morning at Stowe Ridings being accountable for the death of a leash of cubs, while from Grafton Osiers hounds took a cub into the ducal forest at Wakefield on another morning, and there killed him. The scent throughout the country, however, has been anything but brilliant during the last fortnight, the early morning being especially deficient of that essential to sport.

The Ledbury.—Mr. Wilson, of the Ledbury, has a capital pack. He pins his faith chiefly to Belvoir blood, and finds that both for work and tongue they are hard to beat. In Cubberley Mr. Ledbury has a good huntsman. In the early part of September their followers saw that hounds could go, for thrown into covert they opened at once young and old, and without a moment's hesitation on the word literally hurled themselves over the boundary fence of Roborough and raced over the open. An old fox, of course, but in the two miles or so everyone could move about or push. They had every hound in his or her place, and all, even the puppies, swinging with every turn of the fox. Later on we shall see some sport.

Hunting in Montreal.—On September 15th our Canadian brother-foxhunters began their season. The Montreal Hunt Club have about forty couples of hounds in kennel. So popular is the sport that the club

membership has reached the limit, and many candidates await election. Shall we ever come to the club system in England? It is quite possible, though, when it occurs hunting will be near its end, and will cease then to be a national sport. The Montreal Hunt Club have lately built a new club-house and have a polo ground. There are some thirty capital ponies stabled at the club. May these keen sportsmen have a good season ere the Canadian frost steps in to make sport impossible.

Cubhunting in Yorkshire.—No rumour of mange this year; on the contrary, everything is most satisfactory and encouraging in the Bramham Moor, Mr. Holderness and Lord Middleton's. On Monday, September 10th, Lord Middleton's tasted blood; two cubs they killed fairly. One, alas, was chopped, a circumstance even the most bloodthirsty must deplore. Later in the day they had a smart scurry from a turnip field near Claxton, and killed a fox fairly in the open. Lord Middleton and Grant are very pleased at the way a good lot of youngsters has entered, and at the fine show of cubs in the country. The Bramham Moor and the Holderness both have good prospects for the season. It seems as if the gallant conduct of the Yorkshire yeomen had given a stimulus to the popularity of hunting. It is not unlikely.

Hunting in Cornwall.—Dwellers in the West country do not always appear to appreciate the wealth of opportunity that lies at their doors. In East Cornwall you may hunt at considerably less expense than in some other parts of England and see good sport too, without risk from wire, be it added. Within reach of Liskeard are two packs of foxhounds,

the North Cornwall and East Cornwall, two packs of harriers, with plenty of wild shooting and trout fishing. Good accommodation may be found at the Liskeard Hotels, where there is also good stabling; there are houses to let in the neighbourhood. No doubt Mr. W. N. Connock-Marshall, Master of the East Cornwall Hunt, would give information to anyone wanting hunting quarters.

Dart Vale Harriers.—We are informed that, as Mr. Thomas Maye has resigned, a master is required for this pack of harriers. The vacancy offers an excellent opportunity for anyone fond of hunting, as it is a capital country with the Dartmoor and South Devon Foxhounds meeting close at hand. The expense to the master would be very trifling.

Stag-hunting in the West.—The Devon and Somerset Stag-hounds have had some very good runs, two lasting about three hours and a half each having taken place on two consecutive days at the end of August, while some good runs have taken place since. Sir John Amory's pack has likewise been out; but these two establishments are not now to have stag-hunting all to themselves, as Mr. Peter Ormrod, who, in 1899, started a pack of staghounds in Lancashire to hunt deer, made up his mind to transfer his establishment, for a time, at all events, to Devonshire to hunt the Barnstaple side. This resolution is the outcome of the falling through of the attempt to start a subscription pack for the district, of which Mr. Basset, whilom master of the Devon and Somerset, would have taken charge for at least one season; but as it was found impossible to collect £600 a year the prospect was abandoned, and Mr. Ormrod

came to the rescue. The end of August saw him prospecting in the West, and he speedily made up his mind on the matter. He moved his hounds down during the first week in September, and held his opening day on the 11th of the month at Youlston Park.

The weather was delightful, and no better place could have been chosen than Sir Edward Chichester's place, from which spectators on foot could see hounds for a long way. A stag had been harboured in Colt plantation; the tufter's work was soon over, and the stag breaking covert with praiseworthy promptitude, was killed at Appledore after a good run, though it was not very fast. Mr. Sanders, the master of the Devon and Somerset, Mr. Basset, a late master, Mr. Preston White, Sir Augustus Warren, Messrs. Henry and Orlando Chichester, Miss Vera Chichester, Miss Raby, Miss Tomlyn, Lady Chichester, Dr. Harper, Miss Hurst, Col. Walker and Major Raby were among those present. Mr. Ormrod is very keen on this new phase of sport, and announces he will spare no pains to bring the deer to hand. It was a sportsmanlike act to travel so far, and it is to be hoped that by the time he returns home the game may be found to have been worth the candle.

The Seventh Hussars Stag-hounds.—We regret to hear that there is some danger of this pack, which for many years has been maintained by the cavalry regiment stationed at Norwich, being broken up. The only hope for its continued existence rests on the possibility of local sportsmen taking it over, for with so many cavalry regiments in South Africa, there seems little prospect of there being one during the winter at

Norwich in place of the Seventh Hussars now at Aldershot.

The East Sussex Puppy Show.—The Hon. T. A. Brassey, who worked so hard towards raising the Sussex Company of the Imperial Yeomanry, was in the field within a few hours of his return from South Africa, and it afforded both Lady Idina Brassey and himself the greatest satisfaction to reach England in time for the Puppy Show. Few kennels are more pleasantly situated than those of the East Sussex, a large area of the country hunted over being visible without going beyond Morgan's Paddock, whilst away to the left are the excellent coverts in the neighbourhood of Battle, the Eastbourne limit being to the right, where there is more down than woodland. On the occasion of the recent Puppy Show people flocked from far and near with the dual object of giving the joint master and his wife a hearty home welcome and also of seeing the young entry, which was said to be above the average. Of the former we have nothing to say beyond remarking that the wanderers must have found their reception almost as trying as any of their experiences in South Africa. Old and young united in the welcome, the heartiness of which was undeniable. Mr. Brassey seemed very much relieved when able to get to his hounds, being anxious to see how they had progressed during his absence, and that he was satisfied was proved by what he said at the subsequent luncheon. Charmer, the winning bitch, was a long way the pick, being a big roomy hound, likely to make a fine matron later on, and as the result of a little pleasantry between Wadsley (one of the judges) and Morgan, she was put under the standard and found to be nearer

24 inches than 23½ at the shoulder. She is, indeed, the biggest hound seen in the East Sussex country since Promise's day. She had been walked by Muddle, one of the hunt smiths. The dog hounds were more even in type than the bitches; Wizard, one of the Warwickshire Talisman's stock, walked by Mr. Foster, of Robertsbridge, who for twenty years has brought up one of the young entry, being an easy winner, although on the small side. It was good news to learn that the prospects for the coming season are excellent, there being a good supply of foxes. Morgan, who has been ill all the summer, is about again, and with Vokins and Moore, stays on, there being no kennel changes since last season.

Coaching.—Several of the coaches are now off the road, and some sales of the horses have taken place. On the whole, they have, perhaps, done rather better than might have been expected, though the present can scarcely be called a good season. Mr. Chapman's "Vigilant," which began the season between London and Ascot, was, according to custom, afterwards run from Eastbourne to Brighton and back, carrying, as a rule, a fair number of passengers. Towards the end of August, however, the guard had the misfortune to break his leg. He was getting up behind, and somehow his leg slipped between the spokes of the wheel, with the sad result above mentioned. He was taken to the Brighton hospital. The "Nimrod," run by Captains Spicer and Hamilton, and Mr. Woodland's "Comet" have run on alternate days, while Mr. Harvie Jackson's "Frolic" ran to Worthing and Arundel; Mr. Nye's "Regence" to Hassocks, where the gardens

of the Downs Hotel are worth seeing. The "Modern Times" worked to Henfield. So Brighton has been well off for coaches, and sometimes they have loaded well. The Cheltenham coach, too, and the vehicle under Mr. Lewis Priestman and Mr. Liddell, have been in favour. There will be some winter coaches running out of London, but their number is as yet uncertain.

Coursing.—Commencement of the Season.—Although the season of coursing nominally commences in the month of September when partridge shooting and cub-hunting are in full swing, it cannot be said that the coursing season proper is in anything like high feather until the month of October has well set in and pheasant shooting has commenced. Indeed, the only published fixtures in September were those of Antrim, South Essex, and Wappenbury (Coventry), while in October and November the meetings are fairly numerous and widespread. In the latter month we are glad to see the time-honoured Swaffham once more making a bid for popular favour, and holding its head again tolerably high among coursing fixtures. The two open stakes at Swaffham at the November meeting are to be enhanced by silver cups presented by the townspeople and the club, whilst Mr. A. C. Maclaren has offered another piece of plate as an addition to the club puppy stakes. "As regards hares, the harvest being over, it is satisfactory to know that the supply promises well for the two meetings"—the second one taking place in January. "The famous Westacre Field will again be available, and Mr. Hearlins, the tenant of the Marham Field, has laid down some covert in the centre, which will reduce the severity of the trials. The second

meeting is by permission of Mr. Fountaine, the club president, and Mr. J. H. Wood, the shooting lessee." This is also an open meeting, with Mr. Crozier as judge, and it augurs well for the success of the Swaffham meetings when its promoters and inhabitants pull so well together in the endeavour to uphold its ancient renown.

During the season the Sussex County Club, a recently-formed club, also have had promised four pieces of plate, while the Stock Exchange Club has closed its produce stakes for November 20th and 21st with fifty-two entries, and from all quarters we hear good reports of a plentiful supply of hares and the prospect of a successful season. Another noticeable feature among the fixtures is the predominance of the name of Mr. R. A. Brice, as coursing judge.

Indeed, the only drawback to the probable success of the season is the unmistakable and perfectly warrantable discontent of the Irish coursing fraternity, owing to the inexplicable action of the Board of Agriculture in continuing the restriction imposed upon them in the matter of suspected rabies among greyhounds. It was fervently hoped that this unheard-of restriction would have been rescinded by at least the opening of the Massarcone Park Meeting, and that the yellow flag of quarantine would have disappeared from coursing annals; but nothing of the sort has happened, and we are too likely to witness the unparalleled phenomenon of a sixty-four dog stake at Waterloo in February being contested without a single Irish representative being a candidate.

In response to numerous appeals last season, the Board of Agriculture made a slight conces-

sion to Irish coursers to the extent of allowing greyhounds to cross from Ireland to England and Scotland when engaged at coursing meetings, provided that each and every animal should return under report not longer than a period of seven days from the time of its leaving Ireland. This trifling concession was accepted on the principle of the half of a loaf being better than no bread, and in the hope of larger concessions being made when the causes for restriction no longer existed: and until a few weeks ago the Irish situation from a rabies point of view was considered so favourable as to lead people to suppose that the worst was past, if not about to disappear altogether on the opening of the present season, when greyhounds from this side would be as free to go to Belfast and return as they were any time up to two years since. Now, however, the Board of Agriculture has refused the licenses granted last season from Ireland to England and Scotland. And, as a matter of course, Ireland will also be closed to the British greyhound owner, and all these things in spite of matters in Ireland being in a far better condition than last year. Thus the Board of Agriculture has contrived to turn coursing matters into a most admired state of confusion, and to render the international character of the Waterloo Cup a mere misnomer. Verily, while the regulations of the Board of Agriculture are "thusly" transacted, and rules and laws are apparently made in opposition to common sense, and against the dictates of reason, coursing men must "grin and bear it," resting content under the anomalous unreasonableness of the Board of Agriculture.

What the result will be on the

Waterloo Cup — already sufficiently hampered—if this state of affairs is suffered to continue for any length of time—and it is impossible to say how long it may continue, since unreason appears to guide the helm—it is not difficult to foresee.

For the present, however, while everything is promising as regards supply of hares, weather prospects, and anticipation of success, the restrictions of the Board of Agriculture alone appear to be the stumbling-block to the prosperity of the season and to the crowning triumph of the Waterloo Cup.

Golf.—Though the townspeople of St. Andrews complain of this having been a very poor season, the annual handicap tournament of the Royal and Ancient Club for the Queen Victoria Jubilee Vase brought out not only a large field, but nearly all the strongest players in the Club. As a rule, the first-class players are disposed to reserve themselves for the medal days, and to leave the two handicap competitions of the year to the other members of the Club; but on this occasion Mr. Leslie Balfour - Melville, the brothers Blackwell, Mr. John L. Low, Mr. A. G. Tait, Mr. J. O. Fairlie, Mr. R. Maxwell, Mr. E. Scrutton, Mr. W. E. Fairlie, Mr. W. R. Sharp, Mr. H. C. Ellis, Mr. H. G. B. Ellis, Mr. H. S. Colt, Mr. W. D. Bovill, Mr. R. H. Johnston, and Mr. W. Herbert Fowler were all among the competitors. The consequence was that the standard of play rose far above the average, and visitors to St. Andrews had the privilege of seeing a great deal of first-class golf. In the case of the Calcutta Cup the handicaps take the form of holes, but in that of the Jubilee Vase the more common form of strokes is employed, and thus a

comparison is offered between the two systems in conditions tolerably similar. The winner of the Vase was Mr. P. G. M. Skene, a young gentleman with an allowance of six strokes, who drives a very long ball, and promises soon to be a scratch player. For the most part he had men of his own class to meet. In the fifth round, however, he was drawn against Mr. Maxwell, whom he defeated very thoroughly, while in the final his adversary was the redoubtable Mr. John L. Low, the hero of many a tough struggle on the golf links. Mr. Low played a splendid game until near the finish, when he fell off palpably, and Mr. Skene pulled off the match by a single hole.

The Irish Championship, esta-

blished in 1892, and possessing attractions for a certain class of golfers on this side of the Channel, was played for last month at Newcastle in County Down, and won by Mr. Harold Hilton, the present Amateur Champion. It is possible that before another year the name and character of this competition will be altered. Irish golfers are strongly of opinion that the time has come when one or other of their fine links should be used for the Amateur and Open Championships, and they are taking steps to bring about this consummation so devoutly wished. If they succeed, then probably we shall hear no more of an Irish Championship for which aliens are eligible.

Sporting Intelligence.

[During August—September, 1900.]

ON the first two days of the season, August 13th and 14th, Mr. A. Henderson and party killed five hundred and three brace of grouse on the Keld Green Moors in Swaledale.

Mr. H. Lumsden and three other guns shooting over dogs killed five hundred and thirty-one brace of grouse in two days, August 13th and 14th, at Clova.

During the first three days of the season, August 13th, 14th and 15th, Sir Bache Cunard, Mr. W. Baird, Mr. H. Baird and Mr. A. Duff got seven hundred and thirty-three grouse at Dueris.

During the week ending August 18th, Mr. Greswolde Williams and party bagged seven hundred and fifty-eight brace on Glutt Moor.

A day's driving at Altire on August 27th yielded two hundred and forty-five brace of grouse and fifty blue hares to six guns.

The Earl of Portarlington died rather suddenly at Ostend, on August 31st. The deceased was an all-round sportsman and a first-rate shot.

Sir George Macpherson Grant and party at Ballindalloch, on August 31st, killed two hundred and thirty-one brace of grouse and other game.

Lord Ancaster's party at Drummond Castle, including the Duke of York and four other guns, got nine hundred and fifty-one brace of grouse, besides other game, on September 3rd and 4th.

Shooting over dogs on Suisgill Moors, Sutherlandshire, four guns obtained four hundred and twenty-three brace of grouse in four days.

The well-known Old Gang and Hurst Moors in Yorkshire yielded Mr. Deacon and party, six guns, thirteen hundred and thirty-four brace of grouse in five days.

Shooting over the Stowgill and Kettlepot Moors, Lord Hothfield's party, eight guns, killed three hundred and sixty brace of grouse in two days.

Upwards of thirteen hundred brace of grouse were killed in five days by Sir John Gladstone's party on Glendye Moors, Kincardineshire.

Mr. W. Low's party killed about eleven hundred brace on Meallmore in four days.

At Moy Hall, Invernesshire, the Macintosh entertained a party for the grouse drives over the Moy moors, when thirteen hundred and twenty-six brace were killed in two days.

Sir Edward Green's party of six guns got nine hundred and sixty and a half brace of grouse on Holgate Moors.

The party staying at Lochindoub Lodge, Morayshire, rented by Mr. Henry Kent, killed eleven hundred and sixty-one brace of grouse in six days.

The result of seventeen days' shooting over the Bolton Abbey Moors by the Duke of Devonshire and friends was a bag of two thousand nine hundred and eighty brace of grouse.

Lord Westbury and six other guns got two thousand and sixty brace of grouse in five days' driving over Wemmergill.

In two days Lord Barnard's party on High Force killed eleven hundred and ten brace of grouse.

Mr. Henry Chaplin killed a very fine royal at Dunrobin which had the exceptional span of thirty-six inches.

Some good sport was obtained by the Duke of York on the Scotch Moors, during week ending September 1st. On the Tulcham and Advie Moors H.R.H. and five other guns got over two hundred brace of grouse per day. In two days, on the Castle Grant Moors, the bag totalled four hundred and fifty brace of grouse, besides other game. On the Thursday the Duke and Mr. Jardine shot over the Revack Moors and bagged one hundred and fourteen brace of grouse and a lot of other game.

J. B., writing in *The Field*, of September 1st, gives the following particulars of a 9 lb. Erne trout:—"Mr. John Stone, of Liverpool, writes me that on Thursday last week, whilst fishing in the river Erne, he landed, after half an hour's exciting play, a very fine trout weighing 9 lb. It was in magnificent condition, and has been sent to Cooper's to be set up. It measured 27 in. in length and 15 in. in girth, and it is particularly notable as having been taken with a small fly. It was hooked about six o'clock in the evening. On the same night Mr. Stone hooked another trout, which was believed to be about the same weight, but it was lost after ten minutes' play."

The first tie of the All-Ireland Open Polo Cup was played at Dublin on September 1st, when Freebooters:—Mr. F. Hargreaves (1), Mr. F. M. Freake (2), Mr. Oliver Haig (3), and Mr. John

Watson (back) beat County Sligo:—Mr. Connolly (1), Major O'Hara (2), Mr. Campbell (3), Mr. Fitzgerald (back) by 3 goals to 2. The following is a list of winners since 1887:—1887, All-Ireland P.C.; 1888, All-Ireland P.C.; 1889, Freebooters; 1890, All-Ireland P.C.; 1891, 13th Hussars; 1892, 9th Lancers; 1893, 13th Hussars; 1894, 15th Hussars; 1895, Freebooters; 1896, 13th Hussars; 1897, Rugby; 1898, Rugby; 1899, Inniskilling Dragoons; 1900, Freebooters.

Mr. Buckley's otter hounds, which have been hunting in Richmondshire, had a most enjoyable day's sport on September 7th, when they terminated their visit to Yorkshire. The meet was at Croft Spa, and one fine dog otter, weighing 26 lb., gave a run of over two hours.

The bloodstock sales at Doncaster commenced on Tuesday, September 11th, but did not attract much interest on the first day. The top price was 710 gs., paid by Mr. E. C. Clayton for a filly by Buckingham—Capri from the Greenfields stud. Mr. J. Osborne gave 560 gs. for a colt by Matchmaker from Bishopstone stud. A colt by Burnaby went to Mr. Pease at 500 gs., and Mr. J. Craig gave 500 gs. for a colt by Galloping Lad from the Stockwell stud.

Continued on Wednesday, the sales attracted a good attendance. Mr. James E. Platt's lot contained the highest priced yearling, Mr. Faber giving 1,900 gs. for a filly by Kendal—Lovely. R. Marsh purchased a filly by Persimmon—Leonie at 1,150 gs. Mr. Dyer took a filly by Ayrshire—Primrose at 1,000 gs. A colt by Kendal—Assay, the property of Mr. James Best, sold to Mr. C. Lund at 1,000 gs. From Mr. W. R. Marshall's lot Mr. H. J. King purchased a colt by Orme—Huelva for 1,500 gs., and Mr. Prentice gave 1,000 gs. for a filly by Suspender. Lord Durham bought a filly by Bread Knife for 720 gs., the highest price of the Workshop Manor consignment, and Mr. Musker paid 800 gs. for Mr. J. Lonsdale's filly by Melton.

Thursday's sale included Sir Tatton Sykes' youngsters from Sledmere, six out of seven of these making four figures. Mr. Allison purchased a colt by Gallinule—Tragedy, own brother to Wildfowler, for 2,500 gs. for Mr. J. R. Keene. A St. Simon colt went to Mr. Prentice at 2,100 gs. Sir J. Blundell Maple bought a colt by Royal Hampton at 1,550 gs., and also a filly by Melton at 1,200 gs. Mr. A. Bailey took a filly by Ayrshire for 1,300 gs., and Mr. S. Joel a filly by Persimmon for 1,050 gs. Of other properties touching four figures, Sir J. Blundell Maple got an Isinglass filly at 2,200 gs., and Lord Durham a colt by Kendal at 1,000 gs., both owned by Mr. H.

D. Brocklehurst. Mr. J. Osborne bought Mr. McIntyre's colt by Kendal at 1,110 gs. Mr. T. G. Walker's colt by Bread Knife went to Sir R. Waldie Griffith at 1,000 gs. Mr. Gardner gave 1,450 gs. for a colt by Donovan, and Mr. S. B. Joel 1,250 gs. for a filly by Florizell II., both from the Wisdom stud. Mr. R. C. Harrison's colt by Raeburn made 1,150 gs. from Lord Durham, and Simonia, a filly by St. Simon—Pamela, bred by Mr. J. Simons Harrison, sold to Mr. W. Jarvis for 2,100 gs.

The best price obtained at Friday's sale was 1,700 gs. paid by Mr. W. Low for a colt by Rightaway, one of Mr. Ralph Sneyd's yearlings. Mr. Lionel Robinson purchased two fillies, one by Trenton and the other by Carnage, from the same lot at 650 and 600 gs. each. Mr. Simons Harrison bought Sweet Muscat by Sir Bevy—Muscatel from the Sandringham stud at 700 gs., and Senor Loro paid 880 gs. for Commando, a colt by Ladas, the property of Mr. J. H. Dawson.

Diamond Jubilee won the one hundred and twenty-fifth race for the St. Leger on September 12th in the fastest time on record, viz., 3 mins. 9½ secs., the previous best being Seabreeze, 3 mins. 11½ secs., in 1888. The value of the race this year was £5,125. Last year the late Duke of Westminster's Flying Fox won in 3 mins. 15½ secs., and the stakes amounted to £4,050. In 1898 Captain Greer's Wildfowler covered the course in 3 mins. 13 secs., when the race was worth £5,000. In 1897 Mr. Gubbins's Galtee More took 3 mins. 31½ secs., and the value of the stakes £5,425. In 1896 the Prince of Wales's Persimmon won in 3 mins. 20 secs., and credited his Royal owner with £5,050.

Diamond Jubilee takes a place among the winners of the Two Thousand Guineas, Derby and St. Leger. These now number nine, viz., West Australian in 1853, Gladiateur in 1865, Lord Lyon in 1866, Ormonde in 1886, Common in 1891, Isinglass in 1893, Galtee More in 1897, Flying Fox in 1899 and Diamond Jubilee in 1900.

During the past cricket season Prince Ranjitsinhji and Abel both scored eleven

three-figure innings, beating the record of ten centuries set up by W. G. Grace so far back as 1871 and equalled by Ranjitsinhji in 1896. Abel set up a new record by scoring 107 runs in the match Surrey and Sussex v. Rest of England at Hastings on September 12th, making his total twelve three-figure innings for the season.

Lord Amptill, the new Governor of Madras, is a noted oarsman. When at Eton he rowed in the eight, and going up to New College, he rowed in the Oxford eight in 1889-91. With Guy Nickalls he won the Silver Goblets at Henley in 1891.

The name of Lieut. R. F. Flower, Warwickshire Company, Imperial Yeomanry, appears in the casualty list as having been killed during some operations against De Wet. Mr. Flower, who was secretary of the North Cotswold Hunt, was thirty-three years of age.

Mr. Alfred Millington Knowles, who was killed in action near Pretoria, was captain of the South Notts Hussars. Deceased, who was only twenty-nine years of age, was a very keen sportsman, and hunted regularly with the Belvoir, Quorn and South Notts Hounds; he had also travelled much for big game shooting.

We understand that in consequence of the death of Mr. W. Wright, of Saxelbye, which occurred some few months back, Saxelbye Park, at Melton Mowbray, will be to let. Saxelbye is a really fine house, with plenty of stabling, right in the heart of the Quorn hunt. Particulars, we believe, can be obtained by writing to Mr. C. W. Wright, Saxelbye Park, Melton Mowbray.

While out cub-hunting with the Radnorshire and West Herefordshire hounds early in September, Mr. Woodcock, solicitor, of Kington, sustained a fatal accident. Mr. Woodcock was taking a stile at which his horse made a mistake and threw him violently to the ground, causing instantaneous death.

The mare, Maluma, died at Foxhill from injuries sustained when running in the Liverpool Cup.

TURF.

KEMPTON PARK.—AUGUST MEETING.

August 14th.—The Kempton Park International Breeders' Two-Year-Old Stakes of 300 sovs., added to a sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each; five furlongs, on the Straight Course.
 Sir J. Blundell Maple's b. c. Compliment, by Common—Rosebud, 8st. 5lb. S. Loates 1
 Captain Greer's ch. filly by Gallinule—Corday, 7st. 12lb.

K. Cannon 2

5 to 4 on Corday filly.

The August Handicap Plate of 300 sovs.; one mile.

Mr. R. Trimmer's ch. h. Bobbie Burns, by Alloway—Joan, 5 yrs., 7st. 9lb. Rigby 1

Mr. A. W. Merry's bl. f. Runaway Lass, 3 yrs., 7st. 2lb. Wetherell 2

Mr. E. Carlton's ch. c. Pindar, 4 yrs., 7st. 13lb. C. Leader 3
 4 to 1 agst. Bobbie Burns.

August 15th.—The City of London Breeders' Foal Plate of 1,500 sovs.; for three-year-olds; one mile, on the Jubilee Course.

Sir J. Blundell Maple's bl. or br. c. Aquascutum, by Childwick—Cullercoats, 9st. 3lb. S. Loates 1

Mr. A. Henderson's ch. f. Guidwife, 8st. 11lb. Rigby 2

Mr. Wallace Johnstone's b. f. Paigle, 9st. J. Reiff 3
 6 to 1 agst. Aquascutum.

REDCAR.—SECOND SUMMER MEETING.

August 14th.—The Redcar Two-Year-Old Stakes, a sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each, with 250 sovs. added; six furlongs, straight.

Mr. W. Sanderson's ch. c. Fox Catcher, by Hazlethatch—Nappa, 8st. 7lb. (car. 8st. 8lb.)

T. Weldon 1

Mr. James Joicey's b. f. Medallion, 8st. 9lb. T. Loates 2

Captain M. Hughes' ch. c. Keen Blade, 8st. 7lb. Yarnell 3
 5 to 1 agst. Fox Catcher.

August 15th.—The Twenty-First Great National Breeders' Foal Stakes of at least 500 sovs.; for three-year-olds; one mile, straight.

Mr. J. Joicey's ch. c. Alvescot, by Raeburn—Alberta, 9st. 10lb.

T. Loates 1

Sir R. Waldie Griffith's ch. f. Bettyfield, 9st. 7lb. J. H. Martin 2

Mr. T. W. P. Ravis' br. f. Roscrea, 8st. 11lb. Mr. Randall 3
 7 to 4 on Alvescot.

WOLVERHAMPTON (DUNSTALL PARK).—SUMMER MEETING.

August 20th.—The Wolverhampton Handicap of 292 sovs.; one mile and three furlongs.

Mr. W. J. Phelps' br. f. Rouge, by Bonnet Rouge—Little Twin, 4 yrs., 8st. 6lb. Rigby 1

Mr. D. S. Hodge's b. g. Dr. Nikola, 4 yrs., 7st. 11lb. M'Intyre 2

Mr. T. Wadlow's br. m. Valhalla, 5 yrs., 7st. 10lb. Allsopp 3
 5 to 1 agst. Rouge.

The Staffordshire Breeders' Foal Plate of 500 sovs., for two-year-olds; five furlongs, straight.

Mr. J. Musker's ch. g. Hercules, by Orion—Dunover, 8st. 12lb.

E. Jones 1

Mr. A. Stedall's br. f. Companion's Jewel, 7st. 11lb. S. Loates 2

Mr. Russel's Barbara Frietchie, 7st. 11lb. Broom 3
 7 to 4 on Hercules.

STOCKTON MEETING.

August 21st.—The Wynyard Plate of 600 sovs., for two-year-olds; T.Y.C. (five furlongs).

Sir R. Waldie Griffith's ch. c. Veles, by Isinglass—Velleda, 9st. 8lb. J. H. Martin 1

Mr. Russel's b. g. Rigo, 9st. 2lb. O. Madden 2

Sir S. Scott's colt by Melton—Bonnie Maid, 8st. 7lb. F. Finlay 3
 6 to 4 on Veles.

The Stockton Handicap Plate of 350 sovs.; one mile and a half.

Lord Crewe's b. f. Saint Lundi, by St. Serf—Chloe, 4 yrs., 8st. 9lb.

K. Cannon 1

Mr. L. Brassey's b. h. Merry Buck, 5 yrs., 7st. 3lb. Hammond 2

Mr. Cockfield's b. f. Santa Regale, 4 yrs., 8st 5lb. (5lb. ex.) Clemson 3
 7 to 4 agst. Saint Lundi.

The Durham County Produce Plate of 1,000 sovs., for three-year-olds; one mile and two furlongs.

Lord Harewood's br. c. Phalaris, by Tyrant—Carillon, 8st. 4lb.

J. H. Martin 1

Mr. C. F. Benson's b. c. Revoke, 7st. 9lb. T. Loates 2

Mr. J. Waugh's Blantyre, 7st. 6lb. S. Channing 3
 7 to 2 agst. Phalaris.

August 22nd.—The Hardwicke Stakes of 500 sovs., added to a sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each, two-year-olds; New T.Y.C. (five furlongs).

Sir R. Waldie Griffith's b. filly by Ladas—Vitula, 9st. 2lb.

J. H. Martin 1

Mr. J. Lowther's ch. f. Tower Hill,
9st. 2lb. F. Rickaby 2

Mr. E. Courage's br. f. Indian Ink,
8st. 10lb. Mr. Randall 3
6 to 4 agst. Vitula filly.

The Great Northern Leger of 650
sovs., for three-year-olds; Leger
Course (one mile five furlongs).

Lord Durham's b. c. Mardi, by
Marcion—Primrose Day, 9st. 3lb.
F. Rickaby 1

Mr. James Joicey's ch. c. Alvescot,
9st. 3lb. K. Cannon 2

Mr. L. de Rothschild's ch. f.
Nushka, 8st. T. Loates 3
5 to 2 agst. Mardi.

August 23rd.—The Wilton Welter Handi-
cap Plate of 200 sovs.; one mile and
three furlongs.

Mr. Vyner's ch. f. Veroscope, by
Hagioscope—Queen of Hearts, 4
yrs., 9st. 3lb. F. Finlay 1

Mr. J. Moffat's b. m. Saturday, 5
yrs., 8st. 13lb. K. Cannon 2

Mr. W. Taylor Sharpe's b. c.
Insulator, 3 yrs., 8st. 6lb. Yarnell 3
5 to 1 agst. Veroscope.

HURST PARK CLUB.—AUGUST MEETING.

August 24th.—The August Two-Year-Old
Plate of 500 sovs.; five furlongs.

Mr. Brodrick-Floete's b. f. Quest,
by Orme—Quetta, 8st. 4lb.
O. Madden 1

Mr. L. Robinson's b. or br. c.
Dundonald, 8st. 7lb. M. Cannon 2

Lord W. Beresford's b. g. Bronze-
wing, 8st. 4lb. J. Reiff 3
100 to 8 agst. Dundonald.

August 25th.—The Hurst Park Lennox
Stakes of 2,000 sovs., for three-year-
olds; one mile.

Mr. Fairie's ch. c. Mahdi, by
Friar's Balsam—Isoletta, 8st.
7lb. O. Madden 1

Mr. Lewis's b. c. Jubert, by
Tyrant—Assay, 9st. S. Loates 2

Sir R. Affleck's b. c. Admiral
Dewey, by Kilwarlin—Field
Azure, 9st. 8lb. J. Reiff 3
9 to 4 agst. Mahdi.

YORK.—AUGUST MEETING.

August 28th.—The Zetland Stakes of 330
sovs.; T.Y.C. (five furlongs,
straight).

Lord Harewood's ch. c. O'Dono-
ghue, by Donovan—Lily Maid,
2 yrs., 6st. 6lb. (all. 5lb.) Broom 1

Lord W. Beresford's br. f. Pedometer, 3 yrs., 8st. 11lb. J. Reiff 2

Mr. E. Corrigan's St. Cassimir, 3
yrs., 8st. 7lb. J. H. Martin 3
100 to 15 agst. O'Donoghue.

The Lonsdale Stakes (Welter) of 350
sovs.; one mile and a quarter.

Lord Ellesmere's b. h. Pheon, by
Hampton—Photinia, 5 yrs., 10st.
2lb. Rigby 1

Mr. E. Carlton's ch. h. Flavus, 5
yrs., 9st. 3lb. F. Leader 2

Mr. C. J. F. Fawcett's br. c.
Æneas, 3 yrs., 7st. 11lb.

O. Madden 3
5 to 1 agst. Pheon.

The Prince of Wales' Plate of 885
sovs.; T.Y.C. (five furlongs).

Lord Durham's ch. filly by Ken-
dal—Alibech, 8st. 4lb. (car. 8st.
5lb.) F. Rickaby 1

Major E. W. Baird's b. c. Mar-
taban, 8st. 7lb. L. Reiff 2

Lord W. Beresford's b. f. Moor-
sprite, 8st. 4lb. J. Reiff 3
7 to 1 agst. Alibech filly.

The Yorkshire Oaks of 595 sovs., for
three-year-old fillies; one mile and
a half.

Duke of Portland's b. f. La Roche,
by St. Simon—Miss Mildred,
9st. 8lb. M. Cannon 1

Lord Ellesmere's ch. f. Inquisitive,
8st. 3lb. J. Reiff 2

Sir R. Waldie Griffith's b. f. Vain
Duchess, 9st. 3lb. J. H. Martin 3
4 to 1 on La Roche.

August 29th.—The Convivial Produce
Stakes of 10 sovs. each, with 500
sovs. added; for two-year-olds;

New T.Y.C. (five furlongs, straight).

Lord W. Beresford's bl. c. Nahl-
band, by Wolf's Crag—Under
the Rose, 8st. 12lb. L. Reiff 1

Lord Falmouth's ch. c. Battlement,
8st. 12lb. F. Rickaby 2

Mr. James Joicey's b. f. Medallion,
7st. 13lb. T. Loates 3
5 to 4 agst. Nahlband.

The Great Ebor Handicap of 925
sovs.; one mile and three-quarters.

Lord William Beresford's b. m.
Jiffy II., by the Sailor Prince—
Joy, 5 yrs., 8st. 4lb. J. Reiff 1

Lord Durham's b. g. Osbeck, 5
yrs., 9st. F. Rickaby 2

Mrs. McAuliffe's b. f. Glenart, 4
yrs., 7st. 2lb. W. Lane 3
4 to 1 agst. Jiffy II.

The Duke of York Stakes of 15 sovs.
each, with 300 sovs. added; for
three-year-olds; one mile and a
half.

Mr. Russel's b. f. Semper Vigilans,
by Carbine—Sempronia, 8st. 9lb.
O. Madden 1

Mr. J. Lowther's b. c. Marked
Man, 8st. 12lb. K. Cannon 2

Sir R. Waldie Griffith's ch. c. View
Holla, 8st. 12lb. J. H. Martin 3
5 to 4 on Semper Vigilans.

August 30th.—The Fifty-eighth Year of the Great Yorkshire Stakes of 1,000 sovs. ; for three-year-olds ; one mile and three-quarters.

Mr. R. W. B. Jardine's br. filly by Queen's Birthday—Sweet Briar, 8st. 12lb. O. Madden 1
Lord Harewood's br. c. Phalaris, 9st. 4lb. J. H. Martin 2
Mr. Douglas Baird's b. c. Sospello, 8st. 7lb. F. Rickaby 3
3 to 1 agst. Sweetbriar filly.

The Harewood Handicap Stakes of 15 sovs. each, with 500 sovs. added ; six furlongs, straight.

Mr. G. G. Tod's b. f. Melete, by Bonavista—Mneme, 3 yrs., 6st. 11lb. G. McCall 1
Lord Durham's br. h. Gerolstein, 5 yrs., 8st. 2lb. (car. 8st. 4lb.) F. Rickaby 2
Mr. E. Melly's br. m. Bewitchment, 6 yrs., 8st. 3lb. S. Loates 3
6 to 1 agst. Melete.

The Gimcrack Stakes of 5 sovs. each, with 600 sovs. added ; for two-year-olds ; six furlongs, straight.

Mr. T. Simpson-Jay's ch. c. Garb Or, by Bend Or—Bright Alice, 8st. 7lb. K. Cannon 1
Sir J. Blundell Maple's ch. c. Lord Bobs, 8st. 7lb. S. Loates 2
Mr. J. Enoch's ch. f. Tower Hill, 9st. 2lb. J. H. Martin 3
8 to 1 agst. Garb Or.

NOTTINGHAM.—SUMMER MEETING.

August 31st.—The Bestwood Plate, a handicap of 300 sovs. ; (about one mile and a half).

Mr. T. Mason's b. g. Admiral Drake, by Sea Song—Lady Gower, 4 yrs., 7st. 13lb. K. Cannon 1
Mr. Inglis' ch. g. Intimidater, 5 yrs., 8st. 9lb. L. Reiff 2
Mr. Wargrave's ch. g. Sweet Sounds, 3 yrs., 7st. 5lb. J. Reiff 3
5 to 1 agst. Admiral Drake.

September 1st.—The Nottinghamshire Handicap of 462 sovs. ; the Straight Mile.

Mr. E. J. Percy's ch. h. Kopely, by Doubloon—Veronica II., aged, 7st. 1lb. G. McCall 1
Mr. J. A. Drake's ch. h. Royal Flush, aged, 9st. 1lb. L. Reiff 2
Mr. W. H. Pawson's b. or ch. f. La Uruguay, 4 yrs., 7st. 4lb. B. Smart 3
7 to 2 agst. Kopely.

SANDOWN PARK CLUB.—SEPTEMBER MEETING.

September 1st.—The Michaelmas Stakes of 500 sovs. ; five furlongs.

Mr. J. Musker's b. f. Princess Melton, by Melton—Schoolbook, 9st. 7lb. J. H. Martin 1
Lord W. Beresford's b. c. Alien, 8st. 10lb. Rigby 2
Mr. G. Edwardes's ch. c. Shaun Rhu, 8st. 10lb. K. Cannon 3
6 to 4 agst. Princess Melton.

The September Stakes of 500 sovs. ; one mile.

Mr. W. Low's br. c. Elopement, by Rightaway—Maid of Lorn, 9st. 7lb. M. Cannon 1
Mr. Fairie's b. g. Cutaway, 9st. 4lb. O. Madden 2
Colonel H. McCalmont's ch. f. Jeunesse Dorée, 8st. 11lb. Dalton 3
5 to 4 on Elopement.

DERBY.—SEPTEMBER MEETING.

September 5th.—The First Year of the Seventh Champion Breeders' Biennial Foal Stakes of 955 sovs. ; for two-year-olds ; five furlongs, straight.

Mr. J. W. Larnach's b. filly by Isinglass—La Flèche, 7st. 13lb. O. Madden 1
Sir J. Miller's b. filly by Galopin—Queen Adelaide, 7st. 13lb. K. Cannon 2
Mr. J. Forbes' b. gelding by Friar's Balsam—Dee, 8st. 7lb. S. Loates 3
100 to 8 agst. La Flèche filly.

The Peveril of the Peak Plate (a Handicap) of 935 sovs. ; the Straight Mile.

Mr. J. A. Drake's b. c. Sir Hercules, by Sir Hugo, dam by Galopin—Miss Foote, 5 yrs., 7st. 6lb. J. Reiff 1
Mr. A. Stedall's b. c. First Principal, 3 yrs., 7st. 8lb. O. Madden 2
Mr. E. Bonner's ch. f. Light Comedy, 4 yrs., 7st. 6lb. (car. 7st. 7lb.) S. Loates 3
4 to 1 agst. Sir Hercules.

September 6th.—The Devonshire Nursery Plate (Handicap) of 462 sovs. ; for two-year-olds ; six furlongs, straight.

Mr. A. L. Duncan's br. f. Isthmus, by Kilwarlin—Panama, 7st. 10lb. J. H. Martin 1
Mr. E. Bonner's b. g. Mount Lyell, 8st. 7lb. S. Loates 2
Mr. W. Hall Walker's ch. f. Lover's Gift, 8st. 2lb. J. Reiff 3
10 to 1 agst. Isthmus.

- The Second Year of the Sixth Champion Breeders' Biennial Foal Stakes of 925 sovs. ; for three-year-olds ; the Straight Mile.
- Mr. W. Hall Walker's b. f. Merry Gal, by Galopin—Mary Seaton, 9st. J. Reiff 1
- Mr. R. W. B. Jardine's br. filly by Queen's Birthday—Sweetbriar, 8st. 9lb. K. Cannon 2
- Mr. T. R. Dewar's ch. c. Forfarshire, 9st. 11b. M. Cannon 3
- 5 to 2 on Merry Gal.
- The Chatsworth Plate, a handicap of 365 sovs. ; one mile and a half.
- Mr. George Edwardes' ch. c. Salvador, by Florentine—Wealth, 3 yrs., 7st. 10lb. K. Cannon 1
- Mr. T. R. Dewar's b. h. Lord Provost, 5 yrs., 8st. 6lb. Rigby 2
- 5 to 4 on Salvador.
- September 7th.—The Hartington Plate of 217 sovs. ; one mile and a quarter.
- Mr. C. Morbey's br. m. Gyp, by Grafton—Phantassie, 5 yrs., 8st. 8lb. M. Cannon 1
- Lord Durham's b. c. St. Vaast, 4 yrs., 8st. 9lb. F. Rickaby 2
- Sir E. Vincent's b. g. Latheron-wheel, 4 yrs., 8st. 9lb. S. Loates 3
- 6 to 1 agst. Gyp.
- DONCASTER.—SEPTEMBER MEETING.
- September 11th.—The Champagne Stakes of 1,380 sovs. ; for two-year-olds ; Red House in.
- Mr. H. J. King's b. c. Orchid, by Orme—Musley Maid, 9st. J. T. Sloan 1
- Sir R. Waldie Griffith's ch. c. Veles, 9st. J. H. Martin 2
- Captain Eustace Loder's ch. c. Star Shoot, 9st. J. Reiff 3
- 2 to 1 agst. Orchid.
- The Great Yorkshire Handicap Plate of 975 sovs. ; Old St. Leger Course (1 mile 6 fur. 132 yards).
- Lord Durham's b. g. Osbeck, by Common—Alibech, 5 yrs., 8st. 12lb. F. Rickaby 1
- Mr. C. S. Newton's b. h. Ameer, 5 yrs., 7st. 10lb. O. Madden 2
- Sir E. Cassel's b. f. Gadfly, 4 yrs., 7st. 7lb. J. Reiff 3
- 9 to 4 agst. Osbeck.
- September 12th.—The Tattersall Sale Stakes of 895 sovs. ; for two-year-olds sold by Messrs. Tattersall during the previous year ; seven furlongs.
- Lord W. Beresford's b. f. Moorsprite, by Candlemas—Bella B., 8st. 6lb. J. Reiff 1
- Lord Farquhar's b. c. Bistonian, 8st. 9lb. F. Rickaby 2
- Lord Penrhyn's b. c. Pavilion, 8st. 9lb. K. Cannon 3
- 5 to 2 agst. Moorsprite.
- The St. Leger Stakes of £5,125, by subscription of 25 sovs. each, for three-year-olds ; colts, 9st. ; fillies, 8st. 11lb. ; Old St. Leger Course (about one mile six furlongs and 132 yards).
- H.R.H. the Prince of Wales's b. c. Diamond Jubilee, by St. Simon—Perdita II. H. Jones 1
- Mr. W. Low's br. c. Elopement M. Cannon 2
- Mr. J. Reid Walker's ch. g. Courlan J. Sloan 3
- 7 to 2 on Diamond Jubilee.
- The Cleveland Handicap Plate of £435: the Sandall Mile.
- Mr. J. A. Drake's ch. h. Royal Flush, by Favo—Flush, aged, 9st. 6lb. L. Reiff 1
- Mr. J. Gubbins's b. c. St. Jacques, 5 yrs., 7st. 11b. J. Sloan 2
- Lord W. Beresford's br. m. Chinook, 5 yrs., 8st. 3lb. J. Reiff 3
- 11 to 2 agst. Royal Flush
- September 13th.—The Alexandra Plate (Handicap) of 430 sovs. ; last mile and a half over the Old Course.
- Sir J. Blundell Maple's b. c. Avidity, by Minting—Avelon, 4 yrs., 7st. 12lb. S. Loates 1
- Mr. Reid Walker's b. f. Hedera, 3 yrs., 7st. (car. 7st. 11b.) J. Sloan 2
- Sir Edgar Vincent's b. g. Latheron-wheel, 4 yrs., 7st. 9lb. G. McCall 3
- 100 to 12 agst. Avidity.
- The Rous Plate of £445, for two-year-olds ; (three-quarters of a mile).
- Mr. Brodrick-Cloete's b. f. Quest, by Orme—Quetta, 9st. O. Madden +
- Mr. G. F. Fawcett's b. g. Tin Soldier, 8st. 9lb. Rigby +
- Mr. J. Musker's br. c. Canterbury, 9st. 5lb. L. Reiff 3
- 8 to 1 agst. Quest.
- 100 to 12 agst. Tin Soldier.
- The Portland Plate of 735 sovs. ; Red House in.
- H.R.H. the Prince of Wales's ch. h. Lucknow, by St. Angelo—Luck, 5 yrs., 7st. 4lb. J. Sloan 1
- Mr. L. Neumann's b. h. Eager, 6 yrs., 9st. 12lb. M. Cannon 2
- Mr. J. A. Drake's b. c. Sir Hercules, 4 yrs., 7st. 13lb. J. Reiff 3
- 4 to 1 agst. Lucknow.

The Scarborough Stakes of 445 sovs., for three-year-olds that have never won a race value 200 sovs. before closing; Mile.

Mr. R. Forrest Tod's br. c. King's Lynn, by Royal Hampton—Countess Lillian, 8st. 5lb.

M. Cannon 1

Lord Falmouth's b. c. Crown Equerry, 8st. 5lb. S. Loates 2

Mr. G. Edwardes's b. or br. c. Santo, 8st. 12lb. ...K. Cannon 3

100 to 14 agst. King's Lynn.

September 14th.—The Park Hill Stakes of 1,080 sovs., for three-year-old fillies; Old St. Leger Course.

Mr. Russel Monro's b. f. Goosander, by Gallinule—Rose d'Amour, 8st. 13lb. L. Reiff 1

Mr. Douglas Baird's b. f. Sainte Nitouche, 8st. 13lb. ...S. Loates 2

Mr. Reid Walker's b. f. Winkil, 8st. 10lb. W. Halsey 3

7 to 2 agst. Goosander.

The Prince of Wales's Nursery Plate of 885 sovs.; the Sandall Mile.

Sir J. Blundell Maple's b. c. Mackintosh, by Florizel II.—Cuttercosts, 7st. 2lb. S. Loates 1

Duke of Portland's St. Aldegonde, 7st. 13lb. K. Cannon 2

Lord Derby's b. f. Glossalt, 8st.

11lb. C. Cannon 3

100 to 8 agst. Mackintosh.

The Doncaster Cup of 590 sovs.; about two miles.

Mr. J. A. Drake's ch. c. King's Courier, by Kingston—Sylitene, 3 yrs., 8st. 4lb. L. Reiff 1

Mr. W. Hall-Walker's b. f. Merry Gal, 3 yrs., 8st. 11lb. W. Halsey 2

Duke of Portland's b. f. La Roche, 3 yrs., 8st. 11lb. M. Cannon 3

7 to 2 agst. King's Courier.

The Doncaster Stakes of 580 sovs., for three-year-olds; one mile and a half.

Lord Durham's b. c. Mardi, by Marcion—Primrose Day, 8st.

12lb. F. Rickaby 1

Mr. T. R. Dewar's ch. c. Forfarshire, 9st. 3lb. M. Cannon 2

Mr. Reid Walker's ch. c. Hugh The Heron, 8st. 5lb. W. Halsey 3

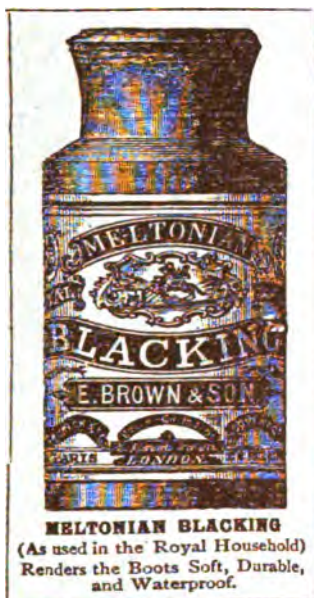
11 to 8 agst. Mardi.

ROWING.

September 10th.—Putney to Mortlake, George Towns v. James Wray (for the Championship of England), former won easily. Time, 22 min. 40 sec.

E. BROWN & SON'S

7, GARRICK STREET, LONDON, W.C.,
and 26, RUE BERGERE, PARIS.



MELTONIAN BLACKING
(As used in the Royal Household)
Renders the Boots Soft, Durable,
and Waterproof.

Boot Preparations

SOLD EVERYWHERE.



ROYAL LUTETIAN CREAM.
The best for Cleaning and
Polishing Russian and Brown
Leather Tennis Shoes, Polo
Boots, &c.



NONPAREIL DE GUICHE
Parisian Polish
For Varnishing Boots and
Shoes, is more elastic and
easier to use than any other.

SPECIAL ADVANTAGES TO PRIVATE INSURERS The Imperial Insurance Co., Ltd., FIRE.

1, OLD BROAD STREET, & 22, PALL MALL, LONDON.

ESTABLISHED 1803.

Subscribed Capital, £1,200,000. Paid-up Capital, £300,000.

Invested Assets (Capital and Reserves), over £1,500,000.

The distinguishing characteristics of this Institution are:—MODERATE RATES; UNDOUBTED SECURITY; PROMPT AND LIBERAL SETTLEMENT OF CLAIMS. Steam Thrashing Machines allowed without extra charge. Loss and Damage from Explosion of Gas and Lightning made good. Applications for Agencies invited from Professional and other Gentlemen of influence.

E. COZENS SMITH, General Manager.

HINTS TO HUNTSMEN.

By Colonel J. Anstruther Thomson. Fourth Edition. Price 1s., post free 1s. 1d.

THE LATE
LORD HENRY BENTINCK ON FOXHOUNDS.

Remarks on the late WILLIAM GOODALL's Method with the Belvoir Hounds.

Price 1s., post free 1s. 1d.

VINTON & CO., LTD., 9, NEW BRIDGE STREET, LUDGATE CIRCUS, E.C.

Horse, Carriage, & Cattle Insurance

The Horse, Carriage, and General Insurance Co., Limited,

Chief Office: 17, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, LONDON, E.C.

The Oldest and Largest Office of its kind in the United Kingdom.

Claims Paid Exceed £270,000.

A. WATERS, Managing Director
R. R. WILSON, Secretary.

BOLLINGER'S



CHAMPAGNE.

By Special Appointment
to
HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN
and
H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES



BRAND
ON
CORK
SINCE
1829

BAILY'S MAGAZINE

SPORTS and PASTIMES

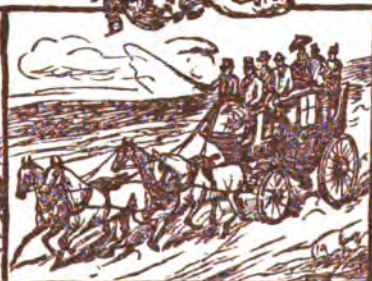
NOVEMBER, 1900.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
Sporting Diary for the Month	ix
Portrait and Biographical Sketch of Lord Middleton	309
Shore Shooting in November. By E. L. A.	312
Whips. By G. B.	315
A Gun-Room Causerie.—III. Cartridges. By "TRIGGER"	323
Experiences of Horses in the War. By AN OFFICER	326
Reminiscences of Oxford Life & Sport.—II. The Best of the Entry (Verses). By the late G. J. WHYTE MELVILLE	338
Notes of a Yatching Tour.—I. By THOMAS FORDER FLOWMAN	339
Leaves from a Hunting Diary	347
A Dream of the "Happy Hunting Fields"	350
The Sportsman's Library	354
Welsh Blood. By AMATEUR HUNTSMAN	357
The Hunting Season's Arrangements	358
"Our Van"	365
Sporting Intelligence (Sept.—Oct., 1900)	381

VINTON & Co., Limited

9, NEW BRIDGE STREET, LUDGATE CIRCUS, E.C.



H. L. SAVORY & CO.'S CIGARETTES.

BY SPECIAL WARRANT OF APPOINTMENT TO H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF Wales.
To be had of all the Leading Houses in the Trade, and may be had at all Depôts in France and Colonies, by concession granted by the French Government.
Specimen Sample Cases, containing all Sizes, 2s. 6d. each, with Price Lists.



BAILY'S MAGAZINE

OF SPORTS AND PASTIMES

No. 489.

NOVEMBER, 1900.

VOL. LXXIV.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE		PAGE
Sporting Diary of the Month.....	ix.	Mr. Peter Ormrod's.....	369
Lord Middleton	309	The Pytchley	369
Shore-Shooting in November.....	312	The Quorn	369
Whips	315	Melton	370
A Gun-Room Causerie—III. Cart-ridges.....	323	The Cottesmore	370
Experiences of Horses in the War.....	326	The Burton	371
Reminiscences of Oxford Life and Sport—II.	331	A Hunt in the Cliffs	371
The Best of the Entry (Verses).....	338	The Belvoir	371
Notes of a Yachting Tour—I.	339	The Rufford	371
"Leaves from a Hunting Diary".....	347	Mr. Fernie's	372
A Dream of the "Happy Hunting Fields"	350	The Warwickshire	372
The Sportsman's Library.....	354	Soldiering in South Africa.....	372
Welsh Blood.....	357	Polo	372
The Hunting-Season's Arrangements	358	Ireland	373
"Our Van":—		Sport at the Universities.....	374
Manchester September Meeting.....	365	Swimming.....	375
Newmarket First October.....	365	Golf	377
Kempton Park October Meeting....	366	"Mrs. Dane's Defence" at Wyndham's Theatre	377
Newmarket Second October.....	367	"The Wedding Guest" at the Garrick Theatre	378
The Royal Buckhounds	369	"The Price of Peace" at Drury Lane	380
		Sporting Intelligence, Sept.—October	381

WITH

Steel engraved portrait of LORD MIDDLETON.

Engravings of W. H. P. JENKINS; JOHN HAMFSON JONES AND DAIRYMAID; WHIPS; WILLINGATE SPAIN AND WILLINGATE DOE and GEORGE HART ON THE KNIGHT.

Lord Middleton.

IT is no form of words to say that Lord Middleton is quite the ideal of what a sportsman, a landlord, and a stock-breeder should be, and most readers of BAILY must be familiar with him in these several capacities. The annals of "the chase," to use a phrase which was more current in our forefathers' time than it is now, have of recent years been enriched by many a great run over the Yorkshire wolds, while there is scarcely a show held anywhere north of the Trent, to say nothing

of the spring shows in the metropolis, at which Lord Middleton's Shires, his Hunters, his Hackneys, or his Shorthorns, do not distinguish themselves.

A visit to Birdsall is, therefore, of deep interest for all who can appreciate good animals, and the pleasure of it is enhanced if you can find time to break the journey from York, and spend an hour or two at Malton, around which so many racing memories still cling. Birdsall has been the property of the Willoughbys—a

family to which Lord Ancaster and Lord Willoughby de Broke both belong—for two or three centuries, and the house is situated at one end of the estate, which extends over 14,000 acres, three thousand or more being at present in his own hands. There are two or three farms of a thousand acres, and the wolds, which extend away eastwards, are noted as being very good for turnips, and, with the chalk soil, are wonderfully well adapted for horses. From the front entrance of the house, which, though roomy and comfortable within, has no claim to architectural splendour, there is a fine view of the Birdsall beeches on the high wold, which are a landmark for miles around. It is not necessary to go further than the hall to be sure that you are in the house of a sportsman, as the first objects to catch the eye are a number of heads of stags shot in Skye and Applecross, this latter being the fine sporting estate in the far North of Scotland which Lord Middleton's father purchased from the Duke of Leeds, and where he himself always spends the months of August, September and October, only returning to Birdsall in time to begin the hunting season.

Many other sporting trophies are to be seen in various parts of the house, notably in Lord Middleton's own room, including six more "heads" from Applecross, four of the stags having been killed by himself. Interesting, too, is it to be shown the mask of the last fox which Nimrod Long killed in April, 1877. Four pictures by Alken of hunting scenes in Leicestershire, good portraits of the Pytchley Paradox and of Piper, a son of the Grove Pirate, of the thoroughbred sire Gordon, who has done such good service at

Birdsall, of the famous bull, Knight of Oxford 12th, are among those that adorn the walls. Another curiosity in this room is one of the wooden horns used before metal ones came in.

Lord Middleton has here a great variety of books relating to sport and stock-breeding of all kinds, as also to forestry and tree-planting, in both of which he is well versed, while a picture of the yacht, *Lady Eisa*, serves as a reminder that he was at one time very fond of the sea, and spent some time cruising in the Mediterranean. A straw hat gaily bedecked, which hangs upon one of the "heads," is a survival of his Eton days, for it was the one he used to wear when rowing in the *Prince of Wales*; and this leads by a natural transition to some talk about his early life.

Born in 1844, and the eldest of thirteen children (ten of whom are still alive), he was at a private school in Hatfield before going to Eton, where he spent five years. Having made a tour in the east with a tutor, he got his commission in the Scots Guards, and served in that distinguished corps until his marriage in 1869 to the only daughter of the late Sir Alexander Gordon Cumming. His father being still alive at the time of his marriage, he and his wife lived for seven or eight years at Settrington, a property which was in turn possessed by Queen Elizabeth and the Dukes of Lennox, and was bought by the sixth Lord Middleton. Here he already began to breed stock, going in for Kerry cattle and black Berkshires; and on the death of his father in 1877 he moved to Birdsall, and went in largely for Clydesdale Short-horns and Shires. For some time he had the late Mr. Drew's Clydesdale stallion Prince George

at his stud, and the Shorthorns, which he has now been breeding for close upon a quarter of a century, are nearly all of the Bates' blood. He carried on, almost as a matter of course, the hounds which his father had hunted for so many years, a pack bought by the late Lord Middleton from Sir Tatton Sykes, when he took over the country in 1853. Much of their blood went back to hounds given to the Sykes's by the 6th Lord Middleton—who bought them from Mr. Corbett when succeeding him in Warwickshire.

This Lord Middleton, both in that name and as Mr. Henry Willoughby, had previously been Master of this East Riding pack, and a letter in his hand is now framed at Birdsall, presenting to Sir Tatton Sykes no fewer than nine of his best horses for use with the hounds.

The country is varied woodland and low country wolds, with stiff posts and rails in the latter. The foxes are good and run straight, so that you want fast hounds and good horses. At the last annual dinner to the gamekeepers and earth-stoppers it was said that though there were plenty of foxes in the country, they had been much disturbed by badgers, of which no fewer than 54 had been killed during last season, while many were still left. Foxes appear, however, to have suffered from mange in the woodland country about Castle Howard and Hovingham. But there cannot be much the matter when a pack has such a record as that of having killed 41 brace of foxes, and run 25 brace to ground in 101 days, of which not one was a blank, while there was a run of a twenty-two miles' point from Birdsall to Sutton-on-Derwent.

It is a treat to see the hounds which have afforded such sport as

this, and Lord Middleton's kennels, which are only a few minutes' walk from the house, rightly enjoy the reputation of being about the finest in the kingdom. The normal strength of the pack is about 50 couples, and among the individual hounds which will not fail to take the fancy of a connoisseur, are Woodpecker, by the Grafton Woodman, Patriarch, Freshman, Grappler and Wicket. Grant may be complimented upon the condition of his pack. He ought to know his business, for, coming to Lord Middleton from Sir Bache Cunard, he had before that been kennel huntsman to Mr. Tailby, and whip to Lord Macclesfield. Needless to say that the hunt servants are very well mounted, most of the horses being bred by Lord Middleton himself, for he has always had some good thoroughbred stallions of the Queen's Premium type at Birdsall; the names of Morocco, Fingal, Ploughboy, Happy Land, Escamillo, Sherbrook, Peppermint, Gordon Hindley, Red Eagle, Scot Guard, Ballymore, at once suggest themselves; while the four last-named are there now.

The Shorthorns are well represented at Birdsall by Scottish Archer, a twelve-year-old bull bought from Mr. Duthie, a calf by him having recently made 300 guineas. Lord Middleton mentions that the Scotch cross with the Bates cattle has done wonders in recruiting the constitution of that high-bred line of blood.

The home farm at Birdsall contains no fewer than eight Shire stallions, one of which has a world-wide reputation, this being the nine-year-old Menestrel, a son of Hitchin Conqueror, whom Lord Middleton bought from Mr. Freeman Mitford, and for whom

he has refused 3,500 gs. Menestrel has won many prizes, and scales 23 cwt., which must be almost a "record" for a horse. Another good specimen of the Shire horse is Calamite, by Northwood out of a Harold mare. Lord Middleton has an old strain of Hackney blood, that has been on the place for many years, there being some very smart animals among them. It is not necessary to enlarge upon the benefits a great breeding district like that of which Birdsall is the centre must derive from having such specimens of all the best pedigree stock available at reasonable fees, Lord Middleton being specially anxious to be of service to his tenants and his poorer neighbours.

He discharges with the most exemplary discipline his many district and county duties. Last year he acted as President of the Yorkshire Agricultural Society, while this year he is President of the Shire Horse

Society. He held the same post in the Hunters' Improvement Society nine years ago, and was elected to the Council of the Royal this spring, so that he does not know what it is to have an idle moment. Attending to all the details of his Hunt, he is fully occupied during the winter, and although the effects of a long illness have made it difficult for him to ride to hounds, he is constantly out on his pony, one of his brothers acting as field-master.

Lord and Lady Middleton spend a few weeks each year at Wollaton, a place possessed by the family for some 600 years, with a house built by John of Padua (where, as readers of BAILY may remember, the Royal held its Show in 1888), and then, as mentioned above, they go up to Ross-shire for the stalking season, returning to Birdsall towards the end of October. Lady Middleton enters fully into all her husband's pursuits and pleasures.

Shore-Shooting in November.

TALK about the "tonic sting of a north-easter," I sighed to myself while cowering before a blast of that kind on the open mud-flats last week, and feeling its icy breath twine round my shivering frame as though thick navy serge and deep wool below were fairy gossamers — surely it is only those who have braved it on an open sea estuary with not a scrap of cover for miles who can rightly appreciate its properties! I had put the allurements of civilisation behind me the previous day; had slept at a desolate little village

inn over night on one of the great east-coast estuaries, and here I was the following afternoon a mile from hard ground, far out on the tidal mud with one weather-beaten old fowler for companion, and both of us bent on taking toll of the great flocks of wildfowl that had just arrived from the north and were driving about in wedges and horse-shoes under the leaden-coloured sky.

"Jarge," as my guide was universally called, with a stolid indifference to half a gale of wind or a temperature which seemed to

be sending ice crystal through the red blood in my veins, was digging a hole for us to hide in in the blue clay at my feet. He stopped for a minute to press the ash down in his short black pipe, and pointing to a wedge of birds over the sea, observed, "Them's wid-geon," and added pointedly, "if we'd been out of sight they'd a' come right overhead." It was enough; I seized a spare spade, and jumping into the hole, began shovelling out the sticky stuff for dear life. In twenty minutes we had it so deep that crouching at the bottom one's eyes were just on a level with the cockles. We lined it warmly with a truss of dry straw brought for the purpose; made all perfectly smooth outside—for on these immense levels the least thing will catch the eye of cautious wildfowl—and speedily tumbled in with our guns.

How strange and desolate it all looked from that lowly position! The tide, just on the turn, was an ashy-coloured expanse far away in the eastward; to the west the winter sun was setting in angry reds and greens over the low inland hills, whose shadows already lay heavy on the wide marsh-lands between us and them. And between marsh and sea, as far as the eye could reach, were endless stretches of barren mud that would be presently swallowed by the water, and over which the keen wind whistled and sighed with wild hyperborean playfulness, as if rejoicing in the fact that here at least was a playground where neither stock nor stone, nature nor man, had erected a single obstacle to its freedom.

What a strange, empty world it all was, from a crab or starfish point of view, I was just thinking to myself, with my pipe chattering in my teeth and my 12-bore feeling like a shapeless lump of

lead in my numb hands, when "Jarge," whose heart is sterling gold, though his manners are unfinished, gave me a powerful dig in the ribs with his elbow and muttered, "Wild duck, four on 'em!" and turning where he looked I saw a cluster of dark objects low down over the sea coming towards us. On they came, swift and straight, like a flight of arrows; in ten seconds they were over the land, in another five overhead. "Bang!" went the longshoreman's ready gun; "bang, bang," went mine also, and two mallards came hurtling down from under the driving clouds, while another one left its companions, and with legs dropping and head up, descended slowly till it grounded a hundred yards further inland. Then the black retriever we had brought with us went out to collect the slain while we hurriedly re-loaded. Almost before he was safely back three curlews came by, one dropping to my right barrel.

By this time the tide was flowing, and when it once turns it comes in apace over these dead levels. As it rose it necessarily put up all the birds far and near that had been feeding along its margins, and with the fascination of one who loves wild nature better than all the pomp and circumstance of coverts or overstocked partridge manors, I saw pack after pack, flock after flock, of wild fowl, newly come from their homes in the north, rising in the air, while from the big sea outside and the disappearing sandbanks came in black clouds of widgeon and Brent geese till the November twilight was all alive with piping and whistling feathered life. We got a chance at an immense strand of golden plover, and though it was only the fringe of that moving cloud that came within reach, a s

lay strewn along the wet sands, and again the dog went forth. He was as keen on the bag as any fowler that ever haunted the slob in this wild November weather, and raced after the wounded birds first, killing them with a single nip as he caught them, and only when they were safely retrieved did he bring in the dead—a mouthful at a time. Then a pair of heron go by far overhead, croaking as they fly, and of all weird sounds in the gathering darkness surely that of those gaunt grey spirits of the twilight overhead is the most melancholy. But by this time we were as warm as toast, and with eyes for nothing but the ever-whirling and shifting panorama of bird life which the on-coming tide was putting up. A solitary widgeon, looking out for its company, falls to my companion's gun as the dog is bringing in the last of the plover, and simultaneously my companion, who seems to have eyes all round his head, hurriedly bids me look behind. I twist round in the narrow hole just in time to see three redshanks going away between me and the last primrose strands of the fading sunset. It is a long shot to the nearest, but I risk it and have the pleasure which every shooter will appreciate, of seeing him roll up instantly and come down on a patch of shingle back foremost. Then the other gun misses a scoter, while a few minutes afterwards we both fire into a mass of knots, probably numbering many thousand, adding thereby eleven to our rapidly-growing collection.

There is no talk now of cold, though the north-easter is still tearing over the mud-flats, humming a singularly plaintive song as it strikes the ripples of the tide-way, and driving before it a fine spray from the salt pools that

stings the bare face like small shot. The dog lies panting at our feet listening with a sense probably many times acuter than ours to the voices of the night, and the great sea—turned to a huge black field of darkness—is racing in on our right. As it comes the birds no longer fly low along the margin, hoping against hope that a feeding ground here or there may still be bare. They have accepted the inevitable, hurrying off to their roosting-places on the inland marshes in all those quaintly-ordered formations that tell their species to the experienced eye as well as the birds themselves could. Maybe they are not so high as they appear, for it is all but dark now, and there is nothing to proportion height or distance by, but we are old gunners, and do not waste cartridge on stray shots. So we crouch and wait for a last chance, while a star or two comes out frosty and clear under the curtain of the night, and we can distinctly hear the sullen hiss of the water a hundred yards away running in on us over the flats. And presently that chance comes. "Jarge" suddenly sinks into a shapeless black heap at the bottom of the pit and pulls me after him. There is a moment or two of breathless suspense, during which he hisses in my ear the one pregnant word "Brent!" and then when we both jump up at the same moment to our feet a long line of wild geese are almost on top of us, their bodies looming vast against the dark sky, and the sound of their wings actually drowning the noise of the gale for a moment. I fire at the leader, but too hurriedly, and he goes on untouched. The second bird answers to my other barrel by turning completely over and coming down with a formidable

thud not twenty yards away. My companion, whom nothing disconcerts, scores with both his right and left, and then, in the exuberance of our satisfaction, we both rush out and help the dog to secure the victims.

By this time the tide is just a-lap with our hiding-place, and there is no time to be lost. We hastily tie up the birds into two equal bunches, shoulder guns and cartridge bags, and escape just as the water pours into the pit. It is well for us that the old fowler knows the way home over the quaking "slob" as he does, for there could scarcely be a more

bitter death than to be cut off from the mainland by some forgotten creek, and to await, far from any help, the inevitable result. But "Jarge" understands these dreary wastes as a townsman knows his High Street. In ten minutes we feel solid ground under foot; in five more we are on the marsh wall; and in another twenty at a glorious supper in the little tavern parlour which, with its blazing fire, its tightly-drawn red curtains, and beaming lamp, seems a palace of brightness after the wild playgrounds of the north wind and hungry sea we have left outside. E. L. A.

Whips.

No author has written a standard work on Whips; therefore whoever sets an example, feels like a literary pioneer. The figure on page 321 shows half-a-dozen good specimens of modern whips, manufactured by Messrs. Swaine & Adeney. If an historian examines them critically, he will wonder what instruments of castigation were used in the days of King Solomon. Let us piece a great deal of evidence together, and begin by ascertaining when the wisest King of Israel lived. He was born A.M., 2971, and died 3209. Evidently whips can be traced back to the time when the Temple was built, as anybody can verify who turns to The First Book of Kings, xii. chapter, 11th verse. We quote Rehoboam's scornful remark—"And now whereas my father did lade you with a heavy yoke, I will add to your yoke; my father chastised you with whips, but I will chastise you with scorpions."

The statement is repeated in the fourteenth verse of the same chapter. The Greeks also had an ingeniously cruel lash made of knuckle-bones, through which a string was threaded, but neither the freemen nor the slaves were often beaten with this abominable implement of torture.

In ancient Rome the "cat" was frequently used, and the victims fainted under their terrible punishment, and occasionally died from their injuries, for the lashes were sometimes made of wire, but usually of knotted cord. A representation of the above scourge may be seen on a "bas-relief of the statue of Cybele in the Capitoline Museum at Rome. Some flagella found at Herculaneum consist of several short chains, with knobs of metal at the end, attached to a short handle." Another point worth noticing in connection with Roman flagella is that gladiators fought with th

To judge from old coins, the whips used in the arena had only two lashes, and the same may be said of those used for driving.

Classical scholars will recollect that in ancient Rome, a bundle of rods (fasces) tied together, with an axe in the centre, were carried before a praetor or a consul as a badge of authority, to show that each possessed the right to execute or beat a subordinate. All things considered, we are justified in believing that the ancient "cat" or flagellum superseded primitive wooden goads that had no lash, and then, as the civilisation of ancient Rome gradually spread, whips having two lashes were introduced into States that were under Roman sway. But these whips being made of perishable material, no trace is now found of them, and we have to again search the Bible for any trace of their existence. A clue is given in a Harleian MS., executed in the eleventh century. We refer to a copy of "The Utrecht Psalter," which has a quaint illustration of a "cat" or flagellum with two lashes, similar to those used by Roman gladiators. At this stage in our inquiries we come to a standstill, because a copy of "The Utrecht Psalter" has an illumination of a whip, but the original MS. appears to have only a rude goad. Consequently, we leave our readers to decide upon the value of this information, for some may declare that no flagella were used in England before the eleventh century; other readers may argue that, if the Greeks and Romans used whips long before this period, probably the Britons used them also when driving their war chariots.

The Louterell Psalter of the fourteenth century shows a carter driving his team with a short stocked whip having three thongs;

an instrument more like a scourge than our conception of a driving whip. Needless to say there were no true driving whips until the date when coaches were introduced; and that did not occur till about the year 1600.

The next point that it is necessary to emphasise is this: From the time when the various whips we have alluded to were invented, up to the last century, very little ingenuity seems to have been exercised in the manufacture of whips. As we have seen, in the first instance they were constructed for corporal punishment, but subsequently they were used by carters to quicken the paces of beasts of burden, and then only one lash was required. But where are any old whips to be seen?

It is very rare to find a whip of any date earlier than the Stuart period; a few made in the reign of Charles II. still exist. Racing men need scarcely be reminded that the famous Newmarket Challenge Whip, of which more anon, dates from this period. Other whips of Charles II.'s time may be seen in private collections.

An important change was effected when whips were constructed with bent tops, as we use them now, for driving. Apparently this fashion came into vogue about the eighteenth century, when whip-making became a well-recognised industry. Hunting whips in the earlier half of the century were made with bent tops—like a short-handled carriage whip—as we learn from the pictures of James Seymour and his contemporaries.

The huntsman's whip of a later date, if clumsy, was a very formidable weapon. There is in Sir Walter Gilbey's collection at Elsenham Hall the whip which belonged to Hoswell, who was huntsman to Mr. Maynard, the

Countess of Warwick's grandfather (fig. 1). It is a large and heavy whip, constructed in much the same fashion as the plaited gut crops of the present day, with a long and stout thong and a hammer head of steel or iron, whose face suggests frequent and vigorous use upon obstructive gate locks.

About this time whip handles were covered with "shagreen," i.e., fish skin, dressed in a peculiar way, and fastened on to the stock in a manner with which no living workman is acquainted, for the manufacture of "shagreen" is, unhappily, a lost art.

In order to show at a glance the connection between ancient and modern whips, we give the following list, and regret that it seems impossible to satisfactorily fill the gap between the Roman period and the last century.

(a) The pre-historic whip was probably only a goad (*stimulus*). There is no reason to imagine that it was anything more elegant to look at than a long stick with a sharp point to it. This kind of goad was used up to the tenth century, and is even used in the nineteenth century upon sand donkeys, with both ends of the stick unsharpened.

(b) After the goad a mild form of "cat" was invented; it was used in the reign of Solomon. We may safely assume that it was constructed of two or more thongs of hide, securely bound to a wooden handle. This was in vogue A.M. 2971.

(c) Rehoboam had a severe edition of Solomon's whip. It was most likely made with bristles, or perhaps bones acted as substitutes for knots.

(d) The ancient Greeks, according to their historians and artists (*vide* the paintings on the walls of excavated buildings at



FIG. 6.—GOLD-MOUNTED RIDING-WHIP.

Herculaneum, Pompeii and elsewhere), had both cats or flagella mentioned in *c*. They also had others that were milder.

(*e*) The ancient Romans had flagella consisting of three short chains, with knobs of metal at the end, attached to a short handle. They resembled a diminutive stockwhip with three lashes. "Cats" with two and sometimes with three lashes of knotted cords, or even wire, were used. These lashes were called scorpions. The Romans also had "fasces," *i.e.*, a bundle of rods tied together with an axe in the centre, this being a badge of authority.

(*f*) We may assume that the ancient Romans introduced "the cat" into the States which they conquered, for it will be remembered that they were strict disciplinarians.

(*g*) From an illuminated psalter, copied in the eleventh century, we gather that whips with two lashes were used in England at that period. In the fourteenth century the carter used a whip with three lashes.

(*h*) Prints of the fifteenth century show whips having only one lash.

(*i*) Postillions were employed in the eighteenth century and previous to that period, and consequently noblemen and gentlemen living in those times paid very little attention to driving whips, because they rarely drove themselves.

(*j*) In the eighteenth century whips were bent at the top, and became more shapely. The best cutting whip handles were made of "shagreen."

(*k*) Whips of the present day far surpass those which have been mentioned by historians, and they are not designed to permanently injure either a human being or an animal. The Russian knout, also

bullock whip and stockwhips, are not merciful correctors, but the Russian knout was not designed in the nineteenth century.

A curious whip in the Elsenham collection is the packman's (fig. 5). This is a specimen of the whip used by packmen and carriers in the latter half of the eighteenth century: the metal head unscrews to reveal within the thick part of the stock a receptacle for pen and ink and spare horse-nails.

There is no great difference, save in superior workmanship, between the carriage whip of 1790 and that of to-day. The thickened grip of the typical whip shown in fig. 2 is clumsier than the neatly graduated grip put upon our modern whips, but otherwise there is little to choose between the old and the new. Fig. 4 shows a phaeton whip owned and used by King George IV.; the stock is holly and the bark is left on where the twigs sprang from the parent stem. No. 3 dates from the year 1825 and deserves notice as being an early example of the whip with a whalebone top; the lower part of the stock is holly, and the point where the whalebone begins can easily be recognised from the absence of trimming.

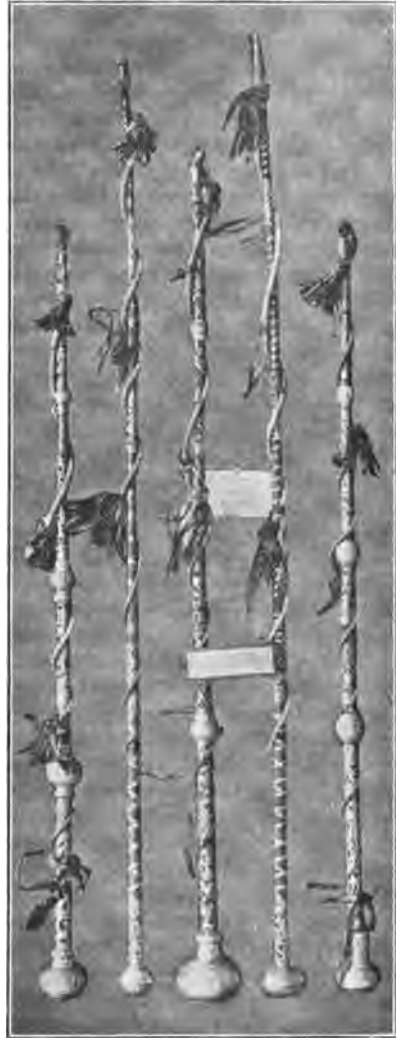
A beautiful example of chasing as applied to whips is shown in fig. 6. This is the head of a presentation riding-whip, date 1841; the gold head is chased to represent incidents in fox-hunting, while the figure on the top is that of a jockey.

Modern whips are wonderfully light and well-balanced; the best "stocks" are made of "rabbit-bitten" holly. In frosty weather, when rabbits cannot get much to eat, they gnaw the bark of hollies, and the places which they bite get frozen. After a good holly-stick has thus been ill-treated by

conies, it is cut and sold to a whipmaker, and the ungnawed bark is taken off, but the "rabbit-bitten" is left on. It forms an admirable grip for the hand. The best hollies are grown in Kent, but Sussex and the New Forest also supply fine stocks.

A good instance of history repeating itself is furnished by "dog-knee" stocks. They were used seventy years ago by four-in-hand coachmen and afterwards went out of fashion, and have only recently come in again. Most whip stocks are straight; the best are made from holly, but several other woods answer the purpose admirably, as blackthorn with the bark left on. Yew has a better "natural play" than any other, and lancewood is extremely popular; it is dressed in all kinds of patterns, and shaped to any size. Varnished green lancewood stocks are quite the rage, and so also are "built" cane. The latter are constructed as follows: a steel rod forms the centre, and six pieces of cane, in hexagonal shape, are built round it, overlapped at intervals with fine gut. The silver mounting is usually hexagonal shape, to match the stock. There are likewise jointed whips which are particularly useful for travelling, because they can be taken to pieces and fastened on to a board and put under the seat of a railway compartment, &c. As we mentioned before, modern whipmakers cannot make "shagreen" handles, but they can produce others that are even prettier. However, the Japanese surpass the English in this art, and plain ivory handles are frequently sent to Japan, and are returned in twelve months' time beautifully lacquered. A great number of the fancy handles made at home are cut out of lizard and crocodile skins. The

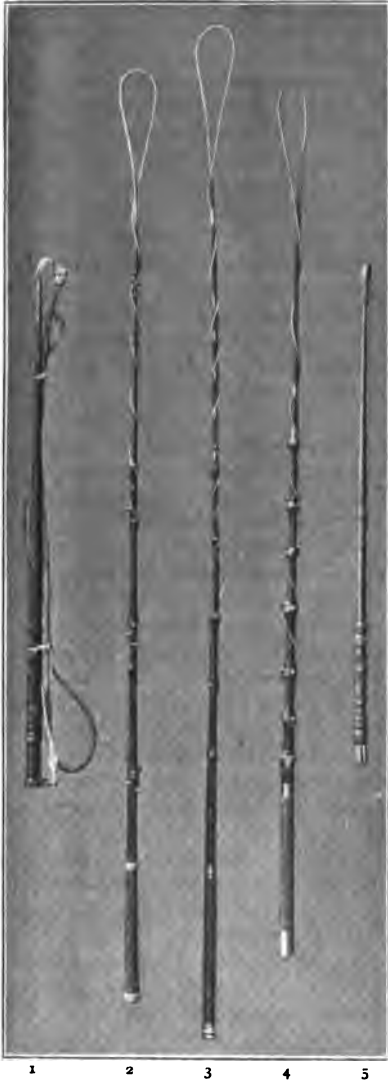
most serviceable are pigskin, they are more durable than Russian leather, although their smell is



SILVER-MOUNTED DRIVING-WHIPS.

Presentation driving-whips given by the King of Holland, at the end of the last century, as prizes in driving races.

less agreeable. Then we have seamless handles; each one is made by a calf's tail being

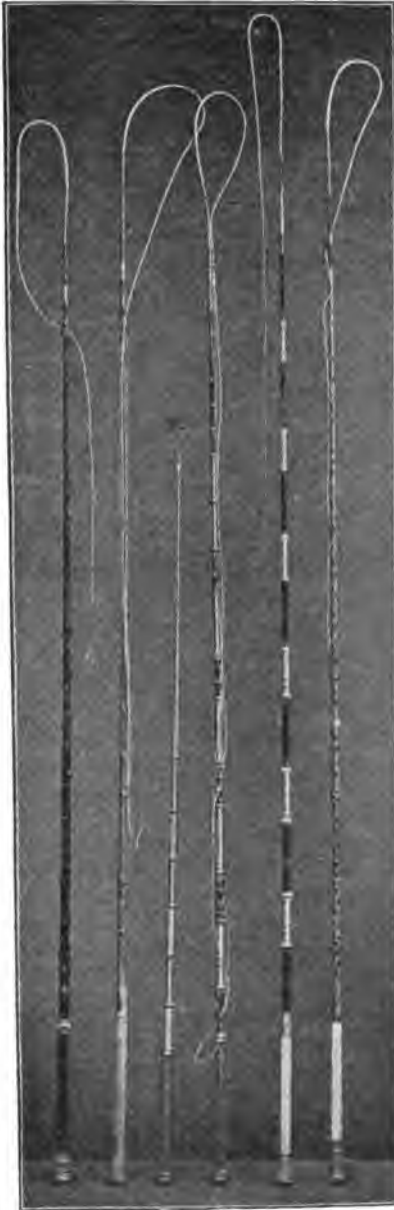


(1) Whip of Hoswell, huntsman to Countess of Warwick's grandfather, Mr. Maynard. (2) Typical whip, the year 1790 (English). (3) Whip, whalebone top, year 1825 (English). (4) Phaeton whip, formerly the property of, and used by, George IV. (5) Packman's whip of the period of George III., the handle having a receptacle for pen and ink and spare horse-nails.

dragged tightly over an iron tube.

To omit to call attention to crops, stock whips, cutting whips, American straight buggy whips, besides many other sorts, would be unsatisfactory; yet to give more than a few lines to each would mean lengthening an article until it became as voluminous as a book. Nevertheless, the following facts ought to be laid stress on, if only to call attention to the advance in the whip industry during the nineteenth century. We will run through the chief points of the leading varieties, and implore the reader's forgiveness if we fail to allude to some that are well worthy of being mentioned. A modern hunting crop often has a leather handle covering a third of the stock, from the silver mount upwards. Clouded rattan are generally considered to be the smartest cane hunting-crops, but they are not equal to those made from whalebone and covered with sheep or lamb gut. By the way, a popular error is to imagine that first-class whips are made with "cat gut"; the right expression is sheep or lamb gut.

The peculiarity of the polo whip is that it is much longer than an ordinary racing whip, and more swishy. A stock whip has sometimes a lash as long as eighteen feet, and its crack may be heard half-a-mile off, if the whip is skilfully whirled round a stockman's head, and then allowed to fall without being jerked. The best are those which are handmade on a station. It is advisable to have a smooth wooden handle, cut from an Australian tree that has a native name not unlike "Gedgee." A bullock whip is much heavier than its first cousin the stock whip; it requires two hands to crack it properly.



D, State four-horse whip made for Her Majesty's Coronation and repeated for the Jubilee, 1887. C represents a silk-braided postillion whip used for the creams on the same occasions. E and F represent State whips as used by some of the Indian princes.

When the atmosphere is in favour of a listener hearing noises a long distance, the report from this modern stimulus will travel three miles easily. But of course the ordinary bullock driver is not cruel enough to hit one of his team every time he uses his whip, or none of the animals would have a hide that was not scored with lash marks. "American straight buggy whips" are largely made at Westfield, Massachusetts; it is the principal industry of the town. Throughout the United States whips of all sorts are made by machinery; in England they are always made by hand.

A very effectual instrument of castigation is a species of cutting whip used in China, not only by "the heathen Chinese," but also by European residents. It is simply constructed, with three pieces of thin bamboo twisted round one another, secured at one end by a silver or tin mount, and at the other end by silk thread, fastening the three canes together, and also a short lash of three inches long. Needless to add that this pliable switch will cause a great deal of pain, if harshly applied to man or beast.

The curious old Dutch whips in the Elsenham collection deserve special notice. These are a good deal shorter than a modern driving whip; the stocks are adorned with chased silver bulbs, and the extraordinary orbicular butts, also of silver, chased and embossed, have a ring on the under side. The thongs are adorned with fringed leather tufts. These whips were given at the end of the last century by the King of Holland to the winners of the driving races which were a great feature of country life in Friesland; they were in fact equivalent to our Royal Plates, and were given to encourage the breeding of trotting horses

for which Friesland was, and is, famous. One of these whips bears date 1791 and a name (illegible) obviously that of the proud winner and the year of his success; another is dated 1798.

It will not be out of place to refer to the driving races for which these quaintly shaped whips were the prizes. Edmondo di Amicis in his work "Holland" (1874) says:—

On our way back to Leuwarde we met some peasant's carts drawn by those famous Friesland horses, which are considered the best trotters in the world. They are black with long necks, heads small and full of fire. . . . The races in which these horses run, called the *harddravieren*, are very characteristic relics of ancient Frisia. In every small town an arena is prepared divided into two parallel straight roads on which the horses run in pairs and successively, after which the winners run each against the other till one is victor over all and wins the prize.

From this account it would seem that the competing horses were "drawn" in couples on the same lines as greyhounds for a coursing match.

Jockeys prefer a racing whip with a small button, whereas gentlemen riders prefer a "high button," or, in plain language, a mushroom-shaped one. A jockey's whip should be very stiff. A "knout" usually has a bone handle, and sometimes only a wooden one; a leather flap acts as a substitute for a thong.

French whips are remarkably pretty, but, according to our insular prejudices, they are fanciful and have not the wearing qualities of English ones. Both French and German drivers hold whips high up, and consequently require longer sticks than those we use. All whips used in State processions come to a great deal of money, because the handles are elaborately braided with gilt wire and silk. The thong for a tandem is generally twelve feet long, on a

stick five feet three inches in length. Team whips are a little heavier and have a thong thirteen to fourteen feet in length, and a stick about five feet one inch. Whilst on this subject, it may interest good whips to learn that some accomplished four-in-hand drivers have been able to catch the lashes of two whips at the same time.

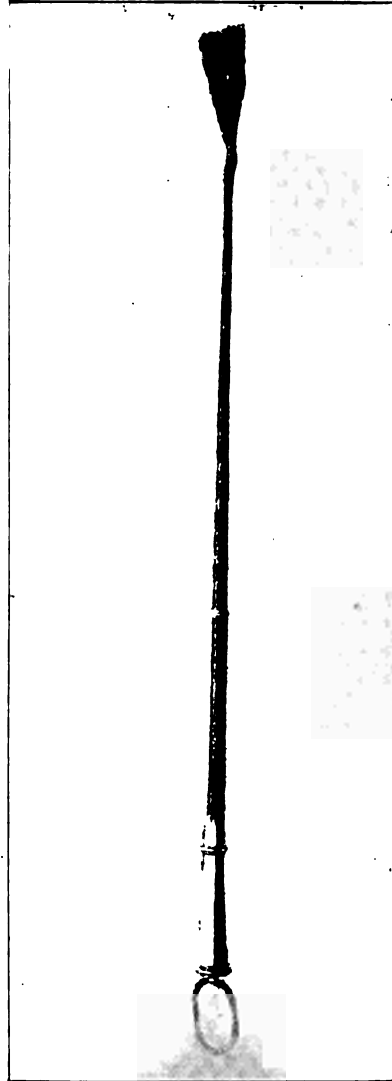
Ladies' whips fifty or sixty years ago were wretchedly flimsy little things. Ladies carry sensible crops in our time, but they do not always handle them in a professional manner. A lady's crop should be strong enough to give a determined refuser a good sound thrashing, at the same time it should be light and look like a neat and small edition of a hunting whip used by the stronger sex. A lady should carry a crop in her right hand, in order to prevent a horse from swerving on the off side; the lash should be gathered into two loops, and the stock held a few inches from the keeper. Few women can crack a whip easily on a fidgetty horse; in fact, it takes them all their time to use it gracefully on a quiet mount. The explanation is simple enough. Not one lady in a hundred has been taught to handle any kind of whip in a professional manner, and without a proper training nobody can excel in any accomplishment. To be able to "flick a fly off your leader's ear" is a feat which the dashing hero in a sporting yellow-back can do without difficulty, but those used to horses will agree that in life a man who can disturb a fly, apart from actually hitting it, with the point of his lash, is not an unhandy whip; for whoever can give one of his team a reminder on the exact spot he wishes to can usually drive with his reins. On the other hand, it by no means

follows that a coachman who can turn a difficult corner with leaders that run well up to their bits, is able to neatly use his whip over hot wheelers and jibbing leaders.

The famous Newmarket Challenge Whip, to which passing reference was made on a previous page, was originally the property of Thomas Lennard, Lord Dacre, whose arms are engraved upon it. Lord Dacre was created Earl of Sussex in 1674 by Charles II.; this young gentleman held some appointment at court, and "going the pace" after the fashion of his age, lost his money and part of his estates by gambling. It is believed that he gave the whip as a trophy to be run for at Newmarket; he died in 1715, and the first recorded race for the "Challenge Whip" came off in 1756, when Mr. Fenwick challenged, naming Matchem by Cade, and easily won from Mr. Bowles' Trajan. In 1764 H.R.H. the Duke of Cumberland won it with Dumplin.

Some of the best horses of their time have run for the Whip: in 1770 Gimcrack won it, beating Pilgrim: in 1775 Sweet William won, beating Transit: in 1777 Lord Grosvenor, the holder, was challenged by the owner of Shark against Mambrino, but Lord Grosvenor preferred to pay 100 gs. forfeit and keep the trophy: in 1778 Shark beat Dorimant, and in 1781 Lord Grosvenor challenged for the Whip, naming Pot-8-os, but his challenge was not taken up. Pot-8-os and Dunganon won it in 1783 and 1786 respectively. Thormanby, winner of the Derby in 1860, is one of the more modern winners of the trophy. In 1895 Prince Soltykoff won with Lorikeet, beating Glengall by six lengths: in the following year, the prince not defending, Lord Derby won with Dingle

Bay, who beat Mr. Leopold de Rothschild's Bevil by a long head. Mr. Archibald Gold was the last holder of the Whip. He chal-



THE NEWMARKET CHALLENGE WHIP.

lenged Prince Soltykoff in 1899, naming Villiers by Thurio—Lady Clarendon, and the Prince named Canopus to defend. Villiers made

all the running, and won by 15 lengths.

The race for the Whip is the longest run under Jockey Club rules: it is run at the Second October Meeting over the Beacon Course, 4 miles 1 furlong 177 yards. The weight to be carried is 10 stone, and the stakes 200 sovs. a-side. The Whip may be challenged for twice a year, and the challenge must be accepted or the trophy given up; no challenge issued last October, but the later opportunity was taken by Lord Ellesmere and Sir E. Cassel. Under the rules Mr. Archibald Gold was obliged to accept the challenge or resign holdership of the Whip by July 31st. Villiers

having died, he adopted the latter course, and thus the race was reduced to a match as is usual. The first sheet calendar in October contained the names of the horses nominated, Lord Ellesmere's Ultimatum and Sir E. Cassel's Gadfly to wit, and on the concluding day of the Newmarket Second October Meeting, Gadfly beat Ultimatum by four lengths, making Sir E. Cassell holder of the Whip for the year.

The Whip may not leave the United Kingdom. It is a short, heavy, old-fashioned jockey whip; the hair interwoven and plaited through the ring on the handle is from the tail of the famous Eclipse.
G. B.

A Gun-Room Causerie.

III.—CARTRIDGES.

To the sportsman possessing scientific instinct there is something very irritating in the dominance of the ordinary standard cartridge. He views it with feelings akin to that of the engineer who sees the railway gauge the Stephensons determined by measuring the axle of the first vehicle they happened upon accepted, and that calculated by Isambard Brunel forsaken. The cartridge came in the same hap-hazard fashion. Eley and Daw, two enterprising manufacturers of long ago, brought it from France, and by adopting its size for their own wares, created the standard cartridge case. Mathematically it is not what it ought to be. Its dimensions are wrong, both in relation to its contents and the capacity of the barrel in which it is fired. Still, it persists. The conveniences arising from ex-

tensive use are greater than the advantages expected from a change. The extra long cartridge did little to threaten the supremacy of the standard length. It remains to be seen whether the short cartridge will prove a serious rival.

Time was when, given a gun of a certain calibre, the right load was found for it and adopted. Now, if there is any one rule that governs the general construction of shot guns, it is that each gun is built of such dimensions as will best serve to shoot a given charge. In old days one measured the charge by the number of fingers'-breadth the ramrod projected from the muzzle; with the early breech-loaders the maximum load was determined by the length of the standard cartridge-case. A quarter of a century ago choke-boring was adopted and the shooting of guns

improved. New explosives, hard shot, accurate loading and many things of less importance, all contributed to a better performance at targets and game. The cartridge case remained of the same size. Adherence to the standard cramped guamakers and hindered the development of sporting explosives. Pigeon shooters broke away from the bonds by using extra long cases in special weapons, but their requirements were of a special kind, and the lengthening of the case was much the same sort of thing as yacht designers resort to in order to get the greatest advantage with a certain rule of measurement. Their efforts have but little practical effect upon shipbuilding, and pigeon guns and cartridges are not generally used for game shooting.

With guns and explosives the tendency is towards concentration. Guns are made lighter, shorter and handier; modern explosives increase in strength as they diminish in bulk, and loads are smaller than they were. A cartridge case of the standard length is not required in order to obtain the best shooting with the standard charge and load. No advantage is derived from filling up with wadding; the cartridge case ought to be shorter, and the chamber shorter too. Guns specially built for short cartridges would meet all the ordinary requirements of sportsmen. Without sacrificing the shooting qualities the barrels might be shorter, the gun, therefore handier and better balanced, and, possibly, other advantages developed which at present are not apparent.

Every one who has used the 2-in. cartridges in ordinary guns has found the advantage of the shorter case. The cartridges are lighter, they extract better, and

they are cheaper. On the other hand, there is the risk—a slight one, certainly—that the shot may ball occasionally. That risk would be avoided if the guns were specially chambered for the short cases, but the short chamber in the gun of ordinary dimensions would not be so advantageous as a gun built throughout to use a short cartridge and no other. It is this last that is specially recommended to sportsmen and gunmakers.

Apparently the short cartridges perform well in the ordinary gun, choke-bored or cylinder. Here is an instance: nine brace of birds and five rabbits bagged in September with twenty-four consecutive shots; two-inch cases loaded with concentrated nitro and one ounce of No. 7 hard shot. All were fair sporting shots at usual ranges. One bird was hit with the first barrel and would probably have dropped and been bagged, but as there was no attempt at making a record, nor any wish to make retrieving difficult, it was dropped with the second barrel. Another bird, an old cock leading a covey towards standing corn, was turned towards the guns by a marker, and, swerving suddenly, came towards the shooting line at a great pace—that of a driven bird late in the season. He dropped at twenty-five yards most completely riddled, and fell with a resonant thud. The body was carefully examined. There were no traces of balling, but there was not a bone unbroken. Of course, in that instance the shot may have balled, but, on the other hand, no one who has had experience of the cylinder gun and soft shot will deny that when using those the like may not have occurred.

It does not follow that the cartridge good enough for shooting early in the season will prove

effective when birds are wild and heavily feathered. Whether the short cartridges are good enough all round, or not, in nowise affects the contention that they are all sufficient for early shooting. The man who of necessity carries a good all-round gun on every occasion will not deny that sometimes he has too much gun, and if the short cartridge did no more than lessen their burden when the days are long and the weather hot, sportsmen will be grateful. For those sportsmen who specialise, a gun for the two-inch cartridge will become as indispensable for September shooting as a trout rod is to the fly-fisher. The full advantages are not to be had in any other way. It will not do to choose a smaller bore as being the equal of the larger bore with the shorter cartridge, for the smaller bore, whether 16- or 20- is equally with the 12- burdened with a cartridge too long for the best shooting that can be obtained with it when using the best modern ammunition. Some day, doubtless, two-inch cartridges will be procurable in these gauges also.

Cartridges are very much better

made than they used to be. They are of better material, and improved processes of manufacture have increased the strength, uniformity and finish, but they are not perfect. Cases wholly of metal have their disadvantages even as paper ones have. Possibly the right material has not yet been found. If the new method of making celluloid incombustible does not weaken it, or render it pervious to moisture, celluloid is an ideal material. It is stiff, light, elastic and has a surface which no cartridge metal can equal. A case made of it should give a capacity equal to that of the unlined "Perfect," and it should extract better than any yet produced. Whatever material is next tried, and there have been many futile essays during the past decade, the object should be to provide a shorter and lighter cartridge case than at present in use. Whether it can be easily loaded by sportsmen is not now a matter of much importance, and as to the cost, that even is of less moment than it was, for sportsmen are always ready to purchase anything which is really advantageous. TRIGGER.

Experiences of Horses in the War.

BY AN OFFICER.

A PROMINENT and not very satisfactory feature of the campaign has been the enormous expenditure of horseflesh. This has at times brought our force to a standstill, and the replacement of casualties has always been a matter of the most serious difficulty. To a certain extent this has been unavoidable, the conditions of the campaign having been most trying to horses. Yet some-

thing might have been done to remove, or at least to mitigate, one cause of the waste. Remounts have always, or nearly always, been issued in very soft condition, frequently a few days after coming off a long voyage by sea. Such horses are quite unfit for work and require some weeks of slow, steady exercise to fit them for it. Regiments which were engaged in active operations could

not achieve this. As soon as horses were received from the remount depôt they had to go to work, with the inevitable result that they speedily collapsed and created a demand for yet more remounts. There are occasions in war when men must be hurried along by forced marches and on short rations, regardless of the number of casualties that these hardships may entail. Much more freely must the same conditions be enforced upon horses in case of need.

In some cases, then, it has been impossible to avoid the issue to regiments, and the working by them, of horses totally unfit for work. But this should have been the exception and not the rule. The rule should have been that remounts should be kept at the depôts for some weeks at least, and while there given regular daily exercise and thus got into at least fair condition before issue. The answer will probably be that this was impossible, and perhaps it was in existing conditions; but is there any reason why the staff of the remount depôts or the number of those depôts should not have been largely increased? Cape boys or natives of India could have been procured in unlimited quantities to do the work of exercising, and any expense thus incurred would have been repaid a hundredfold. Even if it had been necessary to withhold the supply of remounts from regiments at the front while this system was being inaugurated, the consequent delay in the operations would have been far more than compensated for by the subsequent increased efficiency of the horses.

It is interesting, if humiliating, to note how the Boers have kept the field with no supply of remounts from over the seas to fall

back upon. Yet the average Boer is a heavy man, an indifferent rider and not over careful of his mount. I have never seen a Boer dismount to ease his horse if he would not have done so for his own convenience. The reasons of their success are three:—(1) that the South African horse is probably the best troop-horse in the world; (2) that he has been fed throughout on his accustomed food; (3) that he started on the campaign in good working condition.

The South African horse, though often mean in appearance, possesses, in a high degree, the three chief qualities that go to make a troop horse, endurance, hardness and tractability. This should be remembered after the war and great efforts made to encourage throughout the country the industry of horse breeding, which, since the introduction of ostrich farming, has been much neglected and too often grossly mismanaged. The horses employed by us have been of various breeds and nationalities, chiefly English, Australians and Argentines, and, for general military purposes, I should class them in the above order of precedence. (I do not take account of their cost.) All have, therefore, started on the campaign with the disadvantage of a recent sea voyage and consequent loss of condition. It has been most noticeable that horses which started in the best fettle have suffered the least from the sea voyage, notably, the London 'bus horses. This appears to stultify the instructions given in the Queen's Regulations, in accordance with which horses should be got into soft condition before embarkation. The way in which the "bussers" kept their condition during the campaign was also very noticeable. Subsequent to

the relief of Ladysmith, I saw a good deal of one of the batteries that had been through the siege. This battery was one of the Indian contingent and was horsed principally with Walers (as Australian and New Zealand horses are generally called, though, strictly speaking, the term is only applicable to those from New South Wales). Shortly before the investment this battery had received about a dozen "bussers," recently arrived from England. Thus all, Walers and "bussers," started under similar conditions as to sea travel. It will be remembered that the conditions of existence for horses during the siege were most trying. As one officer expressed it, "We lived on the horses; the horses lived on each others' manes and tails." Needless to say, the results of these privations were clearly and sadly to be seen in protuberant ribs and hip-bones, and in hollow flanks. At the same time it was most noticeable that a certain small number of horses had kept their condition very much better than the remainder, and inspection proved that these favoured beasts were, almost without exception, the honest slaves of the 'bus. The grand, hard condition in which these horses had been kept for a long period previously had asserted itself in a very marked manner, and perhaps the superiority of the national breed had brought it the fore.

On the latter point I am aware that the numerous admirers of the Waler will not be at one with me. I have so often heard his praises sung that I quite recognise the contentious nature of my remark, and, accordingly, I proceed to give my reasons for preference for the home-bred animal. Apart from Australians and New Zealanders, who are naturally and

properly biased in favour of their own goods, the majority of those who profess admiration for the Waler are officers who have had experience of him in India, where he is very largely used by our cavalry and artillery. Compared with the English troop horse, he shows a good deal the more breeding, and therefore a squadron of cavalry or a battery of artillery in India is a more pleasing object and is capable of more rapid movement at manœuvres and field days than the same unit of our home army. To this, I believe, the preference for the Waler is in great measure due. Further, be it said to his credit, his legs are admirably clean and sound, so that he can stand work on hard ground which would probably be ruinous to the English troop horse. Beyond these, I have been unable to discover any points of superiority in him, though my experience has not been very limited. Now for his failings. He does not bear transportation to tropical climates, at any rate not to those north of the equator. Both in India and in Egypt I have seen abundant evidence of this. In fact, during his first hot weather in India, and often even during his second, he is incapable of real work, and has to be carefully nursed and dieted.

In India, the number of English horses is small and practically limited to a very small number of racers, and a very few chargers and hacks, so there are no data for instituting a comparison between these and Walers. In Egypt and the Soudan, however, I had the opportunity of doing this. In 1885, at Suakim, and subsequently at Cairo, I had a good deal to do with the horses of the New South Wales Artillery, and also with a batch of about sixty Australian remounts which

were landed at Suez and sent up to Cairo. Side by side with these were two batteries of artillery with English horses. During the hot weather the Australian suffered greatly, and were practically useless, while the English horses seemed little affected. I attributed a good deal of the trouble of the Waler to the change of seasons to which he had to adapt himself. It must, of course, be very trying to a horse to find the hot weather rapidly coming on at the time when he has just completed his arrangements for the growth of a thick coat to withstand the cold of winter. I was, therefore, very glad to have an opportunity of comparing the two breeds in the southern hemisphere, where they have met in the present war. I have had a large number of both breeds through my own hands, and have had opportunities of observing hundreds of others, with the result that my opinion as to the superiority of the English horse remains unshaken, though, in South Africa, the conditions of climate were all in favour of the Australians, and those of food certainly not in favour of the English. The latter left England in the early winter, with long or fast growing coats, and landed in South Africa to find there such heat as they had never before experienced. But they did not seem to find this difficulty insuperable. I came across no cases of simple debility such as is so common among Walers in India. In fact, I found that, of the two, the English horse did much the better in the trying conditions of the campaign. Of the good points of the Waler above noted, the appearance is less important in time of war than in peace, while the superior speed is not maintained. That veteran

cavalry soldier, Brigadier Gerard, records, in one of his incomparable memoirs, that he would be well content if he knew that his horses were able to walk at all times and to trot when in presence of the enemy, and I fancy that all who have engaged in war for more than a few weeks at a time will agree with him. The really valuable article is not the horse which can gallop five or six furlongs at high speed, but the one that can do a long march under a heavy weight on scanty rations and can keep on doing it day after day.

Another point in favour of the English horse is that he is certainly more tractable than the Waler, although the latter has, in this respect, made great improvement during the past twenty years.

As to the breeding of horses in South Africa to which I referred above, my ideas as to how improvement should be effected in this matter are as follows:—

(1) A number of stallions should be imported by Government and placed at the disposal of farmers and others at a low fee. Personally, I favour the English thoroughbred for this purpose, and my observation in South Africa has convinced me that these produce the best results. South African horses are small as a class, and it is very desirable to increase their size. A number of breeders have jumped to the primitive conclusion that the way to do this is to use the largest and heaviest sires procurable. They have, accordingly, imported Clydesdales, Cleveland, Hackneys, etc., to mate with weedy, undersized mares, the product being, almost invariably, a hideous parody of a horse with a Clydesdale head on a skinny pony's frame, or some similar equine

monstrosity. A superficial study of the theory and practice of horse breeding would have saved much money ill-spent in this direction.

To my mind the horse to mate with the light South African mares averaging between fourteen and fifteen hands is a thoroughbred about 15·2, of a stout stock with plenty of bone and substance. The valuable quality of tractability which South African horses now possess should be carefully maintained, and no horse of vicious or nervous temperament should be imported.

(2) One of the chief causes of the small size of the horses is the systematic starving of mares at foaling time. The veldt is then at its barest, and few farmers think it worth while to feed their brood mares. This prejudice will be very difficult to deal with, and can only be overcome gradually by liberal distribution of prize-money for well-kept mares and foals, and perhaps by denying the use of Government stallions to mares in very low condition.

(3) After the experiences of this campaign it seems unlikely that it will be difficult for breeders to find a ready market. But useful lessons are quickly forgotten, and should the difficulty be found to exist, the Government must exert itself to facilitate the sale by all means in its power.

(4) The terror of horse owners in South Africa is horse sickness. It is almost impossible to estimate what would be the value of a

discovery that would put an end to this scourge. Yet we seem singularly supine under the burden. I believe that an expert bacteriologist, with a good salary, is working somewhere in the Eastern Colony to discover a preventative, but so far he has not been successful. A reward of £20,000 or £50,000, or even more, might well be offered to anyone who would devise a really satisfactory means of dealing with horse sickness. And such an offer would induce a number of the most skilled scientists in the world to devote their attention to the subject.

If this campaign has taught us anything, it has taught us that mobility in war is all-important, a fact, indeed, most ably demonstrated a century ago by one Napoleon Buonaparte. Mobility requires good horses and plenty of them, and if South Africa can produce the best, as I for one believe that it can, no expense should be spared in developing the production.

A detail in conclusion. It would be wise, in peace time, to accustom our troop horses, as far as possible, to the varieties of food which they are likely to encounter on service. Many of ours turned up their noses at "mealies" (Indian corn), even when hungry; and it is well known that a horse's stomach is liable to be upset by unaccustomed food, such as barley or oat hay, which it may be called upon to digest when on active service.

R. A.

Reminiscences of Oxford Life and Sport.

II.

BEFORE separating for the vacation a whipper-in had been appointed, W. H. P. Jenkins, then of Merton College (afterwards to be "Mr. Merton," of steeplechase fame). About a month before the end of the long vacation I went up to read, as I had an examination to prepare for, and with a view of "killing two birds with one stone" to utilise my spare time in getting a pack together. With the help of a capital sporting farmer and livery-stable keeper named George Ford, some ten couples of what the London dog-dealers called foxhounds arrived on the scene and were safely housed in their new kennels. An excellent runner was engaged who knew the country well, and was also to act as dog-feeder. The farmers in the different districts were most good-natured in helping us, and, unless any special damage was done, which I don't remember ever being the case, a present of wine was all they would accept for the privilege of riding over their land. The season was wound up by a festive drag supper, to which as many as possible were invited. Of course care was taken to keep clear of all coverts, and avoid those farms whose occupiers in any way objected.

The first training operations, answering to cubhunting in higher regions of sport, commenced under considerable difficulties. We were all strange to each other, and hounds were wild and very "impossible." They were at first laid on to the drag in couples or with long chains, and thus kept under some control. They were always rewarded with a tit-bit from a

sheep's paunch when they ran into their "quarry," and thus by careful drafting and other purchases from time to time a very useful lot was ready for the opening day. Arrangements had been made for sufficient country for two days a week, and members quickly increased. It was not quite as novice that I undertook to "carry the horn," as many a gallop I had had at home with all



W. H. P. JENKINS.
("Mr. Merton," Whipper-in to Drag, and afterwards Master.)

the terriers that could be collected, which used to run aniseed greedily. This is a good tip for boys as a holiday amusement when hounds are not within distance. We found that sheep's paunch in a bag well saturated with aniseed was the best scent that could be used, and we seldom were disappointed in having a real good

gallop. Twenty-five to thirty minutes was usually the time we ran; half-past two the time of meeting, so that we reading men could start after lunch and get back for five o'clock chapel. In my time at University College the man who regularly got his four evening chapels in the week was considered everything that was good; but this was only learnt by experience, as Freshmen were told that they must attend morning chapel, or at least once a day.

It was considered incorrect to ride one's own hunters with the drag, as it would be likely to spoil them; so men generally hired for the occasion. Personally, I never found this was the case, especially as we did not encourage the custom of racing for the finish as was always done at Cambridge. I had by this time, by luck and good management, scraped together a couple of good horses, and never had I better fun than during my mastership, and never, as far as I can remember, damaged one of my own horses with the drag.

The fastest thing I ever rode was one day in the South Oxfordshire country on the Waterperry side. Much to my horror, as I was trotting off to lay on the hounds, I spied the man who laid the drag coming home; he had run a big ring. Before I could do anything hounds got wind of him where he crossed the road, and away they went heel way. There was nothing for it but to ride; all the fences carefully planned were the wrong way on, and hounds simply seemed to fly! "Grief" was plenty and often, and I can see them now picking up the pieces in all directions. A big fence with double ditches was charged abreast by the three leading men, The Skinny, the

little blood mare I was riding, being the only one to find a leg for the second one. Sir Charles Forster (the present popular master of the South Staffordshire) and Ford, the horse dealer, were the other two; they, however, joined me at the next fence, and the rest of the journey was negotiated in safety. I well remember how watches were consulted and the conclusion arrived at that we had run the distance in Grand National time! However that might have been, it was a good performance for such an occasion, and it went down as a red-letter day in the annals of the hunt.

Three other gallops are distinctly impressed on my recollection. One over a first-class line of country in the neighbourhood of Bletchington; old Lord Valentia sent us a special invitation, and his house party assembled near the house to see the finish. The run was fast throughout, and it was a proud moment of my life when I galloped up the rising ground in the same field with the hounds as they ran into their—fox, I had nearly written, but may the time be far distant when a drag hunt takes the place of legitimate hunting.

Another gallop which, if we had only had a fox before us, might take its place on the same hunting page as the best recorded. We were to run two twenty-five minutes. Ford had mounted me on two valuable young horses, so a check had been arranged judiciously as they crossed the road by Radley school. How we raced across the large grass park adjoining the school! (It may be altered now.) My second horse was waiting as I jumped into the roads, and we were away without dwelling a minute. The scent was so good they flashed forward, and the check never came off. A lot

of grief, I remember, too; a great pal of mine and one of the chief supporters of the hunt (the late John Hampson Jones) had no less than five crumpers in the first twenty-five minutes. Nothing daunted, however, he rode the run throughout. It is worth recording that the mare Mr. Hampson Jones rode on this occasion was a four-year-old he had bought from my father for £120. I afterwards repurchased her. She was called Dairymaid and was the dam of Gluepot, and the foundation of

found myself alone at the meet. The drag was laid, and a considerable number of people had assembled to see the finish. I did not at all fancy the ordeal, but being pressed not to disappoint them, I consented to put on the hounds and ride the run. Fortunately old Jack Tar, of whom more by and by, had been sent on for me and he carried me brilliantly, negotiating the big double three fields from home without a mistake. I managed to keep with hounds from "find to finish," and



JOHN HAMPSON JONES AND DAIRYMAID.

the good line of hunters—now entered in the Hunter Stud-book—and from which, crossed with hunter-bred sires, have been bred so many good ones. Sir Walter Gilbey's Real Glue was of this strain.

The third I will mention was over the strongly-fenced Waterperry line with the well-known Waterperry brook, and it had been a good deal discussed as to the probability of some of the horses "getting the course." This uncertainty and a variety of other unforeseen circumstances prevented anybody turning up, and I

they ran fast all the way. My only regret was that there was no one else to enjoy the fun, as it was really a first-class gallop.

After I left the drag went on very prosperously for some time. "Mr. Merton" succeeded me as huntsman and master, and "Johnny" Cookson (a hunting name to conjure by) whipped-in to him; and I hear that it is still going strong. There are always plenty of men at Oxford to patronise an institution which affords such an amount of amusement, and which is an excellent way of economising time and money if

regular hunting is out of the question. It also teaches men how to get quickly over a country and ride their own line. As I mentioned before, the drag was not in my time extensively patronised by Christchurch men, although some of them joined later on. There was rather a feeling that, as it was not started by their college, it was beneath their notice, especially as formerly they had chiefly supported it, and, in fact, they were a bit jealous.

At that time the only college steeplechases that were run were those held by Christchurch—the Christchurch Grinds, as they were called. The same college, as it does still, owned the pack of beagles, and was the principal supporter of the Bullingdon Club, on which ground not only were the cricket matches played, but once a week flat races were held for anyone liking to enter on the payment of two shillings and sixpence or five shillings for each race. The Derby and Chester Cup were the two great events, the latter being run twice round the course, supposed to be two miles. Basket pony-traps were just coming into fashion, and these were utilised to compete in chariot races round the same course. These amusements went on only during the summer term, and most enjoyable afternoons were spent. I remember riding an old bay horse called the Dervish, at one time, I believe, much fancied for the Derby; he had, however, fallen so far in the scale as to become an Oxford hack, and was such a "thief" it was only occasionally he could be induced to win even at Bullingdon. It was always fatal if he heard the crack of a whip. My rival jockey found this by chance, and once, just as I had the coveted prize within my grasp

crack, crack went the whip on the boot of my pursuer, and back went the old Dervish's ears and I was beaten by a length! Of course such a horse could only be ridden with perfect quietness on the part of his jockey; but once I scored, and when within a couple of lengths of the post feeling him shut up, I dropped the whip twice down his shoulder, and, taken by surprise, I landed him a winner. In another stride he had collapsed!

It was not likely that the members of the drag were going to be satisfied without their "Grinds," and allow "The House" to monopolise this form of amusement. Lack of funds was the principal drawback to our enterprise, but by the good-natured co-operation of our boating and other friends, on December 9th, 1862, "University College Grinds" came off. On very amateur lines they were conducted, but sport was of the best, and they caused as much excitement as if we were to ride the Grand National. A short account of the races may perhaps afford some little amusement at our performances. For the "Open Steeplechase" The Skinny was made favourite at 2 to 1. In spite of the entreaties of her owner not to back her, his friends would put the money on. Her reputation had been established when "carrying the horn" with the drag, and that was enough. I was determined to give my friends a good run for their money. J. Horsfall (afterwards the eminent physician of Leeds and Bournemouth) made most of the running, and won easily on Spangle, and The Skinny was ridden a waiting race; one by one her competitors fell or refused—two fences from home Henry Brassey (the late Henry Brassey, brother of Lord Brassey and of the present master

of the Heythrop) was going well in a second position, but misfortune, too, overtook him, and wearing the others down, the favourite gained second honours. "Dick" Seymour (who did such good work recently for the Royal Agricultural Society at Maidstone show, and brother of the gallant Admiral Seymour) was third, and C. Forster (alias the "Count," and now Sir Charles), fourth. The "Steeplechase for Private Horses" was won by J. Forster's Old Gentleman, a first-class hunter, which afterwards distinguished himself over the Vale of Aylesbury—(Mr. J. Forster is the well-known "Jack" Forster of boating fame). The winner was ridden by his brother (now Sir Charles), who managed just to beat his "pal" (John Hill) by a short head. The Old Gentleman and Nimrod landed over the last fence together. The former was the fastest, the latter the gamest. And a tremendous tussle ensued. Each thought they had won, but the judge's decision was as stated. The late Henry, and his brother Albert, Brassey, were placed as their names are written—third and fourth.

Although these races were competed for by horses with no pretensions to be called racehorses, still lessons can be learnt from them, which although well known by most who may read these crude remarks, are worth consideration by those who wish to learn. "Form" and "pace" are two qualities connected with steeplechasing or racing, of which a true and correct knowledge is more important than any other to bring success to those engaging in the occupation. Hunting form is little guide to point-to-point form. Point-to-point form is again no guide to steeplechase form. Now the horses men-

tioned in the above "Grind" are good examples of this. The Skinny was quite undefeated with the drag, and was therefore supposed to "have the legs" of anything else that came out with that pack. It is, however, a very different thing riding to a pack of hounds (even to drag hounds) than to ride from fence to fence by the guidance of flags. The quick eye and decision of the rider weighs very heavily in the balance when crossing an unflagged country. A good man between the flags is not therefore necessarily a good man to hounds, and *vice versa*. Spangle, the horse which so easily galloped away from his field, was at once thought to be something out of the common. He beat only a moderate lot, but that was never thought of. He was bought by Harry Bull of Christchurch, and afterwards run for the Undergraduate race at Aylesbury. I was retained as his jockey, and rode him through his training. The day of the race came, and after his Oxford performance he started first favourite. I can remember how brilliantly he fenced, and how he landed clean over the 15 feet of open water (a natural brook, no artificial puddle); but his "bolt was soon shot," and after two miles he was hopelessly beaten off, although he jumped the course without even once putting his foot wrong. Events afterwards fully proved that he was outclassed, and showed the folly of estimating the merits of a steeplechase horse without accurately gauging the quality of those he competes against. Of course, the same may be said of all racehorses; but flat racing is, or rather was at the time of which I write, more seriously conducted than cross-country events, and "form" far better understood than by the

amateur sportsmen who fancied they had a good steeple-horse because he was a good hunter.

To return to the "University Grind." A good grey four-year-old, owned by Ford (my right-hand man with the drag), carried me to victory in the two-mile steeplechase for Oxford hacks, beating his six competitors without difficulty. A flat race finished the day's amusement, and which was won by Mr. Atkinson, with myself second, one of the competitors in this race being W. H. Allsopp (now Lieut-Col. the Hon.), and well known in connection with the Hunter Improvement Society. A short description of my two horses which competed may be of interest.

The Skinny was really a wonderful "good bit of stuff." I bought her, when five years old, a perfect skeleton from Ford for £18. She was part of a bankrupt stock of third-class racehorses, and had never seen a fence. Of course she was warranted to jump *anything*, so we tried her over a carriage pole in the stable-yard. I took her down to Shropshire, and turned her out, and after the summer she was completely restored and in good condition. Long ears, ewe neck, questionable shoulders, a very deep, big middle piece, with capital hind quarters and hocks were some of her characteristics. "They go in all forms," and this she proved. I do not think she ever made a mistake. And after riding her two seasons she was bought by the late Lord Kenyon for "Tommy" de Grey, then so called at Cambridge, and now Lord Walsingham.

Nimrod was a chestnut roan with white face, silver mane and tail, and four white legs, up to 15 stone, and a well bred one, too. He was the best all-round hunter I ever rode, timber, doubles, bull-

finches, gates, water and blind ditches were all the same to him. He was bought out of an omnibus in Rugby, and was sold by the well-known dealer George Painter of Bicester to Mr. Drake; strange to say he was returned from the Bicester hunt stables as useless, he absolutely declined to jump. George Symonds, the Oxford dealer, bought him for £17, from whom I bought him from his good looks. About the first day I rode him was with the Bicester. Hounds were running fast; a flight of rails in a corner at the end of a headland with rails again at the side on the left. As he refused, an opportune kick with a new long-necked pair of spurs bought on purpose (and still in regular use) so surprised him that he jumped the rails at the side, and he was "made." Old Painter was just behind me, and saw what happened. The next fence was a big bullfinch, with a rail and down hill. He never hesitated, and we landed safe. I suppose he found out that he could jump, and we learnt mutual confidence and respect from that day. Eventually I sold him at a long figure to Mr. Buller in the North Stafford country, whom he carried well for several seasons. I believe the episode of the rail and the following fence made rather an impression, although it only came to me all in the day's work, as I heard Painter tell the story some years after, when I happened to meet him at the famous horse fair, Brampton Brian, on the borders of Shropshire and Wales, where he always attended and bought some of his best hunters.

The following year we had things more in order, and what we then thought a very brilliant day's racing was the result. On this occasion the great excitement in college was who would win the

"Private Horse" race. These were called "Private" to distinguish them from those which were hired. The horses were well known, and had been regularly hunted with the neighbouring packs and with the drag; while two of them—The Old Gentleman and Nimrod—were first and second the year before. The merits of these two horses were discussed in "hall," at "wines," and at the then newly established "Vincent's Club." Each horse was to be ridden by its owner. The Old Gentleman's failings were well known. He "had the legs," but would he refuse? His rider, "The Count" (the brothers Forster were partners in the horse) was full of confidence, and was determined to score a second win. Nimrod could usually be depended upon never to turn his head, he was very fit, and I knew the only chance was to make the pace a cracker from start to finish, but declined to be "drawn" as to my riding tactics. The eventful moment arrived. "They are off." I jumped off with the lead, and was "first at the fence"—a big hairy obstacle, but a fair hunting fence, with a big ditch on the take-off side; instead of jumping my horse swerved to the left, and the others followed me. Pulling Nimrod short round, I gave him a kick, and he jumped the place from a stand before anyone had time to realise the position. This thoroughly upset The Old Gentleman's temper, and although he caught me again when crossing a road, another refusal on his part was the result, and the race ended in my obtaining the coveted distinction of being "first past the post." At the same meeting I recollect riding a very brilliant "wreck" called Jack Tar, who had in his day won a "Grand Military." I had ridden him, as

before mentioned, with the drag, and although a great screw and a cur into the bargain, I felt pretty sure that he ought to pull off the "Open College Steeplechase" if I could keep him in front and persuade him to face the crowd at the water jump. The difficulty was as to his standing the necessary preparation. His owner said if I left it to him he would guarantee he should be fit on the day. On my frequent visits the same reply was given to my inquiries, and I was assured all was right. The same answer was given when he was saddled for the race, and I started full of confidence, determined to obey orders, "go to the front and stop there." The betting was that he would not "get the course," and the water jump, a natural brook with a fair fence in front of it, was the point of interest. Jack Tar, a lovely liver-coloured chestnut, was pretty well known in Oxford, and people had turned out to see him run. The water was about four fences from home, and he had been fencing splendidly, leading all the way. Increasing the lead as we neared the water, so that nothing could remind him of being raced at, I sent him about half speed at the jump, and cheered him as if hunting the drag. Catching sight of the crowd the old rogue realised when too late that it was a race he was running, but reluctantly answered to a resolute call, and amid a deafening cheer from his supporters he landed clear. The next few fences were safely negotiated, and he ran in an easy winner. The joy of his owner and trainer, Mr. Ford, knew no bounds. He told me afterwards, "Well, sir, the old horse never had a gallop!" Afraid of breaking him down, Ford had given him nothing but continuous walking exercise. Of course he

had nothing of the same class as a certain amount of condition, and himself to compete against, but this little incident may help to show still to win over three miles of that trainers of steeplechase horses stiff hunting country necessitates may gallop their horses too much.

Verses by the late Whyte-Melville.

[We give the third set of some early and hitherto unpublished verses by the late Major G. J. Whyte-Melville. They were written about the time his military career commenced (one being dated Quebec, November 4th, 1841). Of course, the finish and power of his more matured work will hardly be looked for in these youthful efforts; but the swing and attractiveness that belong to all Whyte-Melville's poetry will not be found altogether wanting.]

III.—HUNTING SONG.

(*Air*—"Rouse, Boys, Rouse," &c.)

COME fill your glasses, boys! See the toast passes, boys!

Here's to the hounds that we rode with to-day,

And as we swallow each bumper, we'll holloa

Three cheers to the man that can show us the way.

This morn in the gloamin' it cost us much groaning

To leave our warm beds by the candle's dim light;

But breakfast once over, and mounted for cover—

Blue devils and vapours are beat out of sight.

Then our fox finding, his joyous horn winding,

Our merry old huntsman has blown "Gone away!"

O'er the road hustling, and through the wood bustling,

You must get a start if you'd see them to-day.

Now the hounds race, sir; the men go the pace, sir;

Some go like fury, and some go like fun;

We're stopped by a yawner, "We'll get out at the corner,

Go along, or our chance will be up for the run."

Hard riders are bruising, beat horses refusing,

The fences are stiff, and the timber is strong,

The good ones are rasping, the slow ones are gasping,

Such pace and such country, this cannot last long.

Still timber smashing, through bull-fences crashing,

In ditch and brook splashing the heavy weights ride;

But their horses told out, sir, they cannot hold out, sir,

They must give it up, sir, whatever betide.

Now, by the Lord Harry, what head the hounds carry,

Bristles up and sterns down, he can ne'er reach that wood.

Now they're running in view, sir, by Jove! 'twas quite true, sir,

In the open turned up, though he did what he could.

And now look around you, I think 'twill astound you

To see the few men that have ridden this run;

Out of forty at starting, but six are departing

For dinner and home, as they talk o'er the fun.

Then come fill your glasses, boys! &c., &c.

G. J. W.-M.

Notes of a Yachting Cruise by a Landsman.

WHILST the regular yachtsman not infrequently takes the world at large into his confidence with respect to his cruises, the common landsman, who at times bears him company, rarely ventures to put his sea-going experiences on record. The latter is apt to entertain a conviction, which an occasional glance at yachting annals has somewhat helped to foster, that a profound acquaintance with the technicalities of seamanship and navigation, with a corresponding equipment of nautical phrases, are absolute essentials to anyone presuming to describe any sort of life afloat.

Detailed particulars as to latitudes, longitudes, directions of the wind, deviations of the compass and the general behaviour of the vessel under any and all circumstances, with the exact number of knots per hour it succeeds in attaining—set forth as they are in language which, from a maritime point of view, is absolutely irreproachable—are no doubt intensely interesting to the experts for whose special benefit they are intended.

But what Brown, the landsman, who is too unlearned to appreciate these nautical intricacies, more particularly wants to know is,—what is the sort of life led aboard of yachts by those who are supposed to be there for their own pleasure? This information is of vital importance to him, because without it he cannot, with a due regard to his own safety and comfort—let alone his enjoyment—satisfactorily determine whether or not he should accept Jones's invitation to join him in a cruise.

Having recently returned from such an expedition, I may, per-

haps, be able to give Brown some idea as to what he may expect if he determines to entrust himself to the tender mercies of winds and waves in the manner proposed. I have always been of a somewhat adventurous turn of mind, and, in accepting my friend's invitation to come aboard, I said to myself, "If I can explore those comparatively unknown regions wherein the typical yachtsman lives, moves and has his being, and can return in safety to the outer world with a full cargo of information as to how far they are habitable by ordinary mortals, I shall have deserved well of my brother landsmen, and shall feel that I have lived not altogether in vain." The monotonous frequency with which, since my return, the inquiry, "What the dickens did you do with yourself all the time?" has been addressed to me has strengthened my previous belief in the prevailing lack of definite ideas upon the general subject and in the consequent opening there is for such treatment of it as shall tend to remove it more from the area of speculation to the region of actual fact.

Let it be distinctly understood that these experiences are written by a landsman *for* landsmen, and I solemnly enjoin all yachtsmen proper to steer particularly clear of them, my narration being much too "child-like and bland" in tone to be suitable for their perusal. I shall, as far as possible, give a wide berth to all technical terms, not only out of consideration for those whom I am addressing, but because I do not know any worth mentioning. Although this may tend to deprive these Notes of some of the salt-sea flavour they would otherwise have

possessed, it will undoubtedly render them all the more suitable for home consumption.

My equipment was a subject of no little consideration, and, among other necessities, I included in it an ample supply of light literature and of such drugs as are in use for ordinary ailments, so that, if by any mischance, or through the operation of the trade winds or the gulf stream, or any such like influences with which the seas abound, my cruise were unduly prolonged, or we were either fog-bound, becalmed, or driven by stress of weather into unknown latitudes, I should not be entirely unprovided for.

So it fell out that, after a tender farewell of my family, I took train on a certain Saturday in August, in the year 1900, for Falmouth, off which my friend's yacht was lying, and arrived there without encountering on the way any material obstacles to my progress. The only incident of the journey worthy of note was the arrival of the train within three-quarters of an hour of the advertised time, which was generally regarded as a very remarkable achievement, and one not likely to recur in this generation.

At the station the captain of the yacht (whom, for the sake of nautical correctness, I shall henceforth allude to as "the skipper"), attended by one of the "deck hands," as they are termed, took me in tow and led me to what he called "the gig," which turned out, after all, to be a boat. In it I was rowed to the yacht *Osprey*, where I was heartily welcomed by the owner and the lady of the house—I mean the ship—his wife. The former was generally known aboard as "the guv'nor," but I preferred always to address him as "the Admiral," as being more in accordance with the fitness of

things, especially as his knowledge of the sea and of ships fully justified this.

Sam, a ministering angel in a suit of spotless white, piloted me to the particular sleeping cabin assigned to me, and in double-quick time had unpacked and stowed away my belongings in the sundry lockers and on the divers shelves with which the place abounded. He confidentially imparted to me, much to my relief, that I need not trouble to dress for dinner.

The host, hostess, guests and lady's maid, lived aft the ship, our quarters including the saloon, one large double-bedded cabin, three smaller cabins, bath-room and deck cabin. The chart and signalling-room was on the upper or bridge-deck, the engine-room was immediately below this, and beyond were the quarters for captain and crew and cook's galley.

The Admiral, who was a qualified engineer, and whose knowledge of machinery as well as of ships was something appalling to an outsider, had his yacht built according to his own design, and, as he put it, "to please himself and no one else." Hence she diverged somewhat from established types, comfort and convenience being reckoned of more importance than grace of outline. She was painted white from stem to stern, and was pretty enough to look at to please anybody except the hyper-critical or ultra-æsthetic. She was, to give her her proper description, a screw schooner of about one hundred and thirty-four tons, and was classed A1 in the Yacht Register, which for comfort she undoubtedly was. She was equal to going abroad as well as stopping at home, the admiral having taken her on several foreign cruises.

She was worked by a skipper,

engineer, stoker and two deck hands, and added to these were the cook and saloon attendant. It should be mentioned, however, that the admiral frequently took captain's duty, and, in fact, reserved to himself a sort of general right to take up anybody's work that he'd a mind to. He was fully equal to whatever he tackled, and was as good a specimen of "the handy man" as could be found. He never meant to be a passenger aboard his own ship, so he signed on as its master, which he certainly was. He considered that not the least of the advantages of a comparatively small yacht was that the owner could boss it himself, whereas a large one was likely to be as much the captain's as yours. Hence he envied not the floating mansions of the millionaire Yanks.

My first dinner aboard, at 8 p.m., relieved me of any fears I might have had as to salt junk and ship's biscuits being the only fare, whilst I never saw a drop of rum all the time I was away, though there was a whisky and soda always handy. In fact, it was not at all unlike a dinner on shore, except that the Admiral, who was a conscientious observer of all maritime manners and customs, always provided a musical prelude to meals in the shape of a solo performed by himself on a tin whistle. He gave me to understand that the air which he played was the ordinary summons to officers' mess in the Army and Navy, though in such cases a bugle was the instrumental medium. He considered, however, that, as long as the custom was duly observed and the music was correctly rendered, it was unnecessary to be too precise with respect to the instrument, hence the whistle which he *could* play took the place of the bugle which

he could not manipulate satisfactorily. The air is a very cheerful and tuneful one, and the opening words which go to it are:—"Officers' wives have puddings and pies, soldiers' wives have skilly." The marked difference in the respective *menus*, to which attention is thus called, is, it is to be hoped, to be set down to the exigences of rhyme and rhythm rather than to a desire to emphasise the absence of such delicacies as puddings and pies from certain tables. At any rate, there was a refreshing novelty to a landsman in the unconventionality of this introduction to meals, and which was typical of the cheery atmosphere in which we lived. If anyone who was due failed to put in an appearance by the time the last note of the solo had died away, the Admiral would improve the occasion and give the absent one a further chance by adding a spirited performance of the Sailor's Hornpipe.

After dinner an adjournment was made to the deck, where, under soothing influences, ozonic and otherwise, we sat for some time in happy peacefulness, wakening the echoes of old associations till a lady's voice from the shelter of the deck cabin was heard inquiring as to when we were coming below, and we awoke to the fact that all-night sittings were not part of the programme of "a Saturday night at sea." So below we went for a nightcap and then to bed, but not before I had taken one more look from the deck at the quiet harbour and its many lights in house and ship, at the sleepless water and the bright full moon, "queen-like and clear," shedding from her tranquil sphere her lustre over all. (Most landsmen get sentimental at sea, especially when the moon is about and the sea quiescent.)

Next day being Sunday no one hurried up, and it was not till 8 a.m. that the attentive Sam roused me to ascertain whether my bath was to be hot or cold, just exactly as if I had been at home. Life never seemed better worth the living than when, after breakfast, we did a lazy turn under the deck awning. The bright sunshine was tempered by a delicious air, and a feeling of deep content and sweet restfulness stole over one. Ere long the bells began their call to prayers, and, intermingling with their notes, came the cheerful music of a military band playing a regiment to church to the tune of "Killaloo." Hardly had their music died away when, from a volunteer encampment on a neighbouring height, were wafted the inspiring strains, both played and sung, of a well-known hymn. The combined effect of the band and voices, softened and chastened by distance, and heard amid such surroundings, would have made melody in the heart of the most unemotional.

As the final chord died away on the breeze, the filing of the crew down the saloon stairs was a reminder that *our* church was about to begin, and soon we were adding our modicum to the music of the harbour. The lady of the ship was a good leader of the choir, and being well supported by her maid, we males, though we were in a considerable majority, by no means had it all our own way in vocalisation. The Admiral read a shortened form of Morning Prayer with unaffected appreciation of what it was meant to convey, and another hymn brought my first service on shipboard to a conclusion. I learnt from the neatly-bound prayer and hymn-books, with the yacht's name stamped on each, that even on a

yacht there is a possibility of an episcopal benediction, for an inscription in each told that they were the gift of one of our English bishops *in memento* of his cruise.

We returned to the deck in time to have our patriotic feelings stirred by "Soldiers of the Queen," to which exhilarating march the military, whom we had seen and heard on their way to church, were stepping back to their quarters.

The Admiral having invited me to look round his ship, I began a tour of inspection under his guidance. We first visited the chart-room on the bridge-deck, and wherein also were stored the signalling flags, each neatly folded up and in a pigeon-hole. Thence we descended to the engine-room. Here everything looked spick and span, and every bit of brass work shone resplendently. There was a noticeable absence of the rancid odour which generally seems to pervade steamboats, and the Admiral's explanation was sufficient to convince me that the presence of such odours was not as absolutely essential to the navigation of a vessel as their frequency might lead one to infer.

A look round the men's quarters followed, and a visit was paid to the ship's pet, a young gull, who was enjoying a bath near. He had been appropriated from a rock off the coast of Scilly before he was full-fledged. He seemed to have settled down contentedly and to be happy and comfortable in his new quarters. He had been duly christened "Our Bobs" by the crew, perhaps on account of his capacity for making the best of things and adapting himself to changeable circumstances, or more probably because it was the one name of all others uppermost in their minds, and one which also best represented affec-

tionate admiration. Before leaving the fo'c'sle I was initiated into the art of salting and drying pollack for home consumption, a recent fishing excursion having resulted in a good catch. I was glad, during my survey, to observe that there was no lack of boats belonging to the yacht, in case we ever had to abandon her, for they included a good-sized steam cutter, a galley, a gig and a dingy, and there were also plenty of life-preservers.

After lunch I was well content to laze about under the deck awning, sometimes reading, sometimes chatting, sometimes napping, with a delightful sense of irresponsibility for anything. Now and then a butterfly, and occasionally a bee, would pay us a visit, apparently to remind us of the fields and pastures they came from, with a view to enticing us thither. But we were not to be moved until the lady of the ship proposed a trip up the river Fal in the steam cutter, which opened up too seductive a scenic prospect to be disregarded. So we, the Admiral, the ship's lady, two afternoon callers and myself, with Tom, the stoker, set forth on as pleasant a jaunt as one could desire. The winding shores, with their deep and wooded inlets, the masses of foliage reflected in the still water, and the glorious azure sky above all, afforded a succession of scenes of natural beauty of which it seemed impossible to tire. For a brief spell we landed, and, after making a gentle ascent, found an ideal spot for afternoon tea. Here, where "the wind did gently kiss the trees," and 'neath the shade of many boughs, we looked down upon as lovely a scene of river and woodland as the imagination could picture. On re-embarking we steamed on till within sight of Truro and its cathedral, and then,

in the cool of the evening, turned yachtwards for dinner.

On our return the Admiral be-thought him that there would probably be mackerel waiting about outside the harbour the following morning, and that it would be well for me to be initiated as soon as possible into the *modus operandi* of sea-fishing, so, as a preliminary, the tackle was overhauled. Six a.m. was fixed as the starting hour, which, as it did not at all correspond to my customary hour of rising, induced me to express a doubt as to whether the fish would be about so early as this. The Admiral, who, as usual, was equal to the occasion, simply remarked, in a tone that implied I had furnished an irrefutable reason in favour of his proposition, "So much the better, we shall catch 'em asleep." I said no more, for I foresaw there was a danger of my unconsciously supplying arguments in favour of a still earlier hour, if I kept not the silence that is golden. Although we turned in early, I seemed to have only just settled down to the business of sleep when the attentive Sam was at my cabin door with the early tea and biscuit and a reminder that my tub was in readiness.

Soon we were on our way in the cutter, with the Admiral at the helm and Tom at the engine. I was not long in realising what I should have missed had I stopped in my berth and neglected "the breezy call of incense-breathing morn," the glorious sunshine, the fresh air laden with life-giving ozone, the manifold beauties of sea and sky. Body and mind must be past redemption if they are not to be invigorated by such influences as these.

We were to fish with lines and spinners, and so the Admiral, anxious to put the tackle in order,

and with a trustful confidence in myself which I did not share, soon requested me to take the helm with the simple instruction that "port" meant right and "starboard" left. I felt very much as I do when a friend steps out of a dog-cart, with a high-actioned horse in the shafts, and tosses me the reins whilst he goes off on an errand. Most of the shipping about seemed to make straight for us, and I was constantly taking wide *détours* to escape them, to the mystification of the Admiral, whose injunctions to "keep an even course" I woefully disregarded. After many a time and oft starboarding when I ought to have been porting and then endeavouring to rectify this, before I was found out, by sudden and desperate grips at the tiller, which generally made matters worse, I somehow mastered the main principles of the art of steering at sea. I am pleased to say that, in acquiring this knowledge, I neither sank our own craft nor any other, a feat of which I was justly proud. I conclude that the special providence which is supposed to watch over children and inebriates also keeps a special eye upon amateur steersmen.

Many pages have been written by angling enthusiasts anent the catching of their first salmon. This renders it unnecessary for me to occupy time and space in detailing how I hauled from the deep my first mackerel, and what my feelings were in connection therewith. Anyone being curious upon the subject can take any salmon-fishing record sufficiently graphic for the purpose, and by substituting mackerel for salmon can obtain the desired information. I will only remark, in indication of the life and death struggle it was, that the fish displayed so much reluctance to be caught,

and so much energetic volatility on arriving on board that nothing less than a knock on the head with a belaying-pin—or a rolling-pin, I don't know which—was sufficient to subdue its spirits and secure peace and quiet in the boat. Other catches followed, and after about two hours' sport we made for home with keen appetites for a fish breakfast. And here, I would suggest, that if you want to get the full and true flavour of a mackerel and an unparalleled zest for its consumption, hook him yourself, as I did, in the early morning in his native lair, and cook and eat him within an hour or so of his drawing his last breath. Then he will be an enduring memory and you will ever afterwards think of him with tenderness and respect. N.B.—I believe this applies to most fish so caught and treated.

A visit ashore for letters, &c., followed by a brief spell of reading, writing and thinking, as usual under the deck awning, filled up the time till lunch, after which the Admiral and myself embarked once more in the cutter for a coast trip, which enabled one to still further appreciate the value to ships of one of the finest harbours in the kingdom and also the beauty of its surroundings. Outside the harbour, I was witness of a little incident which testified how worthily a member of the animal creation could justify its name and reputation. A cormorant suddenly dived down into the deep and commandeered for tea a fair sized pollack, with which it flew to an adjacent rock. Then ensued a series of desperate efforts on the part of the captor to dispose of its meal in a single bolt. The fish, having no curiosity apparently to view its appropriator's interior, wriggled and swelled itself out to its fullest dimensions. Hence a

block ensued, and the situation became dramatic. As, with breathless interest, I watched the issue, in the favourable position of a bystander seeing most of the game, it looked even betting as to whether the fish would be bolted or the bird choked. The cormorant gulped and gurgled, as the pollack, head downwards, and half in and half out of its throat, fought hard for dear life. But the issue was not long in doubt, and one more prodigious effort on the part of the bird resulted in the ill-fated pollack going, in its entirety, lock, stock, and barrel, to its long home by a certain and direct route. At this the victor absolutely "chortled in his joy," and spreading his wings, rose upwards with a supremely self-satisfied air, which found expression in a series of jubilant exclamations indicative of a digestive triumph. Thus was brought home to me the full significance of the term—not infrequently applied to members of my own species—"a human cormorant." It was thought fitting that a record of the transaction should be made in the deck-cabin log-book. This, by the way, is not the log-book proper, so that historical accuracy is not, with respect to entries in it, absolutely essential. Hence the introduction, in the following poetic rendering of the incident, of an underlying motive, the existence of which, although extremely probable, was not absolutely proved, but which, as Mr. Gilbert would say, gives "verisimilitude" to what might otherwise be "a bald and unconvincing narrative." N.B.—A poet, like an angler, is *nothing* if not truthful. The record stands thus:

A pollack, when out on the spree,
Said, "I am the king of the sea!"

But a cormorant nigh

Said, "Oh, that's all my eye!"
And bolted him whole for his tea.

Which I saw.

On returning to the yacht, we were informed that at 7 p.m. a tug steamer was to be launched from Cox's yard, so, after a tea-refresher, we were out again in the cutter to witness the ceremony. And an attractive and novel sight it was to a landsman. The ship, flagged from stem to stern, and with a good cargo of people on deck, was duly christened in the orthodox fashion, and at the right moment, amid the cheers of all around, glided off the stocks into the water, with a dignified grace that was very pretty to behold.

After this and dinner, we all felt that we had sufficiently excited ourselves for one day, and a complacent feeling stole over me that I had not lived in vain, and, moreover, that I had "earned a night's"—a *good* night's, too—"repose." Whilst I was thinking what a support and comfort, and how pre-eminently soothing such a reflection was, he-who-must-be-obeyed, otherwise the Admiral, incidentally remarked that we should start next morning for Plymouth at 4 a.m., and further observed, with, as I thought, a significant glance at me, that he should expect all aboard to be up and about at that hour. This was a bolt from the blue for which I was quite unprepared. However, I cheerily replied "Aye, aye, your honour," and was only prevented by sheer laziness from hitching my trousers up, in accordance with nautical custom (on the stage) when acquiescence in anything has to be especially emphasised. At the same time, I had an innate conviction that nothing less than the wreck of the vessel would fetch me out of my berth at such an unearthly hour. The Admiral proceeded to say that my place would be "on the bridge," where I should have

a good view of all that transpired in connection with taking a ship out of port. Had I required an additional inducement to "lie low" when this operation was being performed, this last observation would have supplied it, for would there not be a risk, when I was so conveniently at hand, of the Admiral suddenly coming down upon me in a harbour full of shipping to repeat on a larger scale my steering feats of the previous day? (I afterwards ascertained that, as the Admiral always makes a point of taking his ship out of harbour himself, I need have had no misgivings in this respect.) I merely remarked, however, "it must be a fine sight," and, in this pleasant spirit of mutual agreement, we bid each other good night, and I stole off, somewhat chastened in spirit, to my berth, after giving Sam to understand, in the presence of the Admiral, that 3.30 would be early enough to rouse me. Nevertheless I inwardly resolved that, although I might perhaps, in the words of the song, have "stood on the bridge at *midnight*," at the bidding of an Admiral, I was not going to do so at 4 a.m. for anybody less than the reigning sovereign.

The vigilant Sam in, as it seemed to me, an incredibly short space of time after this, was notifying me that the fated half-hour had struck. I struck too, as far as

getting up was concerned, and went to sleep again. Shortly after the Admiral hurried past, and being happily somewhat late himself, was content to sing out to me as he went by to "be quick and come up." I responded in tones intended to convey that I was eager for the fray, and then settled down in the satisfying conviction that he-who-must-be-obeyed would be too busy up above to give me further attention. For a time my slumbers were somewhat disturbed by multifarious noises indicating that steam was being got up, ropes were being hauled, anchors were being weighed, and horn-pipes were being danced at intervals by everybody aboard just over my head. After a while quiet set in, and I knew the vessel was under way. Then, once more I slept the sleep of the just. About 7.30 I woke up for good and thought I had better put in an appearance upon deck, which I accordingly did, with a carefully prepared story to account for not being on the bridge quite so punctually as was anticipated. The Admiral received me more in sorrow than in anger, being overcome with the thought of all I had missed, which he took pains to point out, and winding up with the comforting reflection that he'd "take jolly good care I was up next time."

THOMAS FORDER FLOWMAN.

(To be continued).



GEORGE HART ON THE KNIGHT.

(From "Leaves from a Hunting Diary.")

"Leaves from a Hunting Diary."

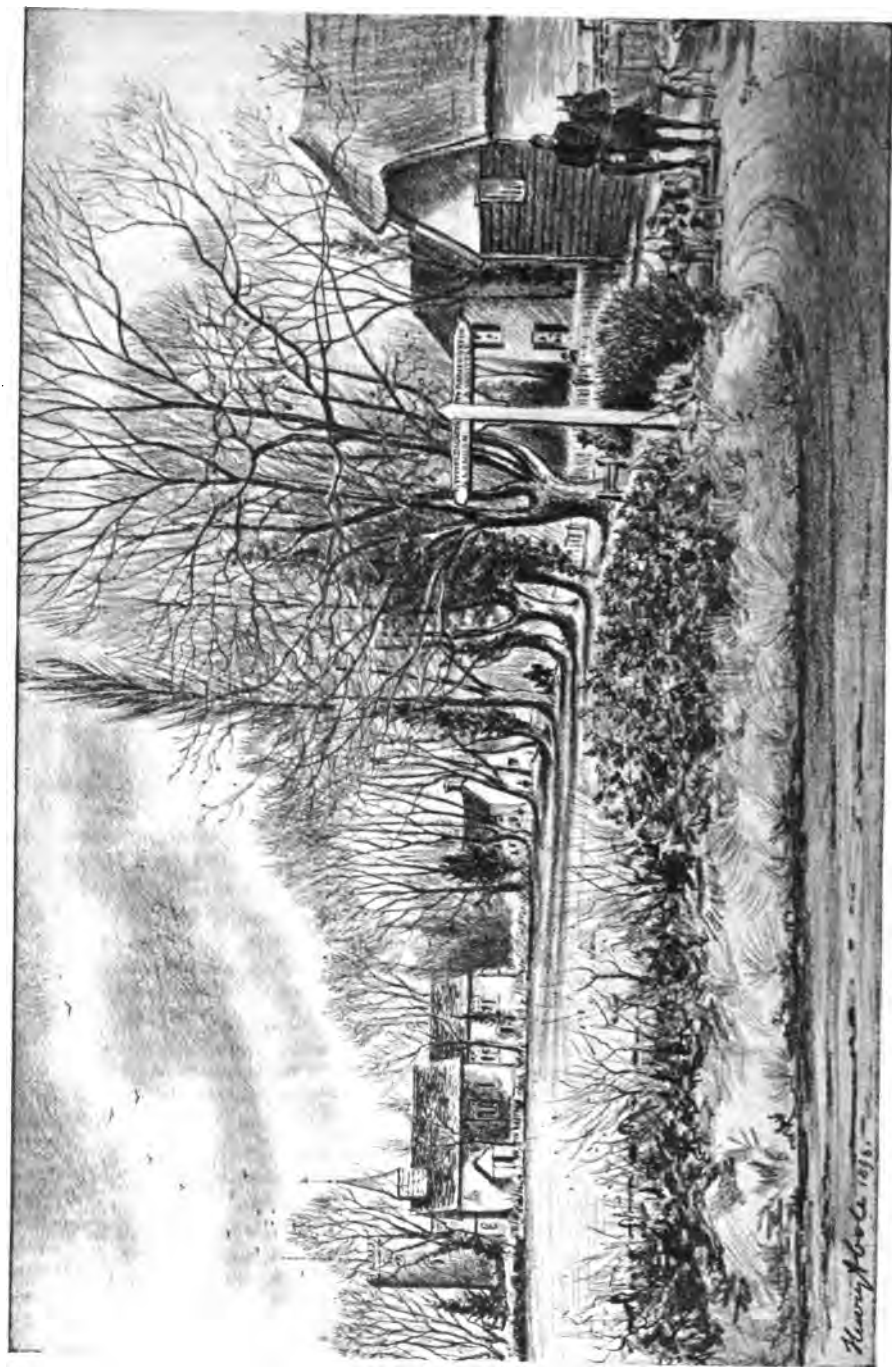
MR. YERBURGH does not do himself justice when he avers that any interest these "Leaves"* may possess will be due almost entirely to the illustrations. He has hunted in Essex for the last twenty years, and these two volumes contain a very complete account of the sport enjoyed by the followers of hounds during that period. Mr. Yerburgh has a capital eye for the incidents of a run and knows how to describe one; nothing seems to escape him, and we venture to assert that his readers will find a very great deal to interest them in the text apart from the pictures of which there are over 400. He has something to say of each of the men and ladies who follow the Essex; and not the least interesting of his pages are those which deal with men who are no longer among us. While he has recorded the doings of sportsmen and women, he is mindful also of their horses, and we are inclined to think that these pages must include a biographical and character sketch of every good hunter that has crossed the Essex country during the last two decades. Mr. Yerburgh never renders account of run without telling us who was there and how they and their horses acquitted themselves; and if a book which contains so much that comes closely home to those for whose entertainment it is destined, fail to find therein much to interest, responsibility for failure certainly does not lie at the author's door.

The "Leaves" naturally appeal most directly to Essex sportsmen; but many, very many, of Mr.

Yerburgh's accounts of runs are written with such life and "go," that one need not know Essex to enjoy them very thoroughly. Some of the author's pages appeared originally in the *Field* and other journals, and were obviously penned while every turn of the chase was vivid in his memory. Hence they have a freshness in addition to the other attractive qualities already mentioned. Essex is as fortunate in its farmers as it has been in its hunting historians. Nothing impresses the reader more as he follows Mr. Yerburgh from one end of the country to the other, than the widely prevalent enthusiasm of the Essex farmer for the sport and the self-denying pains he is at to promote it as a preserver of foxes and an abstainer from the use of wire. This would be creditable in any hunting country, and is the more so in an essentially agricultural country like Essex where fields rule large and where foxhounds, harriers or staghounds, provide sport every day in the week. Perhaps we may detect one good reason for this in the vast majority of those who hunt with the Essex hounds and other packs in the county are residents on the land, summer and winter alike. Everybody appears to know everybody else, and though many have occupations which take them up to town with more or less regularity, there is an old world atmosphere about the Essex hunting field as Mr. Yerburgh sets it before us, which seems remote from the days of horse-boxing and migrant hunting population.

The author has handled the mass of material at his disposal with discretion; his accounts of days to be remembered, or days

* "Leaves from a Hunting Diary in Essex." By H. B. Yerburgh. ("McAdam.") 2 vols. 42s. Vinton & Co., Ltd.



WILLINGATE SPAIN AND WILLINGATE DOE.
(From "Letter from a Hunting Diary.")

Henry Abbot 1871

to be forgotten as among the disappointing things in life, are judiciously interspersed with brief biographical sketches of prominent sportsmen and sportswomen past and present. He begins his book with a graceful tribute to Lord Rookwood (to whom, by the way, the work is dedicated). "Sir Henry," to give him the name he bore when master of the Essex Hunt, achieved in that capacity a degree of popularity which has survived his retirement, and he did his supporters a "good turn," whose fruits they yet enjoy, by appointing as huntsman James Bailey, who still carries the horn.

It is not easy to present accounts of sport at once vivid and accurate without risk of treading on corns, but Mr. Yerburgh, while he records the disasters of friends, does it with a kindly hand and with genuine sympathy when occasion requires; there is, in fact, a genial and sportsmanlike tone throughout the book which is not its least recommendation, as witness the zest wherewith the chronicler describes clever and daring feats of horsemanship in the field. He has abundant opportunity, for they are a hard riding lot in Essex.

An interesting feature of the second volume is Mr. Charles Rankin Vickerman's hunting diary. Mr. Vickerman for twenty years was secretary to the Essex staghounds, but his copious hunting journals afford glimpses of sport in many parts of England between the forties and seventies. He has some good stories to tell of the eccentric master of the Essex, Mr. H. I. Conyers. On

the first day he hunted with the pack, forewarned of Mr. Conyers' peculiarities, he approached the old master at the meet and, stating his intention of hunting with his hounds, begged to be told the name of Mr. Conyers' bankers that he might pay his subscription. Mr. Vickerman was a hard rider in those days, and in the course of the day got three or four heavy falls; Mr. Conyers, seeing one of his tosses and hearing of the others, called out to his field, "Will none of you take care of that little gentleman in the cap? He has asked for the name of my bankers, but I fear he will never live to get there." Mr. Vickerman, to whom this story stuck for twenty years, was plainly a very tough subject. As long as his horses could gallop on and jump, he seemed to have cared little for their manners. His favourite hunters were either fearfully hard pullers or bolters, and gave him croppers that would have shaken the nerve of many a good man.

The book is liberally illustrated from photographs and from drawings by Mr. Henry Cole. These add much to the attraction of the book, but it is only justice to the author to contradict his modest assertion that they form its only attraction. As all the horses portrayed are, or have been, first-rate performers over the difficult Essex country the excellence of their portraits is the more satisfactory. Mr. Cole's drawings of Essex landscape, covert and well-known meet are distinguished by great delicacy and artistic taste. The book is very handsomely got up, and the printing and paper are all that could be desired.

A Dream of the "Happy Hunting Fields."

A FEW faint streaks of light through the window curtains told me that the night was past, and another hunting morning had come. The "Mrs." was still fast asleep. A few minutes later and I could hear my faithful groom and valet, George, in my dressing room next door. At last the dreaded knock came; and on my shouting, "What sort of a morning is it?" he replied, "Raining a little, and looks like being a wet day;" and then added, "I am sending on the young brown horse, and Jack must stop at the forge and get his clinches laid as he passes."

It was a dreary-looking morning certainly; raining and apparently no wind to blow it over, and the glass had fallen a good bit in the night. George had selected an old pair of cords and the oldest pair of top boots. Breakfast over, and a glance at the paper, and then, with a mackintosh over an old pink coat, I went round to the stables and, mounting my hack, started for the meet at "Three Ashes," a good twelve-mile hack. Only a small field turned up, composed of the keenest sportsmen in the hunt and farmers of the locality.

We soon moved off, to draw Dunton Gorse, a nice dry-lying cover, about three-quarters of a mile away from the meet. Hounds found directly, and after one ring round the fox went away up wind (what little wind there was), and hounds settling on his line, ran steadily, but without any drive, showing plainly that there was only a poor scent, for about a quarter of an hour, and then "Who-whoop" to ground. We next drew a small

wood; found and got away close to him, but hounds could only just hold on the line of their fox for twenty minutes, and had at last to own defeat. "What do you say, Oswald?" asked the Master. "Shall we draw Foxley Wood, or give it up?" "Well," I replied, "Foxley is a great big cover. There was only a fair scent with the morning fox, who ran right up wind. There was hardly any at all with this one that we have just lost. The day seems to be getting worse instead of better, and if I were you I should not go in to Foxley this afternoon; and as there is no other cover within five or six miles of us, I should chuck it and go home. At the same time, if you mean going on, I will stick to you." "I think you are right," said he. "We'll make a short day of it and go home. Good day! and better luck on Friday."

The day had got worse, and it rained hard all the way home, and right dragged and wet my horse and I were when we got home. I had changed and got down to the drawing-room just as tea was brought in, after which, as there was a music lesson coming off, which sometimes ended in my little daughter shedding tears, I took myself off to my study, and filling a pipe sat down in my arm-chair, in front of a jolly good fire, feeling that I had earned a little peace and quiet. Gradually, as the smoke curled upwards, the fire seemed to recede, and I thought I saw an old stone-built house with mullioned windows and a porch, with roses and creepers growing over it. There was a

wide gravel sweep in front of the porch, with a straight avenue running out at each end, through woods of old oaks. My wife and the "kid" were with me, and a neat servant was holding a chestnut mare for me to mount—such an animal as one seldom comes across; a rich chestnut with a broad white blaze down her face, and a tuft of white hairs at the root of her tail, but no white on her legs. She was made all over as a thirteen-stone hunter should be; faultless shoulders, deep in her girth, with long back ribs, short back, wide hips with strong muscular quarters, great flat hocks, with big flat blood legs, and absolute quality everywhere. I mounted her and felt I had never been on such an animal before. The saddle and bridle also seemed to be of the very best, and beautifully turned out; my own kit did not seem to be new, but were certainly better than what I generally wore. The scarlet coat fitted to perfection, and the buttons were bright as gold. Breeches, boots, and spurs were all absolutely first-class, and right well cleaned, and I felt that both man and mare would stand the utmost criticism, and pass the ordeal triumphantly. My wife and the kid walked by my side down the right-hand avenue, which had a broad border of neatly mown grass on either side, and clumps of rhododendrons at intervals. At the end was an old riven-oak double gate, with park palings to match. My wife held up the kid for a kiss and got one herself as I turned through the gate on to the road. Looking at my watch, I found I had just an hour to do the five miles to the cross roads, which was the fixture.

The mare went into a hound jog of the smoothest. The road

was a pretty one, with grass on each side. The fences were low. I could look on both sides over what appeared to be a grand hunting country, nearly all grass, mostly flying fences, but now and then a fair-sized bank, sound and broad on the top, with ditches on each side, evidently boundary fences or "meerings." I saw no houses, but occasionally heard cattle lowing, sheep bleating and a dog barking. It was a lovely hunting morning, mild and grey, with a gentle breeze, which prevented it from being muggy. After jogging a couple of miles I pulled the mare into a walk, and so came in sight of the meet. Such a pretty spot! Two roads crossing each other, with the corners cut off, leaving big patches of grass and old oak trees round the outside. I was some distance off, when I saw the hounds and hunt servants come up, and directly after the field of some thirty or forty, several being ladies. They all seemed to be looking down the road towards me, and as I came up there was a look of joyous welcome on their faces. On getting closer, I recognised, sitting on a big slashing brown horse, in the middle of the cross roads, his lordship, and by his side her ladyship, both looking marvelously well and young. I was much astonished, as I thought they had both been dead some years; but there they were, and both of them seemed quite pleased to see me again. The hunt servants raised their caps to me. The huntsman was no other than old Will, but not the lanthorn-jawed, apprehensive-looking, bent-backed Will of long ago, but bright and cheery, sitting quite smartly on a sporting-looking dark grey horse, that I seemed to have seen somewhere before. They had the lady pack out, and

such a sorry eighteen-and-a-half couple they looked, with lots of bone and quality.

There were lots of faces that I knew, and they all nodded to me, but nobody spoke; yes, somebody mentioned the word "terriers," and looking round I saw old Davy the earth stopper, standing by the side of the road, in his old patched coat, and grinning from ear to ear, holding in couples, my old dog Jester and Will's little bitch Vic, both of whom were looking eagerly up at me and wagging their short stumps of tails. Directly after the hounds moved off down the left-hand road, and we all followed.

We had gone about half a mile when we came to two gates, each leading into separate fields, with a great big, rough, unjumpable fence between. The hounds and the field passed through the left-hand gates, and I was following, when his lordship, who had opened the other gate, beckoned to me to follow him, which I did. The ground in our field was much higher than in the other, so that when we got to the lovely gorse, which was to be drawn, we could look right over it and see everything. It was a square cover, with a bridle gate into it, and a ride straight through the middle. Will put the hounds in at the bottom or left-hand corner, and then trotted up and went into the cover through the bridle gate, so letting the hounds draw up hill and down wind. His lordship and I stood at the top corner and the field were all at the bottom corner, where the hounds had been put in. The gorse was thick, and it was some time before we heard a whimper. At last a hound spoke, then another, and another, and then a grand crash of music. The fox was making for the furthest corner at the

bottom of the cover, away from where we were standing, but turned and ran the length of the gorse to where the field were. They must have prevented his breaking, for he turned right through the middle of the gorse and made for the top corner at the further end to his lordship and me.

Presently out he came into our field, such a grand fox, as bright as a guinea, with a big white tag to his brush. He crossed the corner of the field and ran up by the side of the fence. He had just got over the fence at the top when his lordship galloped forward, doubling his horn. Out came the hounds, and dropping their sterns as they hit the line, drove along like pigeons. We two had got a grand start, for Will had to ride quite through the cover to get out, and the field had to gallop round two sides of it. The first half-dozen fences we took in our stride, my chestnut mare giving me the most perfect confidence by the way she did them, and galloping with ease to herself and me, and showing plainly that she had a good turn of speed. The land we were running over was all short grass, with slight indications of heather, so the going was of the best. The fox was making a dead straight point, and hounds were driving like demons, so that unless there was a check the field had a poor chance of catching us.

We had been going about twenty minutes. His lordship was on the left next the hounds, and I was about thirty yards on his right. We had just jumped a rather thick fence with a wide ditch on the landing side, and were racing across a broad grass field, on the further side of which was a bank, high enough to prevent our seeing over it or flying it. I

could see there was a widish ditch in front of it so took a pull at the mare, to let her change on the bank, which she did beautifully and bounded off it over a cracking wide ditch on the other side. As we landed I looked to the left and saw his lordship's horse drop on his hind legs and roll over, but his lordship kept hold of the reins, and both got up together, but I got a good hundred yards ahead before they got going again. About ten minutes after this (thirty since our fox had broke cover) the bounds turned sharp to the left, and we began to go slightly down hill. After a bit I could see we were running down to a valley, in the bottom of which I saw a line of willow trees and a gleam of water, and in the distance a line of low hills. The chestnut mare was going as strong as when we started, so I felt sure that, unless the water was terribly wide, she would clear it. I looked back and saw his lordship coming gallantly on behind me, but I thought the brown horse was rolling slightly in his stride, and I just caught sight of a red coat, no doubt Will's, a long way in the rear, but not another soul was in sight; hounds were more than a hundred yards ahead of me as we came down to the brook, and I could see them jumping; many of them got clean over, so I knew it could not be out-of-the-way wide. I shortened the mare's stride, and picked a place where the trees were wide apart, and then came down to it with a rattle. It was wider than I thought for, but the take-off was good and the landing slightly lower, so we landed with a couple of feet to spare and galloped on. I turned my head to see how his lordship got over and saw him land with a slight splash and a struggle, but he got over all right.

Hounds were now evidently running for blood, and I ran my eye forward, along a fence in the next field. Yes, by Jove, there he goes! Our hunted fox to a certainty, his brush dragging on the ground, his back up, and looking half the length, and much higher on the leg to what he did when he broke cover. A beaten fox now; but game as a pebble, and struggling bravely to get to the low hills, which were now not more than a mile off. Surely they must roll him over before he reached them. I could distinguish some two-and-a-half couple of the hounds running at the head, Little Speedy, Grateful and her sister Ghastly, and the grey pied bitch Luna, with the badger pied Rally; the body of the pack close up and not a tail bound. They race up the fence where I had viewed the fox, and disappear over the one at the top of the field. I dropped my hand a little and the chestnut mare laid herself out to race; we swept over the next two fences and landed in the same field with the pack, who were now only about fifty or sixty yards ahead of me, and the fox about a hundred and fifty yards in front of them; but the hills were only two fields off now. Will they catch him? We cleared the last two fences, and then I saw that the fox was making for a break between two hills, and at the foot of the first were standing a woman and child waving handkerchiefs. Great Goodness! they were my wife and the kid; how could they ever have got there?

Hounds were now chasing their fox in view, and not twenty yards behind him, and gaining rapidly on him, as he slipped round the corner of the hill. I tore on after them and saw them all struggling in a lump together, about ten

yards up the right-hand side of the hill. Who-whoop! they have him. Confound it, no; he has got to ground. I throw myself off the mare and scramble up to the spot where they were marking, and saw at a glance that he had saved his brush; for it was a big breeding earth in the side of the hill he had got into, and digging for a month with three brace of terriers would never get him out. I looked at my watch and found we had run for forty-five minutes without the slightest symptom of a check. What a run! The best I ever rode; what could have been the distance? It was very nearly a

straight point, it must have been more than nine miles. Are all the hounds up? Yes, eighteen-and-a-half couple. *All on.* Where is my wife and the kid? Where is his lordship? Where is old Will?

"Hallo, what's the matter? How did you get here? Ain't you going to dress for dinner; the bell has rung for more than a quarter of an hour," said my wife, who was standing by my chair. "You have been asleep." "I don't care," said I, rubbing my eyes; "it was the best run I ever rode; I only wish they had killed him."

"GONE AWAY."

The Sportsman's Library.

MR. OTHO PAGET is entitled to thanks and congratulations for this excellent little book.* It is not intended to be a complete text book on hunting, but it amply fulfils the author's hope "to convey some useful information to those who are not past masters of the art." The book is replete with useful information concerning horse, hound and fox, and is well worth reading as the work of a practical man who has ever his eyes about him in the field. One of Mr. Paget's best chapters, and perhaps, too, the most important, is that on *The Farmer*. There is a frankness and candour about the author's handling of the relationship between agriculture and sport that appeals to us strongly. It has often occurred to us that the assiduity with which some among hunting scribes preach to the farmer the doctrine that fox-

hunting is profitable to him, and that he hurts himself when he objects to a few hundred horsemen crossing his land, is apt to produce an effect contrary to that intended. Hear Mr. Paget's sound common sense on this vital point:—

It is only one in twenty who feels the direct benefit (of hunting), and the other nineteen may very likely see their farms more often ridden over than the lucky one. You cannot expect a farmer or any other man to appreciate a benefit unless it comes direct, and it is easy to understand his irritation when his fences or crops are damaged. What advantage is it to Giles, who has a grass farm, across which hounds run every week, if his neighbour sell his oats to a hunting man? Also how can you expect the farmer to feel thankful because Mr. Croesus, the millionaire, spends two hundred a week amongst the local shopkeepers and as much more in wages? Of course every one benefits indirectly, and the farmer among others; but still the fact remains that he sees the actual loss by damage and does not see the gain to himself.

Thus he points the moral that those who ride over the farmer's

* "Hunting." By J. Otho Paget. Haddon Hall Library. (J. M. Dent & Co.)

land should remember how much is due to him ; it is an old lesson but cannot be too often taught. Mr. Paget is almost pathetic when he pleads the case of the Master : the M. F. H. to be perfect must embody "all the virtues of a saint with the commanding genius of a Kitchener and the tact of a diplomatist." He must indeed ! But happily fox-hunting can show a long roll of most successful and popular Masters who fall short of this impossible standard. This chapter may be specially commended to the notice of the inexperienced ; but then that recommendation applies to the whole of this exceedingly sound and readable book.

The joint authors offer this handsome book* as a guide to the wild sports of the countries dealt with. In so far as Mr. Thom's share of the work is concerned the description is perfectly apposite ; he writes of Upper Burma, to all intents and purposes a new country to the sportsman, and his knowledge has been gained during the last ten or twelve years. Colonel Pollok's chapters, though exceedingly readable and free from matter inviting adverse criticism, treat of Lower Burma and Assam as they were thirty years ago ; and though large areas of both countries remain to-day much as they were then, so far as game is concerned, the changes of a generation necessarily do something to qualify the value of his remarks to the reader seeking guidance to the Lower Burma and Assam of to-day. Colonel Pollok is also somewhat behind the age in his natural history, but we need not take him to task for that.

Beyond question there is a grand field for the big-game shot in Upper Burma for the man who knows how to go about the business. The great drawback is the language ; and Mr. Thom, who mastered it in his official capacity in the Police, has forgotten to mention this point. The Burman who can speak English does not care for jungle life ; and as he is always the most independent of men, there lies the difficulty in obtaining interpreters. The "tawtha" or countryman on the contrary is seldom unwilling to accompany the sportsman ; but he is silent in every tongue but his own, which is hard to learn. For this reason the sport to be obtained in Burma is practically reserved to those who know at least enough of the language to dispense with an interpreter.

Mr. Thom had the good fortune as an enthusiast in sport to be appointed to the Ruby Mines district, where elephant, bison, wild cattle and other game abound ; none of the author's predecessors in the district had been sportsmen and he had the gratification, rare in these days and growing yearly rarer, of being the first European to shoot over practically undisturbed tracts of country. Shooting in these heavy jungles is no child's play, and Mr. Thom, who adopts the wise principle of doing things as comfortably as circumstances permit, takes a pony with him into camp to ride until the tracker finds the fresh spoor of game. Ponies in the jungle occasionally discharge unasked the office of a pointer after their own fashion. We recall a case in which a friend took a heavy fall, his pony having spun round on winding an unsuspected tiger ; which, it may be added, his rider (more at home with the rifle than in the saddle) shot within

* "Wild Sports of Burma and Assam." By Colonel F. T. Pollok and W. S. Thom. (Hurst & Blackett.)

the hour. To the novice there is something rather disturbing in the knowledge that to get a fair shot at an elephant in these heavy jungles he must make his stealthy way to within a few paces, and considering how little obstruction bush and undergrowth, impenetrable to humans, present to an elephant, the need for placing bullets carefully is obvious. A wounded elephant is a foe to be dealt with cautiously, as witness one of Mr. Thom's adventures. He had wounded the leading tusker of a file of five; the wounded beast crashed straight on into dense cover, while the remaining four wheeled at the report and charged. The author killed one of these, whereupon the other three made off and left him at liberty to look after the first, which was evidently hard hit as it remained in the dense cane brake where it had first taken refuge. The jungle being too dense to enter safely, Mr. Thom threw a few stones into the patch, whereupon the elephant charged him and his tracker immediately, tearing through the cane brake and pulling up not ten paces away. A shot in the head sent him back into cover, whither Mr. Thom followed, to be charged again; he followed the beast up once more and yet again, before he could put in another shot, the elephant charged. "As before we had just time to step out of the way, one on either side. Instead of passing us he stood between us, in an undecided manner, at a distance of about fifteen paces; I immediately covered his left temple which was exposed, and fired, the bullet taking effect in the brain and bringing him to the ground with a dull thud."

Mr. Thom is no advocate for the small-bore rifle on such game as elephants, rhinoceros and bison under the conditions of sport prevailing in Burma—heavy jungle where the advantage is all on the side of the powerful quarry. Kirby, Von Hohnel and others have used the .303 with good results in Africa; but there is all the difference in the world between long-range shooting on open ground and shooting at such perilously close quarters as the dense jungle compels. Mr. Thom pins his faith to the double 4 or 8 bore, and we heartily agree with him; few men, however, have the physical strength to carry the larger weapon, but one of average muscularity can use the 8 bore, which is powerful enough to floor any game.

Mr. Thom, to whose share of the work as dealing with fresh ground we have practically confined our attention, tells his story straightforwardly, without attempts at dramatic description or straining after effect. He has rather a weakness for introducing the Burmese observations of his followers with parenthetical translations, but this may well be forgiven him. Less pardonable are his colleague's frequently interjected comments in the text and in footnotes. Mr. Thom is perfectly capable of telling his own story; and to have one's attention switched off the narrative to read at the foot of the page, "I quite agree, F. T. P.," is irritating.

The book is liberally illustrated from photographs, always well chosen and generally well reproduced. By the courtesy of the publishers we are permitted to give here two representative pictures.

Welsh Blood.

DEAR "BAILY,"—With a slight acquaintance with your most estimable correspondent "Borderer," and with a most profound respect for his qualities as a sportsman, I may possibly be permitted to hold different views as regards the merits of Welsh and English foxhounds. "Borderer," in his article on "Hunting Sounds" in your current number, is still harping on the old string, and trying to induce us masters of hounds to introduce the Welsh strain into our kennels. Now, some of us think we can do without it; we find that we can show a certain amount of sport even in provincial countries, and we manage to kill enough foxes to satisfy the covert owners and others who are interested in fox preservation.

We *don't* lose our hounds, as some of our Welsh friends would have it believed, and by paying attention to business we can manage to know what hounds are doing even on a windy day, and in large woodlands. There may be some silent huntsmen, and it is an absolutely indisputable fact that a silent huntsman *does* make silent hounds, but the rest of us who are content to catch fairly

what foxes we can, and who firmly believe that it is a "disgrace to a huntsman to chop a fox," probably make quite as much noise as is good for sport, and if we do discourage the members of our field from assisting personally in the chorus of hunting sounds, it is possibly because we think that if we get our hounds' heads up we shan't get them down again in a hurry.

The Welsh hound possesses one characteristic which with a noisy and uncontrollable field would be a real blessing, and that is, that if he once puts his nose down, there it stops, and no amount of halloaing will induce him to leave the line.

No amount of halloaing on my part will, I know, bring "Borderer" up on better terms with his fox. He is hunting a line and he has hunted it for many a long year, and we all trust that he will continue to do so for many a year to come. It is the line of an upright sportsman's life and an example to many a young "Cut-a-dash" who flashes like a meteor over Leicestershire for two seasons, and then relapses into an *automobile, croquet-bridge, and cigarette* sort of existence.

THE BEST OF THE ENTRY.

(A Reply to "Borderer.")

He's the "Best of the Entry," he's never looked back
From the day when he fed with the rest of the pack,
His name was as good as we've got in "the book,"
And his sire was bred both to hunt and to "look."
And we hope necks and shoulders may e'er be our boast
To get up and down hill, so I'll give you the toast,
"The Best of the Entry."

When I said, "Eleu in there," he looked at me once,
As if to say "Do you take *me* for a dunce?"
My father is pals with 'John Isaacs' and 'Muntz,'
And my aunts and my uncles they all of 'em hunts;
And I hope and believe that some day you will boast
That when once I have spoken your fox is 'on toast.'"

So down went his nose as he smeused through the fence,
 For hunting's a business and not a pretence ;
 And he flew to the note of his half-brother's dam,
 And he said, " Are you sure ? " she replied, " Yes, I am."
 And I hope and believe that next time you will boast
 Old " Saucy " has spoken, we've got him " on toast."

So out flew the note of his musical tongue
 In the midst of the pack, on the line as they swung,
 The grandest of chorus that ever was sung,
 And that litter of cubs it spread terror among.
 When " Garnet " was entered, I make it my boast,
 That morning a brace of cubs gave up the ghost.

" Peccavi," they cried, and I'll cry it the same
 If the family tree of my pack has a stain,
 In the book they have been and I hope that for aye
 They'll remain ; and I also believe that their " cry "
 Will be never found wanting, and always their boast,
 With due deference to " Borderer," that Reynard's " on toast."

Myself I'm a Welshman, and proud of my race
 So distinguished in politics, war, and the chase,
 But I love to see hounds go " the deuce of a pace,"
 For I think that a " burst " to a pack's no disgrace.
 So I'll send to " the Shires " and breed them with " bone,"
 And be sorry for sportsmen whose horses get blown.

September 29th, 1900.

AMATEUR HUNTSMAN.

The Hunting Season's Arrangements.

ANOTHER hunting season is upon us, and by the time these lines are read a few packs, especially in Ireland, will have opened the regular season. It is probably safe to say that not for many a year will a period of sport be entered upon with more mixed feelings than is the case in connection with the now opening season. Faces so well known erstwhile at the covert side will never be seen again, while some of those who have survived the ordeal of Africa will return, or have returned, to England, in a state which will incapacitate them from following hounds for some time. Among others who will be missed is Mr. Flower, the popular

secretary of the North Cotswold ; while, as a considerable number of the Yeomanry and mounted volunteers have applied for employment in the police force, whose head is General Baden-Powell, a number of the rank and file of the hunting field will necessarily be absent. Those, however, who are back in time will doubtless don their hunting gear with redoubled zest, and appreciate to the full that sport which the famous Mr. Jorrocks appraised in comparison with the stern war in which so many hunting men have been engaged.

Somehow, probably because creaking doors hang longest on their hinges, staghound establish-

ments experience but little change from year to year in mastership or in the *personnel* of the staff. The fulminations of the league who make a dead set at stag-hunting, backed up by the signatures of young men and maidens who had never seen a stag-hunt, rolled away like water off a duck's back, and nobody seemed "one penny the worse." Accordingly we find that for the season very few staghound packs have changed masters. Lord Coventry had announced his intention of giving up the mastership of the buckhounds, owing to the suggestion of his medical adviser; but it is exceedingly satisfactory to hear that he will continue in office for some time longer at least. Lord Coventry, in addition to being one of the most experienced, has been one of the most popular masters of the hunt, and under his wise guidance during his two periods of mastership, stag-hunting has been carried on in the very best way possible. Long before the outgoing master was appointed master of the buckhounds, he was a master of foxhounds, and came to his post well equipped in knowledge.

There is also another change in connection with the pack which deserves passing mention, and that is that John Comins, who has been huntsman since John Harvey departed, is succeeded by Frank Goodall, jun., nephew to the Frank of that family who showed marvellous sport in Ireland and in Leicestershire under Mr. Tailby, and afterwards went to Ascot. The new huntsman, like his uncle, has had a good experience of Ireland, and was a huntsman when he had little, or at all, passed the age of twenty-one years. His last English berth was with Sir W. Watkin Wynn, and on leaving Wynnstay he went to Ireland and hunted the Kildare

hounds with conspicuous success for some time, and, when he left, he set up in business as an auctioneer, which business, we presume, still continues. It is to be hoped, indeed it may be taken for granted, that the new appointment will work successfully, for Frank Goodall is good both in the kennel and in the field, and in spite of an injury to his thigh—something in the nature of rider's strain—he used to go remarkably straight over a country, while he could not only ride a run, but could write as good a description of it as could come from the majority of hunting correspondents.

The name of Mr. E. Walter Greene (now Sir E. Walter Greene, Baronet) was for many years very familiar to hunting men as master of the Essex and Suffolk and Croome Foxhounds. He began to hunt the carted deer about ten years ago, and during the period which has elapsed has shown some excellent sport. Great, therefore, was the regret of the country side when it became known that Sir E. Greene had determined to give up the hounds with which he has so long been identified; but a successor has been found in the person of Mr. Riley Smith, who will continue to carry on the pack on the lines which have hitherto proved so successful. As regards the pack kept at Norwich, it is satisfactory to learn that there is every prospect of the country taking over the hounds until another cavalry regiment takes the place of the 7th Hussars. The war has necessarily dislocated a good many things, hunting among them; the soldiers at Norwich have found the dwellers round about in such excellent form that everyone would be sorry had the hounds remained in abeyance for even a single season. Like

Squire Osbaldeston, Mr. Pemberton Barnes is found willing to again undertake the mastership of two packs, the Essex Stag-hounds and the Newmarket and Thurlow Foxhounds, and it is to be hoped that the sport enjoyed with each establishment may compensate the master for the double dose of worry, work and anxiety. Mr. Peter Ormrod, as most people know, transferred the scene of his labours from Lancashire to Devon, but only for a couple of months, while in Ireland the only change made is that Mr. George Jackson has succeeded Capt. Lloyd as master of the Templemore. The new master himself carries the horn, so James Day, the late huntsman, has left. Major Balfe, who will this year hunt in England, has resigned the Roscommon to a committee. It was at one time rumoured that Mr. Percy Maynard would no longer act as master of the famous Ward Union; but this appears to have been a mistake, as that gentleman is still in command to the advantage of all concerned.

The war has naturally been the cause of several changes in the mastership of the different packs, and altogether they are rather more numerous than in average years. The mastership of the Barlow has been made over by Mr. William Wilson to his son who bears the same name; the old established Bilsdale find a new master and huntsman in Mr. Thomas Bentley, having lost Mr. H. W. Selby-Lowndes, who has, after putting the hunt on a better footing, gone south to take the East Kent country in succession to Mr. Baker White. Then in Dorsetshire a change has come over the Blackmore Vale Hunt. There have been singularly few changes since Mr. Digby handed

over the pack to Sir Richard Glyn, who remained in office for some years before retiring in favour of Mr. Merthyr Guest in 1884. The last-named gentleman, following the example of his predecessors, hunted the country in princely style free of cost to his followers, until the close of last season, when he made up his mind to resign. Mr. Guest kept two packs—the Blackmore Vale proper, and his own private pack, which he himself hunted on two days in each week, so that Dorsetshire men had no lack of opportunity of enjoying hunting, especially as the Cattistock, Lord Portman's and the South Dorset are also within reach of different parts of the country. The new master of the B. V. H. is Mr. John Hargreaves, son of the late master of the South Berks, and who has been for the last year or two master of the Cattistock, which pack has found a new master in the Rev. E. A. Milne. To the regret of the country side all Mr. Merthyr Guest's hounds were sold at Rugby, as also were those of Capt. Johnstone. The break up of the Dorsetshire pack is to be deplored, as it has been for some time in existence without dispersal.

Mr. Forbes, who took the Burstow at the death of Mr. Gerard Hoare, began brilliantly; but after a few seasons' experience has made way for Mr. Lambert, who has Sidney Comins, a son of the late huntsman to the Queen's staghounds, in succession to Friend, who has gone as second whipper-in to Lord Leconfield. The Burstow is one of those countries within grasp of London which is difficult to hunt, on account of there being so many shooting tenants, some of them keeping hounds out of their coverts till about Christmas time;

after that some capital sport is to be enjoyed. The unexpected death of General Sir Frederick Marshall deprived the Chiddingfold of an excellent master and a tried friend, who had previously hunted the country, but a successor to him has been found in Mr. Cowley Lambert, who lives in the country, and has the confidence of those who have hunted with the pack. On coming to the Cottesmore country it is almost impossible to realise the fact that Mr. W. Baird, after having been so long the popular master of that country, should have now severed his official connection with it; yet so it is, and Mr. Hanbury reigns in his stead, with Arthur Thatcher, son of the former Shropshire huntsman, carrying the horn in place of George Gillson; and Thatcher, one is sorry to say, sustained a bad fall early in October, which may or may not keep him out of the saddle for a time; but at the moment of writing it is hard to say what the result may be. Mr. Chandos Pole gives up the private pack with which for the last three seasons he has hunted a loan of country in the Meynell territory.

The Craven has been fortunate enough to secure a new master to replace Mr. W. H. Dunn, who is compelled by ill health to vacate a position he has filled with marked success, his first connection with the hunt dating from upwards of twenty years ago. The new master is Mr. Lionel Barlow. In Essex Mr. E. Salvin Bowlby has resigned the mastership of the Essex Hunt, to the gentleman who has shared office with him; Mr. C. E. Greene's thorough knowledge of the country and its inhabitants, will help everything to run smoothly.

The Goathland have passed from one Mr. William Smith

to another gentleman of the same name. The outgoing master has been in office since 1877, and part of the hounds are kept by the master, while the remainder of the pack are trencher-fed. It is always a matter for regret when an established pack of foxhounds ceases to exist; but the reason of the Gogerddan coming to an end is sad in the extreme, since it is owing to the sad death of Mr. Pryse Pryse, who was bitten by a fox. Mr. Dun Waters, master of the Wheatland, bought some of the hounds, which bore the reputation of being excellent workers; but the break up of the hunt is greatly deplored. Although the aged Earl Fitzwilliam's hounds will hunt through the season, and it is to be hoped for many more seasons, it is probable that the master may not be often out with them, as owing to ill health he will spend much time at his Irish seat.

In Hampshire, owing to the resignation of the Hon. F. Baring, the Hambledon country has been divided, and two new masters appear upon the scene. Mr. Whalley Tooker succeeds to the northern and eastern side, while Capt. Standish takes charge of the southern and western portion, and under this new arrangement it is to be hoped that good sport will ensue. The South Herefordshire suffer a change owing to Mr. A. W. Foster having given up the country in favour of Mr. F. G. Fry. What has hitherto been Capt. Johnstone's pack must now be sought for higher up in the alphabet, Sir Everard Cayley having taken over the district rendered vacant by the captain's retirement, while there are changes to be noted in connection with both the East and West Kent packs. The former country is now hunted by Mr. H. W. Selby-

Lowndes, who has migrated from the Bilsdale, and Mr. Baker White, formerly master of East Kent, has gone over the border to succeed Lord George Nevill in West Kent. Mr. Heseltine, who is away soldiering, has handed over the New Forest Hounds to Mr. H. C. Compton, the change affording the employment of a professional huntsman, Frank Hutchins, as the new master does not himself carry the horn as did Mr. Heseltine.

After five seasons of master-ship, Mr. Ashurst gives up the South Oxfordshire country to Mr. H. G. Pease. Mr. Craven resigned the Pembrokeshire at the end of last season, and was succeeded by Mr. Leader, who at a recent hunt meeting sent a communication that he seriously thought of resigning unless something could be done to check the spread of barbed wire which is seriously affecting hunting in Pembrokeshire. Apparently Mr. Leader was not satisfied with the result of his representations, for he returns to his former post as master of the Muskerry in Ireland, Mr. F. Lort Phillips taking the Pembrokeshire. In Nottinghamshire Mr. Rolleston, being in the Yeomanry, loyally placed his services at the country's disposal, and, proceeding to the front, left the Rufford Hounds, over which he has long presided with such tact and energy, in the hands of Lord Manvers. Mr. Rolleston's name, to the great regret of all, appeared in the casualty lists: he was severely wounded. There is also a change to report in connection with the Shropshire country, Mr. Bibby now being sole master instead of acting in conjunction with Mr. Rowland Hunt. What used to be the South Shropshire

country has frequently been a difficulty, and when the partnership between last season's masters was dissolved, Mr. Hunt offered to take the whole country on a substantial guarantee. Mr. Bibby, on the other hand, turning his back on the South Country, offered to hunt the North Country at his own expense, and that is the arrangement for the present season; so as far as can be understood the South Country is virtually unhunted, except that some of it will be covered by a neighbouring pack. Military duties called away Mr. Eyton, master of the Stevenstone, so he resigned the country to the Hon. Mark Rolle, by whose name it is again known, Mr. David Horndon being the acting master, and it is to be hoped that so good a country, for there is much grass in it, will be the scene of much good sport. In the West it has hardly its equal, and its hounds bred and owned by the Hon. Mark Rolle, for so long master, reach a high standard. Then there is a sad tale to tell in connection with the Surrey Union. Major Goulbourn resigned at the close of last season, when Mr. T. H. Bennett and Mr. G. H. Longman were elected joint masters; but just as cubhunting was beginning, and it does not begin very early in Surrey, owing to shooting arrangements, Mr. Bennett died, so Mr. Longman reigns alone.

In Somersetshire the Hon. E. W. B. Portman, who has made the Taunton Vale an exceedingly well-gated country, has given up the hounds and is succeeded by Mr. F. C. Swindell, formerly master of the Puckeridge and the Old Berkshire, and as the new master has elected to be his own huntsman, Mr. Dodington hangs up his horn.

The Tremlett Hunt suffers this

season from the resignation of the late master, Sir John Shelley, but a successor has been fortunately found in Mr. W. Morris, of Elm-side House, Exeter, in whose hands the welfare of the hunt is safe, though one cannot help regretting that there is no member of the Tremlett family to take a share in the management of the hunt which has so long been watched over by them. The Vale of White Horse (Cirencester) came very near losing Earl Bathurst, who has gone to St. Helena with his regiment, but at the earnest solicitation of his friends he consented to keep on the hounds, and so has saved the country from having to look out for a new master. In the Vine country, however, Mr. Pember has resigned, and Mr. Gordon Russell, a former master, takes his place, his huntsman being Tom Attrill, from the Old Surrey, while both whippers-in are new.

When we come to the Warwickshire we learn the sad intelligence that Lord Willoughby de Broke, who succeeded Mr. Spencer Lucy as far back as the year 1876, has now been compelled to resign in consequence of ill health. For some time has Lord Willoughby been absent from the field, and for some time his illness gave rise to great anxiety, but hunting men are now glad to learn that some improvement has taken place and that he has been able to be driven out in his carriage. His period of mastership has been a time of continued success. The Peterborough Shows sufficiently attest his skill in hound breeding, while as an amateur huntsman Lord Willoughby has probably no superior. The pack has now passed to his son, in whose hands the traditions of the hunt will be well and worthily upheld. J. Brown is the huntsman. Lord

Algernon Percy, one of the masters of the North Warwickshire, being away soldiering, his colleague, Mr. Arkwright, carries on single-handed pending his partner's return. There is no further change in the mastership of packs until we come to the Wilton, which Mr. Cazenove has given up, to be succeeded by Mr. H. Curtis Gallup, who has retained the services of Maurice Sweetman, son of Mr. Garth's old huntsman, to carry the horn. The South and West Wilts have passed from the hands of Mr. Percy Brown, during his absence with the Yeomanry in South Africa, to a committee, with Lord Heytesbury, who takes the greatest interest in the hunt, as deputy master. J. Stratton, the former huntsman, has gone to Lord Portman, his place being filled by Sam Gillson, who has been promoted from the berth of first whipper-in.

It is seldom that there is much to say about the Scottish packs so far as changes of mastership are concerned, and this season is no exception to the rule. It says much for the spirit of masters across the border that all the old masters are again in office, not a single change having been made, though there has been the usual shuffling of whippers-in.

In Ireland the changes are considerable. Colonel Holroyd Smith, master of the Coshmore Coshbride Hunt, being still away in South Africa commanding the 3rd Battalion of the Leinster Regiment, the management of the hounds rests with Mr. Rowland Smyth, who acts as huntsman. The Faithlegg Hounds are no longer found in the list; they were given up at the end of last season, and their country is absorbed in that of the Waterford. Lord Huntingdon, in ad-

Name of Pack.	Former Master.	New Master.
---------------	----------------	-------------

STAGHOUNDS.

Sir Edward Greene's ...	Sir Edward Greene ...	Mr. Riley Smith.
7th Hussars ...	Colonel Hon. R. T. Lawley	
Roscommon ...	Major Balfe ...	A Committee.

FOXHOUNDS.

ENGLAND.

Bilsdale ...	Mr. H. W. Selby-Lowndes	Mr. Thomas Bentley.
Blackmore Vale ...	Mr. Merthyr Guest ...	Mr. John Hargreaves.
Burstow ...	Mr. E. B. Forbes ...	Mr. Uvedale Lambert.
Mr. Chandos Pole's ...	Mr. Chandos Pole ..	Given up.
Cattistock ...	Mr. John Hargreaves ...	Rev. E. A. Milne.
Chiddingfold ...	Gen. Sir F. Marshall ...	Mr. Cowley Lambert.
Cottesmore ...	Mr. W. Baird ...	Mr. Hanbury.
Craven ...	Mr. W. H. Dunn ...	Mr. Lionel Barlow.
Essex ...	Mr. S. Bowlby ...	Committee. Acting Master, Mr. C. E. Green.
Goathland ...	Mr. William Smith ...	Mr. Wm. Smith (another Master of same name).
Gogerddan ...	Sir Pryse Pryse and Mr. P. Pryse Pryse	Given up.
Hambleton ...	Hon. F. Baring ...	N. and E. side, Mr. Whalley Tooker. S. and W. side, Captain Standish.
Herefordshire, South ...	Mr. A. W. Foster ...	Mr. F. G. Fry.
Johnstone's, Capt. Hon. F.	Capt. Hon. F. Johnstone...	Sir Everard Cayley (under whose name they now appear).
Kent, East ...	Mr. W. Baker White ...	Mr. H. W. Selby-Lowndes.
Kent, West ...	Lord George Nevill ...	Mr. W. Baker White.
New Forest ...	Mr. C. Heseltine ...	Mr. H. C. Compton.
Oxfordshire, South ...	Mr. W. H. Ashurst ...	Mr. H. G. Pease.
Pembrokeshire ...	Mr. Leader ...	Mr. Lort Phillips.
Rufford ...	Mr. L. Rolleston ...	Lord Manvers.
Shropshire ...	Messrs. Bibby and R. Hunt	Mr. F. Bibby.
Stevenstone (Hon. Mark Rolle's)	Mr. R. W. Eyton ...	Hon. Mark Rolle. Mr. D. Horndon, Acting Master.
Surrey Union ...	Mr. J. H. Bennett (dead)...	Mr. G. H. Longman.
Taunton Vale ...	Hon. E. W. B. Portman ...	Mr. F. C. Swindell.
Tremlett ...	Sir John Shelley ...	Mr. W. Morris.
Vine ...	Mr. G. H. Pember ...	Mr. A. Gordon Russell.
Warwickshire ...	Lord Willoughby de Broke	Hon. R. G. Verney.
Wilton ...	Mr. W. de P. Cazenove ...	Mr. H. C. Gallup.
Wilts, South and West ...	Mr. Percy Browne...	Committee. Lord Heytebury, Deputy Master.

IRELAND.

Faithlegg ...	Mr. P. J. M. Power ...	Given up.
Galway, East ...	Mr. J. B. Charters...	Lord Huntingdon.
United Hunt Club ...	Mr. Nicholson ...	Messrs. Nicholson and Sherman-Crawford.
Westmeath ...	Lord Longford and Hon. E. M. Pakenham	Mr. J. B. Charters.

dition to hunting the Ormond Hounds, has taken over the East Galway from Mr. J. B. Charters, and will carry the horn in both countries. The New Ross have hitherto figured as harriers; but as they hunt foxes they now appear as foxhounds under the same master, Mr. Lambert, who also hunts the hounds. The only change in the United Hunt Club establishment is that Mr. Sharman-Crawford becomes joint master with Mr. Nicholson, and we are glad to find that part of the old Curraghmore country has been revived under the name of the Waterford, with Mr. G. F. Malcomson as master and huntsman, and Mr. F. Dalton and W. Griffith as whippers-in. Mr. Charters, who as already mentioned gives up the East Galway,

has migrated to Westmeath. Here he succeeds Lord Longford and the Honourable E. M. Pakenham. The conversion of the Knockmacool into a harrier pack has been forced upon Mr. Beamish, owing to paucity of foxes in his country.

In Ireland it is remarkable how many of the packs are hunted by amateurs, the only professional huntsmen being Fred Champion (Kildare); Charles Dean (Louth); Tom Champion (South Union); Dennis McCarthy (United Hunt Club); and Thomas Garrett (Wexford). In Scotland, on the other hand, Mr. C. Scott Plummer and Mr. Scot Anderson are the only masters doing huntsman's work; in England and Wales amateurs and professionals are about equally divided.

“ Our Van.”

Manchester September Meeting.—The days of the present Manchester racecourse are rapidly nearing their end, and, now that another venue has been definitely decided upon and the plans of Messrs. Manning, the Newmarket architects, accepted, no one has a good word to say for the very bad track at New Barns. That course is a dreadful example, which race-course managers will do well to take to heart, of what happens when you play tricks with Nature. It has been frequently insisted upon and never contradicted, save by interested persons, that the turf at New Barns was rotten, and the rottenness was brought about by the system adopted in winter of protecting the course from frost by means of a straw covering. It was very enterprising, and well meant, but the permanent result

was fatal. Without the straw protection one often could not have raced, no doubt.

The course was in a very bad state when racing began on September 21st, and every one concerned wished the new one was ready. On the first day Lord Melton having nothing to beat on paper but First Fruit, easily added to his winning list, and on the second day The Grafter won the Prince Edward Handicap. It was not a satisfactory race, Ameer being left at the post, whilst there was some scrimmaging which resulted in C. Rickaby being crushed against the rails and all but killed.

Newmarket First October.—The regulation Newmarket programme, in which we see horses of more than average merit race for often indifferent stakes, has been strongly supplemented of late years by the Jockey Club

Stakes; not that even a Ten Thousand Pounder serves to attract the public as does a Cesarewitch or a Cambridgeshire, the effect upon the attendance being barely appreciable, save that a few more locals turn up on the heath.

Of the interesting events of the meeting one was certainly the victory of Forfarshire in the Great Foal Stakes. He was giving away from 7lb. to Phalaris to 23lb. to Romula, and won easily by three lengths from Phalaris, about whom a short price was taken. He was not the Forfarshire he promised to be at the end of his two-year-old career, but he was recovering rapidly from a very bad time, which commenced in the race for the Derby, where he got all the kicks and Diamond Jubilee the ha'pence. He still had a great deal of lee way to make up, and of this no one was more fully aware than his trainer who prayed only for more time—say a month, or even three weeks—in order to make a bold show in the big race two days later. The fact that he was ridden by Mornington Cannon did not make the victory the less popular.

The result of the Jockey Club Stakes was to effectually prick the Diamond Jubilee bubble and to demonstrate to the "meanest comprehension" the fact that the three-year-old form of 1900 is very much below that of 1899. The starters were eight in number, of whom just half were seriously considered in the betting. Strange to say, the favoured four included Sailor Lad, the infatuation for the "Lads" evidently not having subsided. A more hopeless infatuation never existed on the Turf. Since he ran in the Derby, and played havoc in it, Disguise II. had not appeared on a race-course, and had evidently been kept for this event. The fact was

well recognised, and had anything happened to prevent Diamond Jubilee from starting, he would have been a raging hot favourite. As it was there was no shaking the belief of the public in the Derby and St. Leger winner despite the result of the Princess of Wales's Stakes, and he started an odds-on chance. But he never looked like a winner; he even failed to give Forfarshire 6 lb., and Disguise II. sailed away with the race. In the paddock Diamond Jubilee played some rare antics and objected to following the other horses out at the gate, even though the faithful Frontignan was there to lead him. After much circus work on his hind legs, he was prevailed upon to make his exit by an emergency gate. We have seen him behave like this before and yet win, but the carrying on provided an excellent excuse for his subsequent hollow defeat. Forfarshire again ran well, for he was giving Disguise II. 6lb., and finished third, a neck behind Jolly Tar, to whom he was giving a year and 3lb.

One person who is to be sincerely congratulated upon this being the last race of Diamond Jubilee as a three-year-old is his jockey, H. Jones, who must be heartily glad that his trials are all over. He has been placed in a position occupied by no jockey before him.

During the meeting the dissatisfaction which two trainers had expressed at the way their horses were ridden to defeat, one at Sandown Park and one at Doncaster, was fully justified by the way they won their races here, under different jockeyship.

Kempton Park October Meeting.—At this meeting we first see a return to the enthusiasm that was taken in racing by Londoners previous to the holiday season,

and the wise provision of a handicap over the Jubilee Course has helped matters materially. The Duke of York Stakes is not likely to rival the popularity of the Jubilee Stakes, but it serves its purpose. The Imperial Produce Stakes is also an interesting two-year-old race and the form shown in it we are accustomed to see verified later on. Volodyovski was deservedly the favourite for this, but he succumbed to the Queen Adelaide filly by Galopin, who had run second to the La Flèche filly by Isinglass in the Champion Breeders' Foal Stakes at Derby. Both fillies were making a first appearance, but the Queen Adelaide filly showed vast improvement at her second outing, whereas when the La Flèche filly next ran in the Hopeful Stakes at the First October Meeting she was nowhere behind Santa Brigida. The Queen Adelaide filly won the Kempton race in capital style. In the Duke of York Stakes poetic justice was meted out in a way that cannot be relied upon on the turf, the race being won by Mount Prospect who had run second in both 1898 and 1899.

Newmarket Second October Meeting.—With the general public this meeting is also known as the Cesarewitch Week, and the long-distance handicap is what most of the visitors come to see, three of the four days being practically neglected. On the first day there was certainly little enough to attract people from London, for although La Roche was seen out, she was indulging in a practical walk over in the Newmarket Oaks, run over the Two Middle Miles. The Cesarewitch was scarcely a soul-stirring race, the average of the class being poor. It was on all hands voted an even easier race to win

than usual, and it was won easily enough by the horse with the best claim to class, Clarehaven. There was no proof that Mr. Neumann's filly could stay the course, but this did not seem to worry backers much, for she was made second favourite to Zagiga, who, in some occult way, kept at the head of the quotations, although the usual signs that she would prove dangerous seemed wanting. The Irish colt, Berrill, was a bogey who could not be disregarded. The paddock parade was a great disappointment, no fewer than eight runners, including Clarehaven, being saddled elsewhere. If one should have permission why not eight? is an argument that cannot be put aside, but with more than one-third of the competitors not on view, those who pay to enter the paddock for the only possible purpose of seeing the horses, do not seem to get full value for their money. There were the usual tips for outsiders, the most substantial of which was for First Principal, on the strength of a trial with La Lune. First Principal played a prominent part in the race for nearly two miles. He is somewhat of a headstrong colt, and Rigby found it advisable to give him a free rein, which resulted in his going on many lengths in front of the field. At one time he was probably nearly ten lengths in front. Clarehaven and Sardonic II. were always in the van of the rest, and when First Principal tried they passed to the front. Those in the race near enough to see could tell half a mile or more from home that Clarehaven would win, and win she did in very easy fashion, coming clear away from the Bushes. The filling of the second place was the surprise of the race, Saturday entirely upsetting the

calculations of his stable, who had placed their faith in and their money on the stable companion, Emily Melton. The fact that Sardonic II. filled third place also caused surprise, of another order, for she was nowhere nine days before in the Nottingham Handicap, after missing the Newmarket October Handicap. Scintillant, carrying 22lbs. more than last year, ran a good colt in getting fourth when the fact is considered that he was struck into by Gadfly, losing a plate and nearly coming down. He was made to interfere with Cut-away, who seems doomed to this sort of attention, and it will be a treat to see him in a big handicap with a clear course from end to end. Jolly Tar was never in the race, and he was thought heavy for the course. Berrill cast anchor when the victory of Clarehaven was assured. Zagiga, the favourite, with bleeding, cracked heels, finished last, save the tailed-off Sir Reginald. The race was an extremely fast run one, but the winner finished as though they had cantered the first two miles.

In the Second October Nursery Stakes Water Lily decidedly gained fresh honours by giving weight to fifteen opponents and winning in a canter, and the promising Garter Knight also did well in winning the Maiden Two-year-old Plate.

On the next day Jolly Tar came out and won the Lowther Stakes of a mile and three-quarters, so his exertions in the Cesarewitch did him no harm. The Ditch Mile Nursery saw the Prince of Wales's colours on a race course once more and they were winning colours, Lord Quex beating the Corday filly by half a length. Princess Melton, running for the first time for her new owner, Mr.

B. Joel, who had paid 15,000

guineas for her, cantered away with the Bretby Stakes. The last two races brought about a public demonstration against the rider of Escorial and Americus, and the riding was subsequently made the subject of investigation by the Stewards of the Jockey Club.

The fourth day consisted of the Middle Park Plate and padding, the padding commencing with a race for the Whip. Mr. Gold, the holder, was unable to defend it, and Sir E. Cassell and Lord Ellesmere challenged Sir E. Cassell's Gadfly, beating Lord Ellesmere's Ultimatum.

Although public form spoke strongly in favour of Orchid, people approached the Middle Park Plate with a very open mind. The opinion formed of the two-year-old talent engaged was not very high, several of the best of the year not being in the race. Lord Bobs was thought to have made sufficient improvement to enable him to turn the tables on Orchid and Star Shoot, but each of the three had his followers in strength. They ran about in keeping with public form, finishing in the order: Orchid, Star Shoot, Lord Bobs, but as second, third and fourth only, another filling first place. This was Floriform, a chestnut colt by Florizel II. out of Maid of Athol, who was running in public for the first time. He won the race fairly and squarely by a neck from Orchid, and the cheering for Mornington Canon, the jockey, was both spontaneous and hearty, although people who cheered lost their money. Mr. Jay purchased Maid of Athol with the foal at foot, and he also has a yearling own brother to Floriform. He was not able to obtain a third service of Florizel II. for the mare, so had to be satisfied with sending her to Persimmon.

The Royal Buckhounds.—There seems a possibility that, after all, Lord Coventry may not give up the mastership. With the exception of the historian of the pack, Lord Ribblesdale, there has been no better master of the Buckhounds in our time. With Lord Coventry at the head of affairs, the standard of the pack is sure to be kept. The new huntsman, Frank Goodall, who is, I think, a brother of the late William Goodall, of the Pytchley, was well known in Kildare, and, if he can avoid the hindrance to success of his two predecessors, should add to his renown in the difficult and, in many parts, wild country over which the royal hounds hunt. The hounds have already done some useful work in the forest. Rain is, however, much wanted in this district.

Mr. Peter Ormrod's.—A keen huntsman and a popular man, Mr. Ormrod has been hunting the wild red deer in the Barnstaple district with the pack which was formed a year or two back to hunt the carted deer in Lancashire. The master has advanced rapidly in woodcraft under the guidance of Mr. Bassett, of Watermouth Castle. The hounds are a very useful lot, save that some of the black and tans, though handsome to look at, struck me as being rather heavy-shouldered for the Exmoor forest. At any rate, the sport has been very good.

Death of a Veteran M.H.—With much regret we learn that Mr. W. L. Chorley, of Quarne, Dunster, Somerset, died at his residence on Sunday, October 14th. Mr. Chorley was the founder of the Quarne Harriers, and had held the mastership and carried the horn for upwards of forty seasons. An exceedingly active and popular man, in public life and in the sport he did so

much to promote, Mr. Chorley will be sadly missed in Somersetshire. Some few weeks before his death he made over the pack of harriers with which he had for so many years shown sport to Mr. Morland Greig, of Exford.

The Pytchley.—Lord Southampton will give up the Woodland Pytchley at the end of the season. He wishes for a country where there is more hunting, and Brixworth is not altogether a good centre for a man who likes to hunt five or six days a week. Yet Lord Southampton, who carries the horn himself, will have lost nothing and learned much by his two seasons in the woodlands. Mr. Wroughton has expressed a wish to take Lord Southampton's place at Brixworth. The hounds are Mr. Wroughton's own property. Seven years as master of the Pytchley is a tax on purse, and no one can deny that the sport has been good. We recollect some three or four seasons ago, when he was hunting in Leicestershire, that while other packs were doing little the Pytchley had a scent, and Mr. Wroughton and John were showing a gallop every day. A Pytchley man propounded the theory the other day that there always is in that country a scent for half the season. Hounds run hard either before Christmas or after it. Some people grumble, but, so far as can be gathered, they seem to come all the same year after year. The old houses fill up, and new hunting-boxes, more or less red and Queen Anne in style, dot the places of vantage. Wire is a delicate subject, but there is no denying there is some in the country. It is an alleviation to have it marked, but that does not enable one to ride over the country. The Pytchley will want a new master. The committee, the

farmers and Lord Spencer all have influence, and when they are agreed we shall be able to make an announcement, no doubt.

The Quorn.—Somehow or other the Quorn seems always to be in smooth water. Captain Burns-Hartopp has local influence which counts for much; he throws himself heartily into everything that concerns his country and his neighbours, whether it is politics or horse breeding. Mr. Tempest Wade, the secretary, is a man of business and a man of tact. Everybody connected with the hunt wishes to show sport, and the field, though full of thrusters, would rather behave well than not, if told what to do and when to do it. The mange has died out of the Monday country, and both sides of the Wreake have answered cubhunting questions satisfactorily. A good many people, including some ladies, have been cubbing. But as I write the majority of people have not arrived. The Quorn pack, needless to say, is as ever full of drive.

Melton.—The "hunting metropolis," as papers love to call it, is so naturally connected with the Q. H. that to pass from the one subject to the other is natural. Melton has just had an election, and the Bell Inn has been the headquarters of Lord Cecil Manners, instead of its usual quota of hunting men. Not that the new member is not a hunting man like his brother and predecessor, Lord Edward; he loves the cry of the hound in the Belvoir woods. But Melton has settled the election, and is preparing for a season which everyone expects to be a record. Last year was a sad season. This year we are to have the reaction. Egerton Lodge will be, of course, now as ever the social centre. But Staveley Lodge and the

Harborough Hotel have their circles more or less joyous. A good many men are back, a great many more are coming. The Duke and Duchess of Marlborough, the Duchess of Newcastle, Ladies Harcourt and Gerard, Lord and Lady Henry Bentinck, Lady Violet Brassey, will all be in or near Melton and are each in their own set and their own way leaders of sport and society. With few exceptions, however, Melton society never forgets that it is there to hunt, and however high its spirits in our days, at least respects its nerves by moderation and fairly early hours. Each year the number of permanent residents increases, and there are a good many people who make Melton or the neighbourhood their headquarters. Sir Ernest Cassel has quite settled at Dalby, and Mr. and Mrs. Lancelot Lowther live at Asfordby. Mr. and Mrs. Hedworth Barclay have bought Gaddesby and greatly improved it internally. The situation could not be better for hunting. Having so many practically resident supporters strengthens the hand of the master very much. Birds of passage are not, as a rule, popular with farmers. At Melton, however, even the "spring captains" are regular as the swallows. Subscriptions are paid as a matter of course, and the secretary of the hunt has a fairly easy time.

The Cottesmore.—These hounds had a most extraordinary good cubbing season at first. Scent favoured them on several days and foxes were numerous. The Cottesmore is a country which will stand a great deal of cubhunting, and, indeed, needs it. Such woods as Owston, Tilton, Wardley and Launde want much rattling. Unluckily, Arthur Thatcher has had a nasty fall and

broke his collar-bone. The loss of the huntsman at such a moment, just when he was learning his country and hounds had begun to know him and work for him, is little less than a disaster. Everyone will sympathise with Mr. Hanbury, whose first season it is as master of this famous pack.

The Burton.—No pack has a history that goes further back than the Burton into the dim distance of the early days of fox-hunting. The list of masters is enough to recall a history of fox-hounds and foxhunting. Osbaldeston, Assheton Smith, Sutton and Bentinck each carried the horn with the Burton. A difficult and deep country, with wide ditches and fences that permit of no chancing, the Burton is a thoroughly sporting district. Lincolnshire farmers are as famous for their love of hunting as for their agricultural skill, and that is saying much. The Burton have yet another distinction, for they are hoping to remove all their wire. The present master, Mr. T. Wilson, has met with great success in his efforts to show sport. Lincolnshire still holds its own in the world of sport, for it has three of the best masters possible within its borders, Mr. Rawnsley, of the Southwold, Mr. Cockburn, of the Blankney, and Mr. Wilson, of the Burton.

A Hunt in the Cliffs.—A new and exciting form of sport was enjoyed by the East Devon hounds on October 8th. The foxes have discovered that the cliffs near Exmouth are a safe refuge from whence to ravage the poultry yards of the neighbourhood. The fox likes to live without working too hard, and without paying the ransom of his existence of being hunted. The security of the cliff foxes of the East Devon was rudely dispelled

by Yelverton and his whipper-in, who, with the help of the hounds and a strong body of terriers, fairly drove the cubs from the cliffs and killed a brace that refused to leave. One fox was rolled over on the shingle after an exciting hunt. Those that chose to fly to more accessible coverts were allowed to do so.

The Belvoir.—The coming marriage of Sir Gilbert Greenall to Miss Griffith is naturally exciting a good deal of interest. Although Sir Gilbert comes from Cheshire, and Lincolnshire people are often cold to strangers, yet the master of the Belvoir has shown such zeal for the farmers' interests and such a genuine desire to help them that he has established himself in the liking of the country. The way in which he has kept up the credit of the pack entrusted to him has helped to make him a popular master. It would not be too much to say that the Belvoir kennel never stood so high in the estimation of hound breeders as it does to-day. Probably there never was a sire with so many winners at puppy shows to his credit as Dexter. On the Lincolnshire side of the country, and notably at Stubton and Aswarley, there have been large numbers of cubs found, but on the Leicestershire side foxes are not quite so plentiful, though still no doubt there are enough for sport.

The Rufford.—Among the packs which seem likely to have a good season is the Rufford. Everyone in the country reverences the gallant way in which the late master, Mr. Rolleston, responded to the call to arms, and the generous way in which Lord Manvers came forward to hunt the hounds. Lord Manvers had only just succeeded to the title, and death duties made it incon-

venient to take up the master-ship, but he expressed his feeling of the duty of keeping up national sports for those absent, and stepped into the breach. It is all the more hard upon him to be confounded, as a great many papers have done, with Lord Manners of Cold Overton Hall, in the Cottesmore. Lord Manners was for one season master of the Quorn, and is of course well known as the rider of Seaman in the Grand National. Earl Manners, better known in the hunting field as Lord Newark, has practically been at work as M.F.H. for a season already. He begins this season with a new huntsman, Higgins, a strong entry, and an unusually good supply of cubs. The Rufford is a strong woodland country, and not so well known as the Grove on its northern boundary.

The Pembrokeshire.—Mr. Leader has resigned and Mr. Lort Phillips accepted the mastership of the hunt. As Mr. Lort Phillips is a local squire, as well as a keen sportsman and a most excellent judge of hounds, the prospects of the hunt are very good. The country has, I think, no pack of its own, and the new master will have to collect one. He has warm local support, and among others the new Lord Kensington.

Mr. Fernie's.—Mr. and Mrs. Fernie are now established at Keythorpe Hall. The Keythorpe coverts lie on the road which here divides the Cottesmore and the South Quorn countries, and have of course been tried and found full of foxes. But Lord Churchill's place at Rolleston is the most important centre for cubhunting in this part of the country. The woods, though not large as we understand size in the provinces, are stronger than most, and a fox from Rolleston

may run one of the best lines possible over Ashlands Valley, or one of the stiffest to Skeffington, and can hardly go wrong. Lord Churchill has greatly improved the property since he bought it, and of course foxes are well preserved. It was in a lake in the grounds that a cub was drowned the other day when hounds were here. By the way, it may be useful to some people to point out that the name of Mr. Fernie's huntsman is Charles Isaac, and not Isaacs.

The Warwickshire.—It is definitely decided that Mr. Verney shall succeed Lord Willoughby de Broke in the mastership. It is now known that Lord Willoughby will never be able to hunt again. Thus there passes into retirement the best hound-breeder and one of the best amateur huntsmen of our day. Of what Lord Willoughby has done for the Warwickshire hounds the fame of the kennel may tell. If I am not mistaken, the portraits of Mr. and Mrs. Greville Verney were exhibited in Jermyn Street at the same time as the presentation portrait of Lord Willoughby. Mrs. Verney, who is very keen, and understands hunting as well as she does riding, which is saying a good deal, was a Miss Hanbury, and comes, therefore, of a well-known hunting family. Mr. Verney is the third master in direct succession his family have supplied to the Warwickshire.

Polo.—A club has been founded at Manchester. There are already fifty members, and a suitable site for a ground has been found on the de Trafford Park estate. Thus a gap in the list of county clubs has been filled up.

Soldiering in South Africa.—A good example of the Imperial Yeomanry trooper is Mr. Robert Henry Green-Price, the eldest

surviving son of our valued contributor, "Borderer." Mr. R. H. Green-Price, who went out as a trooper in the 13th (Shropshire) Company, 5th Battalion of Imperial Yeomanry, has fought in upwards of forty actions, and, up to about the end of August, had marched 1,600 miles; he has been among the fortunate ones, as he has gone through all this fighting and hard work without a day's illness or disablement. His immunity from sickness is perhaps due in some degree to the hard condition in which he went out. Mr. R. H. Green-Price is on the Stock Exchange, but he found time for other occupations; he is a first-rate man to hounds, is captain of the Ealing Football Club, is in the Ealing cricket eleven, and is a member (and marksman) of the Artists' Volunteer Corps. He was among the first to enrol when the warrant was issued for the formation of the Imperial Yeomanry. He is a good representative specimen of the men whose names appear in the "Sport and War" appendix of the season's "Baily's Hunting Directory."

Ireland.—The Baldoyle meetings have not been favoured in the matter of weather this year, and on the opening day at the last gathering we had nearly as bad a specimen of Irish climate to face as on the "abandoned" day in August. The only cheering item in the sport was the popular victory of Lord Cadogan's *Excellenza* in the Howth Plate, who, in the hands of McIntyre, cleverly defeated twelve others, amongst them such good winners as *Cerasus* and *Shandradan*. McIntyre also rode two other winners during the day.

Fine weather prevailed next day and the attendance was fairly good; the fields were larger and

every favourite won. Coragh Hill gave C. Hogan a very bad fall in the Hurdle Race, but that cast-iron jockey is used to "tosses" and a speedy recovery is looked for. A protest against McIntyre for foul riding in a race he did not win was overruled, but these were the only incidents to mar the pleasure of a delightful day's racing which, if not high-class, was nevertheless interesting.

Hunting gossip in Ireland has it that Captain Frank Wise will be home in time to hunt the Limerick hounds before Christmas.

Before the Van is printed for November the Meath hounds will have taken the field, for Mr. John Watson opens his season at Bective on October 23rd. Fred Ash has returned to him as first whipper-in after a sojourn in the Midlands, and will be warmly welcomed in Meath, where he was a great favourite.

Thomas Champion, a brother of the Kildare huntsman, will hunt the South Union hounds in Co. Cork this year, and there are sundry other changes in Wexford and elsewhere which will be found duly recorded in "Baily's Hunting Directory." It will be noticed that Mr. Sharman Crawford becomes joint master of the U. H. C. with Mr. Nicholson, who has done so much for the sport in that country since he took command. Last season Mr. Nicholson lost nearly thirty couples of hounds from distemper and pneumonia, and had difficulty, of course, in replacing them; the entry, however, has done well, and a large draft also contained very useful hounds, so the cubs have been well rattled and a good season is expected. These hounds have already had a clinker with an old fox from Barry's Gorse which they ran to ground after eight miles without a check.

Lord Huntingdon's big new country will take a lot of working, but he has had some very good sport among the cubs and the hounds are very fit. Mr. Robert Watson is not well off for woodlands in the neighbourhood of Ballydarton and the Carlow and Island hounds do very little cub-hunting, but the beautiful entry he has are declared to promise well in their work. Their neighbours in Kildare and Kilkenny went early to work, but in Kilkenny a series of scentless mornings, owing to the hard, dry state of the ground, caused a break in the proceedings in September, but when they came out again they did well.

Mr. Burke was very busy as soon as the harvest was over in Tipperary and is highly pleased with his young hounds, and in Waterford good judges declare that Mr. Malcolmson has been wonderfully fortunate in his purchases, who have been making the great woodlands of Curraghmore ring again with the old familiar sound.

In Galway Mr. Poyser has already scored a brilliant success; he has done very well among the cubs and the entry pleased him in every way, but early in the morning of October 3rd the pack dropped on to an old dog fox in Eastwell bog covert, and after making a six-mile point they rolled him over in Fairfield, a great performance. Mr. Poyser has every prospect of another good season; he mounts his men admirably and spares no trouble about every detail connected with the chase, and well deserves the success he is pretty certain to obtain.

A new Irish pack of foxhounds, under the designation of the New Ross Hounds, will be found in "Baily's Hunting Directory."

They are mastered by Mr. Nicholas Lambert, of Dysartmore, who for several years hunted the New Ross harriers, which pack, nevertheless, devoted their attentions entirely to fox. The new pack will, by permission of the Kilkenny Hunt, work all the country to the east of the Waterford and Kilkenny railway which lies to the south of the river Nore, besides drawing the coverts to the south of Brandon Hill in the Rower country.

Sport at the Universities.—

Ere these notes are in print Light and Dark Blues will have foregathered for another academical year. Despite a big exodus of men to the war, &c., last year, they do so under the happiest auspices. A correspondingly large number of "Freshmen" are in evidence either way, including (we are happy to say) very many public-school athletes already known to fame. For the benefit of the uninitiated, we may add that October Term procedure is mainly of an educational nature. Only two representative contests are decided prior to Christmas. The majority of teams, crews, &c., go in strongly for practice and preparation, and the keynote of activity has thus early been sounded. Henceforth, representative captains will be anxiously and busily engaged in the "survival of the fittest" process preparatory to the stirring events of later on.

It is idle to discuss the probable strength of Light and Dark Blues at this early stage. At the best we could only work on paper form, which is very misleading and unreliable. Of rowing, hockey, golf, boxing and fencing, &c., prospects, therefore, we shall speak in due course. The principal officers for 1900-1901 read thus:—

OXFORD.		CAMBRIDGE.	
Boat Clubs—			
F. W. Warre Eton and Balliol).		B. W. Brooke (Winchester and 1st Trinity).	
Athletic Clubs—			
E. A. Dawson Malvern and Worcester).		H. W. Workman (Repton and Pembroke).	
Rugby Football—			
J. F. A. Swanston (Loretto and Trinity).		J. R. C. Greenlees (Loretto and St. John's).	
Association Football—			
W. Blackburn (Repton and Oriel).		R. N. R. Blaker (Westminster and Jesus).	

Most of the others have yet to be elected—but all in good time. The Rugby football match is the principal inter-'Varsity tussle of this term, and it is fixed for December 12th at Queen's Club. Earlier prospects favour the Light Blues once again. They have a rare nucleus of "Old Blues," some very sound seniors, and a capital lot of newcomers. The Oxonians also boast some good "Freshmen," but are hardly so blessed in the other directions. Very comprehensive fixture-lists have been arranged, and next month we shall discuss the up-to-date position, as usual, critically. As the inter-'Varsity records are exactly level this year, an unusually stubborn fight is assured for supremacy. May we conclude these few preliminary remarks by heartily congratulating the large number of Oxonians and Cantabs who "responded to duty's call." One hundred and twenty men went from Keble College (Oxford) alone. Further congratulations to the large number of Light and Dark Blue athletes who figured so prominently in the recent Home and Indian Civil Service Examinations. Last (but not least) we warmly congratulate so many ex-'Varsity sportsmen upon their election to the new House of Commons. Their number is truly remarkable.

Swimming.—With the decision of the Hundred Yards Amateur

Championship in London on October 13th the English swimming season of 1900 practically came to an end, for though many clubs now race throughout the winter, all the important events of the year have been settled. That remarkable swimmer, J. A. Jarvis, of Leicester, has again proved himself the best amateur in the world at any distance over a quarter of a mile; for to his credit he has been able to place victories in the Quarter-mile Saltwater, Five Hundred Yards, Half-mile, Mile and Long-distance championships of England, and at Paris in August succeeded in winning all the world's championships in which he took part, as well as the Special Prize Cup, valued at a thousand francs, for which representatives of all nations were allowed to compete. He also created a record of 5 mins. 52 secs. for a quarter of a mile, and now he holds all records—from a quarter-mile upwards. Next to him, as far as English swimmers are concerned, comes J. H. Derbyshire, of the Manchester Osborne Club, who won the Hundred Yards Championship in 61 secs., and dead-heated with F. C. V. Lane, of Australia, in the Furlong Championship, both men beating record by covering the distance in 2 min. 34½ secs. Lane, who has now returned to Australia, did not take part in the Hundred Yards Championship, but was in Paris for the International Races, and managed to win all the sprints. Like Derbyshire, he is not a distance swimmer, but yet is capable of traversing a mile in good time. The English climate did not agree with him, and it was only towards the close of his year's stay in this country that he was able to swim up to the form he had displayed in Aus-

tralia. Of the purely racing clubs the Manchester Osborne has again been able to put the finest swimmers into the water for team contests, but in the Water Polo Championship it went under to Hyde, who in turn were defeated by Leicester. This reverse to the Osborne is the first they have had since 1894, but they made amends by winning the International Club Championship in Paris, Brussels being the club they met in the final. England again came out on top of the international list, they winning every match, while Scotland was second, Wales third, and Ireland last. The English seven were far superior to all their opponents in speed, combination and passing, and the result of every match they engaged in was a foregone conclusion.

A feature of the year's work has been the encouragement given to lady swimmers, who have had innumerable competitions arranged for them, all of which have been well supported. That for the Ravensbourne Challenge Cup, which is looked upon as the race for the championship, commanded an entry from all parts of the country, the first prize going to Miss Thorpe, of Leeds, the second to Miss B. Cudlipp, of Portsmouth, and the third to Miss Hilson, of Jersey.

Open amateur handicaps have ceased to prove much of an attraction, and they are now limited to men whose form is within reasonable comparison with that of the champion at the distance, or their place taken by team handicaps, which have proved very popular, and have become standing fixtures with the good class clubs. Great progress has been made in the teaching of the drill of the Life Saving Society, and good results are bound to follow the hold-

ing of the Society's annual meeting, which takes place this month in Edinburgh for the first time.

Though taken all round the season has been an exceptionally good one, several clubs, and notably the Otter, have suffered through the absence of their best men at the front, and this has given opportunity for ordinarily weaker organisations to win district championship honours.

Fishing with Worm.—A correspondent writes:—"I am sorry to see the writer of the article in your Magazine for July, 1900, p. 26, is a supporter of fishing with worm. No doubt the rivers (of which I am on the Don) are not nearly so good as they were several years ago, and there is consequently a greater temptation to use other kinds of ruses besides the artificial fly, from the rivers running fine so soon, yet I would be unwilling to class worm-fishing as sport, though doubtless a means of catching some trout when the real sporting fly-fishing would not prevail to do so; and besides, in the case of using live worms, there is the dreadful cruelty attaching to their use."

"Canine and Feline Surgery."—Professor F. T. G. Hobday has provided for a very real want in this little book. Based upon his experience of the "Free Out-patients' Department" of the Royal Veterinary College, it gives, concisely but lucidly, directions for the performance of a large number of surgical operations on the dog and cat, with numerous helpful diagrams. The work is essentially one for professional men, and will be found of great value as a handy book of reference by veterinary practitioners who number dogs among their more frequent patients. "Canine and Feline Surgery" is published at 5s. by Messrs.

W. & A. K. Johnston, Edinburgh and London.

Golf.—The performances of Harry Vardon and J. H. Taylor in the American Open Championship Meeting and a comparison of these performances with what the home and imported players did on the same occasion, go to show that American golf, amateur as well as professional, is still considerably behind ours, though perhaps not quite so far behind as some people here fancied. The links of the Chicago Club at Ontwentsia, where the meeting took place, are not to be compared with St. Andrews or Sandwich; they are more like some of our inland courses; but they afford a genuine test of golf, and are free from those tricks and whimsicalities which make golf difficult to a stranger. Not very long ago it was attributed to Willie Park, junr., that he had said that the best professionals here could give one-third to their brethren in trade across the Atlantic. The scores in the Open Championship fail to bear this out. On the four rounds Vardon was ten and Taylor eight strokes better than the best of the American players, and according to all accounts, the two men were practically at the top of their form. The three best American scores were David Bell, 323, Lawrence Auchterlonie, 327, and Willie Smith (last year's Open Champion) 328. All three are imported players, and obviously they are as good as many of the professionals who are in the habit of competing in this country for our Open Championship. It would be excellent sport to see them return to the land of their birth and take part in our competitions. Mr. C. B. Macdonald, the first amateur champion of America, entered the lists with Taylor and

Vardon, his score being, for the four rounds, 39 strokes higher than that of the latter.

"Mrs. Dane's Defence," at Wyndham's Theatre.—Messrs. Henry Arthur Jones and Charles Wyndham have combined in the past to provide us with many happy hours of amused interest, so the first opportunity of hearing "Mrs. Dane's Defence" had to be seized upon, and eagerly did we look to see what material had been provided by the author for the great comedian and his supporters. To be candid we are a little disappointed, and perhaps "Rebellious Susan" and "The Liars" are responsible for our disappointment; we have been encouraged to expect so much from the combination of Messrs. Wyndham and Jones that in the present instance we are disappointed with a play which we gladly admit afforded us great pleasure.

Mr. Jones devotes four acts to the telling of his story, which is the story of a woman with a past, who, cutting herself clear of all associations of that past, in which indeed she has been more sinned against than sinning, comes to reside in a country district, assuming for the purposes of her new and regenerate life the name, style and history of her dead cousin with whom she had been brought up. She wins the affections of the adopted son of Sir Daniel Carteret, a Judge, living in the neighbourhood, and all would seemingly be well enough, only unfortunately her secret is given away to the local scandal-monger by a young man who recognises in Mrs. Dane the Felicia Hyndmarsh who had been the central figure of a sad domestic scandal at Vienna. The first two acts are occupied with the growth of the scandal, whilst the third is devoted to the sifting of

evidence by the Judge, who by a searching cross-examination of the lady reduces her finally to a confession of her identity with the injured Felicia Hyndmarsh. A fourth act sees this unhappy lady going out to join her nameless child in Devonshire, while Sir Daniel signalises the occasion by becoming engaged to Lady Eastney to whom he has paid his attentions throughout the play, and the contemptible lover who has promptly sacrificed his *grande passion* at the bidding of his adoptive father is left in a swooning condition on the sofa, with every indication that a marriage will be arranged and shortly take place between him and a charming young lady with a marked Edinburgh accent, who at the opening of the play had been jilted by this impressionable young gentleman so soon as Mrs. Dane had crossed his path. Such briefly is the story, to us a disappointing story and not set with such a brilliant dialogue as sometimes can make a thin material durable. But there is a great Third Act, and that is a goal to be striven for by the modern playwright. The scene in Sir Daniel's study, when the Judge all desirous of establishing the innocence of the lady, and who loves his adopted son, asks her a few pertinent questions and ultimately entangles her in a network of false and conflicting statements, holds the house and is perhaps the great dramatic success of London to-day. Mr. Charles Wyndham as the Judge gives a perfect interpretation of the part; we have admired and applauded him before in this same type of character, and so we take his fine performance as a matter of course, and perhaps we can accord him no higher praise than by saying this.

In the case of Miss Lena Ash-

well who plays Mrs. Dane, we must be pardoned for speaking with the greatest enthusiasm, this gifted actress has played many parts in London, and whilst we have long looked to her as *par excellence* the leading emotional actress of the day, we have waited and waited for her to find a part which should give her a real opportunity for taking the town by storm. We do not think that that opportunity has yet come in its fullest intensity, but we are very grateful to the prescience of Mr. Wyndham that he should have cast Miss Ashwell for the part of Mrs. Dane, which she of contemporary artistes is best able to play.

It is a fine scene this Third Act played simply by these two, Charles Wyndham and Lena Ashwell, each the best we know in their own sphere and each with lines that suit them, and no one should miss it. Mr. Wyndham is at the very top of his profession and all at his theatre is done well. Miss Mary Moore plays charmingly the part of Lady Eastney, a sort of local good genius to all. Mr. Alfred Bishop as Canon Bonsey gives another of his clerical sketches, and makes us wish he had a part equal to his Dean in "Dandy Dick." Mr. Alfred Kendrick puts almost more feeling into the part of the invertebrate lover of Mrs. Dane than the part will bear, and Miss Beatrice Irwin as Janet Colquhoun plays prettily the part of the nice Scotch girl who has been for the nonce discarded by this unpleasant young fellow.

In Hamlet "the play's the thing," at Wyndham's Theatre just now it's the players.

"The Wedding Guest" at the Garrick Theatre.—Mr. J. M. Barrie's recent contribution to the Drama of the day tells once

more the sad story of the meeting of a young bride with "the other woman" who has figured as an incident of some importance in the bachelor life of the bridegroom. It is at a Scotch wedding in the drawing room of Mr. Fairbairn, of Old Keep, that the Wedding Guest turns up in time to see her former lover Paul Digby take the young and beautiful Miss Fairbairn for his wife. Two pairs of eyes that many a time in the old days had been fixed in loving contemplation now meet with icy horror, and as Paul enters into the binding contract of the Church his old love is carried fainting from the room.

The Second Act takes place at some dingy rooms in a neighbouring village where the Wedding Guest is lodging with her baby, Paul's child; and hither comes Paul's wife on the evening of her wedding day, melting with sympathy for the woman whom she believes to be a widow; severe disillusionment is in store for poor Mrs. Digby, for she learns first of all with disgust the real position of the other woman, and next with horror the part that Paul her husband has played in the matter. So at the end of a long act which contains some powerful situations, Mrs. Digby sets off to return to the paternal roof renouncing all claim to her unworthy husband. Forgiveness in the Third Act and the departure of the mother and child to Devonshire under the tearful blessing of a rich aunt of Mrs. Digby bring the play to an end.

We cannot regard "The Wedding Guest" as a masterpiece, but it is well worthy a visit, and is very well played by the strong company collected by Mr. Arthur Boucher. To Miss Violet Vanbrugh must be accorded high praise for her impersonation of

"the other woman," a creature of the strangest moods and subject to recurring attacks of *dementia*; it may not be a great part, but Miss Vanbrugh plays it like a great actress, and her performance alone must spell success for the production. We sincerely congratulate her upon such a triumphant return to work after her illness. Mr. H. B. Irving has a thankless task in playing the unfortunate, Paul Digby, who has enjoyed the love of two women and earned the contempt of all. It never pleases us to dabble in the ethics of the pig-tub, but there is something to be said for this particular Digby, since it was he who was deserted by the lady in the old days, for she wrote him a letter professing to be tired of him, and urging him to take no steps ever to see her again, whilst as to the least possibility of there being any offspring of their association, there was never a word breathed to the unfortunate Paul until the middle of the Second Act. His main offence appears to have been a breach of promise of celibacy for which he is certainly punished, since his misery must be great in the position in which he finds himself and none may sympathise with him.

Mr. Irving plays the part admirably, and the same may be said of Miss Dorothea Baird in her charming rendering of the part of the bride with the baby-mind who suffers so cruelly on her wedding-day. Mr. H. Vibart makes a decided hit as the Scotch minister, and Mr. Brandon Thomas as the easy going Mr. Fairbairn gives us another of his clever character studies. The versatile Mr. James Erskine is rather short of work as the best man, and quite one of the hits of the evening is made by Miss Joan

Burnett, as the Scotch lassie who looks after the baby in the Second Act.

"The Price of Peace" at Drury Lane.—The home of spectacular drama is in Drury Lane, and each autumn we turn in wondering expectation to Mr. Arthur Collins the presiding *genius loci* for some new thing. And we have never yet been disappointed. An earthquake, a duel at the bottom of the sea, the promenade at the Empire, the battle-fields with maxim guns in full practice, the wings of the Music Hall stage and a scene at the Royal Academy; all these have in former years been shown to us with the utmost realism at Old Drury, and this autumn when we wondered "what next," we are taken to St. Thomas's Hospital, to a carnival at Niagara Skating Rink, to the altar in Westminster Abbey, where a fashionable wedding is spoiled in a sensational way by the bride declining to be married. Then we visit the library of the Prime Minister in time to see him shoot in cold blood a foreign spy whilst two members of his cabinet stand by accomplices of this drastic diplomacy. That Lord Derwent should himself fall dead in the middle of an impassioned speech in the House of Commons seems almost necessary, seeing that he was on the point of confessing to this murder. And when in the Fourth Act a magnificent steam yacht is shipwrecked and the villain of the piece in full view of us all is drowned like a rat in a trap held in his cabin by

his Chinese servant, we are well content, and all for Peace at any Price. Mr. Cecil Raleigh, upon whom generally devolves the task of writing the sensational story for the sensational setting of Drury Lane, has done his work well, as crowded houses nightly testify. The Earl of Derwent, leader of the Government, is a man of great strength of mind; he thinks little of human life, and when an important despatch from the Foreign Office falls into the hands of a reputed spy, it requires but a moment for this leader of men to compass the destruction of a creature who may prove troublesome to him. Mr. Henry Neville is seen in the part of the Prime Minister to great advantage, and this tried servant of the public admirably fills the large stage of the national theatre. Mr. Cooper Cliffe plays the villain in finished style, and ought to revel in the perpetual storm of hisses which greets his appearances before the curtain.

Miss Lettice Fairfax makes a beautiful heroine, and Mrs. Raleigh and Miss Vane Featherstone as the Baroness Manola Blanco and Lady St. Azuline contribute much to the success of the play. Miss Flossie Wilkinson as the young girl Mary Vine plays with much charm, especially in the scene at the Convent School. Space forbids our saying more of "The Price of Peace," except that it is up to the high standard of the successes which are achieved at Drury Lane under the management of Mr. Arthur Collins.

Sporting Intelligence.

[During September—October, 1900.]

LIEUT. H. T. STANLEY, of the 45th Company Imperial Yeomanry, was killed in action at Hekport on September 16th. Mr. Stanley, who was a member of the Somerset County eleven, was in his twenty-seventh year.

The two-year-old filly, Princess Melton, by Melton out of Schoolgirl, was purchased by Mr. J. B. Joel from Mr. Musker for £15,000 on September 19th.

The death of Colonel E. J. Stracey-Clitheroe took place at Hotham Hall, Yorkshire, on September 20th, in his eighty-first year. The deceased gentleman, who served in the Crimea with the Scots Guards, was a splendid whip, and had much to do with the revival of road coaching in the sixties; he was also for many years well known in the hunting field and also on the turf, relinquishing his connection with the latter at the December sales of 1896.

While deer-stalking at Killechonate on September 21st, Lord Cadogan met with a nasty accident. He had wounded a stag, and while running to get a second shot stumbled over a boulder and injured a tendon of the leg.

Mr. J. Menzies had four days' shooting at Escrick Park in the week ending September 22nd, when the party of five guns, including Lord Lurgan, Lord Villiers, Lord Berkely Paget and Mr. A. Portman, killed seven hundred and two partridges, two hundred and sixty-seven hares and a lot of rabbits.

During the week ending September 22nd, Sir George Wombell's shooting party at Newburgh Priory got one hundred and ten and a half brace of partridges besides hares and rabbits, to four guns, on the best day.

The Dumfriesshire Otter Hounds finished their season on September 22nd, the meet being at Tarholm Bridge, when a fine dog otter of about 21 lbs. was killed.

The swimming contest for the Ulph Challenge Cup took place at Great Yarmouth on September 22nd, when the holder, J. E. Jarvis, easily retained the cup. The course is 1,060 yards, time 11 min. 59½ sec., longer than in the previous contest when the tide was more favourable.

The death of Mr. T. H. Bennett took place at his residence, Cobham Court, on September 25th, after a short illness. Mr. Bennett, who was recently elected to the

joint mastership of the Surrey Union Foxhounds, was previously sole master of the pack from 1886 to 1897, when he resigned, owing to ill health following a severe accident while hunting. Before taking over the Surrey Union Mr. Bennett hunted the Cobham Harriers for some eight seasons, and disposed of them on assuming the mastership of the foxhounds.

The death of Earl Howe took place at Twycross, Gopsall, Atherstone, on September 26th. The deceased nobleman, who was in his seventy-ninth year, had a distinguished military career, serving in the Kaffir War of 1852-53. He registered his colours in 1876 and was elected a member of the Jockey Club in 1880; probably the best horse he ever owned was Claymore, which won the Manchester November Handicap in 1888, the Northamptonshire Stakes and the Doncaster Cup.

On September 26th Mr. Arthur Blyth and six other guns shooting at Elmdon killed nine hundred and thirty-two partridges, forty-one hares and three various, the bag totalling nine hundred and seventy-six. On the two following days six guns killed nine hundred and twenty-nine partridges, one hundred and fourteen hares and six various.

The sales in connection with the Newmarket first October meeting were commenced by Messrs. Tattersall on September 26th. Mr. Peebles paid 700 gs. for Mr. C. Morbey's Gyp, a five-year-old brown mare by Grafton; Mr. T. B. Miller's Madame Rachel, a three-year-old filly by Despair, went to Mr. Sievier at 710 gs., and Mr. J. Isaacs purchased M. Euprussi's Modicus, a three-year-old colt by Orme, for 450 gs.

The feature of the second day's sale (September 27th) was the Mentmore yearlings, the property of the Earl of Rosebery. Mr. T. Simpson Jay bought Ormelie, by Orme, dam Serpentine, by St. Serf, for 4,000 gs.; Mr. R. Sievier took Lavengro by Ladas, at 700 gs.; and Mr. W. Singer got a chestnut colt by Kendal for 410 gs. Mr. E. Kennedy's Fairweather sold to Captain Machell for 400 gs.; Lord Marcus Beresford purchased a brown filly by St. Frusquin (for its racing career only) at 520 gs., and Lord Londonderry took the brood mare Wise Flower by Wisdom (the property of the late Lord Russell of Killowen) at 560 gs.

Shooting at Hockwell Hall in the week ending September 29th, Prince Victor Duleep Singh and party got seven hundred brace of partridges in three days.

Mr. Reginald G. P. Partridge was killed in action at Bethulie on September 29th. The third son of Mr. W. B. Partridge, Bacton, Herefordshire, the deceased, who was only twenty years of age, was an accomplished horseman both to hounds and across country. He has two other brothers at the front.

In the week ending September 29th Lord Warwick killed three salmon, weighing 20lb., 19lb. and 18lb., in two days.

Writing from Uplands, Budleigh Salterton, Mr. W. Theobald tells of a remarkable accident to a dog:—"On Saturday, September 29th, a young collie dog got into the larder and swallowed a raw beef 'olive' with the 7in. iron skewer run through it. As it was thought it exhibited symptoms of distress on Sunday it was removed to the care of Mr. Howard, veterinary surgeon, of Exmouth. On Monday my daughter, who owns the dog, went over and removed the animal, which then displayed no symptoms of pain. After the accident it had been kept mainly to a milk diet, and on Monday afternoon, fifty hours after swallowing the skewer, it brought it up again without difficulty. The skewer was sharp at one end and curved round at the other. I attribute the favourable result to the fact that the skewer was too long to turn in the stomach, and only liquid or soft food had been given by Mr. Howard's advice."

The Duke of York, fishing in the Gordon Castle water of the Spey on September 29th and October 1st, caught six salmon, the best fish weighing twenty pounds.

The Rev. Dr. Porter, master of Peterhouse, Cambridge, died on October 2nd, after a short illness. The rev. gentleman, who was elected to the mastership of Peterhouse in 1876, devoted much attention to the University Cricket Club, of which he was treasurer.

Mr. H. King and party at Easton Lodge in two days' driving (October 2nd and 3rd) got one hundred and seventy-four brace of partridges.

While out cubbing on October 3rd, William Thatcher, the new huntsman of the Cottesmore, had a bad fall, his horse rolling over him and causing a broken collar bone and internal injuries.

Mr. G. D. Lister, for many years a well-known figure in rowing circles, died on October 3rd at the age of sixty-one years.

Mr. Lister joined the London Rowing Club in the early sixties and took part in many of its races; he was also at one time president of the Twickenham Rowing Club. For a very long while past he had been a constant attendant at Henley Regatta, and he always took the greatest interest in the racing. Swimming was another sport to which he devoted his energies, and for many years held the office of president of the Ilex Swimming Club, retaining it to the time of his death. Mr. Lister for a number of years contributed to BAILY articles on rowing.

The following curious case of towering is reported in *The Field* of October 6th by Mr. W. Reynolds, Knighton, Leicester:—"I witnessed last week what seemed to me a remarkable occurrence, when shooting in Norfolk. One of the guns had shot a partridge, which immediately towered, but seeming to recover itself, circled away slowly for 60 or 70 yards and back, towered again straight up, and fell dead, the shooter catching it in one hand as it fell. My friend had not moved from the spot from where he shot, and the bird was quite dead when caught."

The Duke of Cambridge and party, shooting at Six-Mile Bottom, Newmarket, on October 8th and 9th, killed six hundred and thirty-nine partridges, one hundred and five hares, and a few pheasants.

Kilwarlin, half brother to Bendigo, died on October 9th, in the possession of Sir Robert Affleck, from rupture; he was sixteen years old. He won the St. Leger in 1887 in extraordinary fashion, after being almost left at the post. Kilwarlin was by Arbitrator, dam Hasty Girl by Lord Gough. Among the best of his stock are Kilcock, Break of Day, Leominster, Sabrienetta and British Navy.

The memorial to Lieutenant F. G. Tait, of the Black Watch, who was killed in the South African War, the well-known golf player, has taken the form of an endowment ward in the St. Andrew's Cottage Hospital.

Shooting at Coll, Argyllshire, Mr. A. Hastings and Mr. O. Hastings killed one hundred and fifty-eight snipe, besides other game.

The time occupied by Clarehaven in winning the Cesarewitch (2½ miles) on October 10th was 3 min. 51½ sec.

In six days' driving on the Ruabon Hills, Mr. Wynne Corrie and party killed two thousand and sixty brace of grouse.

The Culmstock Otter Hounds (Mr. Wyley's) met seventy times and killed thirty-five otters in the past season.

TURF.

MANCHESTER.—SEPTEMBER MEETING.

September 21st.—The Autumn Breeders' Foal Plate of 1,000 sovs., for two-year-olds; five furlongs.

Mr. John Musker's br. c. Lord Melton, by Melton—La Rosiere, 9st. 11lb. J. H. Martin 1
 Lord Falmouth's b. f. Kentish Cherry, 8st. 11lb. K. Cannon 2
 Mr. L. de Rothschild's br. c. First Fruit, 8st. 12lb. T. Loates 3
 5 to 4 agst. Lord Melton.

The Lancaster Nursery Handicap Plate of 500 sovs., for two-year-olds; five furlongs.

Mr. J. J. Pawson's b. f. Hay Presto, by Sainfoin—Miss Preston, 9st. 4lb. Halsey 1
 Sir J. Blundell Maple's b. c. Cosack, 7st. J. Reiff 2
 Mr. Russel's b. g. Hampton Beach, 7st. 5lb. (car. 7st. 7lb.) O. Madden 3
 100 to 15 agst. Hay Presto.

The De Trafford Handicap of 500 sovs.; one mile and a half.

Mr. G. Blackwell's b. f. Ardmore, by Gallinule—Sleeping Beauty, 3 yrs., 7st. 7lb. O. Madden 1
 Sir Edgar Vincent's b. h. Syerla, 6 yrs., 8st. 12lb. L. Reiff 2
 Mr. F. Hardy's ch. h. Privado, 6 yrs., 7st. 9lb. J. Reiff 3
 5 to 1 agst. Ardmore.

September 22nd.—The Prince Edward Handicap of £1,820; one mile and a quarter.

Mr. J. G. Clarke's b. g. The Graft, by Gozo—Industry, aged, 9st. W. Halsey 1
 Mr. Fairie's b. g. Cutaway, 3 yrs., 7st. 5lb. S. Loates 2
 Mr. T. L. Plunkett's br. c. Oppressor, 4 yrs., 8st. 2lb. A. M'Intyre 3
 100 to 8 agst. The Graft.

The Michaelmas Plate of 443 sovs., for two-year-olds; five furlongs.
 Lord W. Beresford's bl. c. Nahlband, by Wolf's Crag—Under the Rose, 9st. 2lb. J. Reiff 1
 Mr. P. Lorillard's ch. c. Exedo, 8st. 7lb. D. Maher 2
 Mr. Russel's ch. g. Southerner, 8st. 3lb. O. Madden 3
 2 to 1 agst. Nahlband.

NEWMARKET.—FIRST OCTOBER MEETING.

September 25th.—The Third Year of the Fifty-First Triennial Produce Stakes of 10 sovs. each, 300 sovs. added,

for four-year-olds; T.M.M. (1 mile, 7 furlongs, 203 yards).

Sir J. Blundell Maple's b. f. Roy-aume, by Orme—Corrie Roy, 7st. 11lb. S. Loates w. o.

The First Nursery Handicap of 5 sovs. each, with 220 sovs. added, for two-year-olds; last five furlongs of Ab. M.

Colonel Lambton's b. f. Hand-spike, by Simontault—Handi-craft, 7st. 9lb. J. Sloan 1
 Sir J. Blundell Maple's b. c. Cosack, 7st. 11lb. Vetter 2
 Mr. Douglas Baird's b. f. Torch Lily, 7st. Clemson 3
 5 to 1 agst. Handspike.

The Buckenham Stakes of 300 sovs. each, for two-year-olds; T.V.C. (5 furlongs, 140 yards).

Lord Derby's b. f. Glassalt, by Isinglass—Broad Corrie, 8st. 11lb. F. Rickaby 1
 Duke of Portland's b. c. Sir Edgar, 9st. K. Cannon 2
 H.R.H. the Prince of Wales' b. c. Lauzun, 9st. M. Cannon 3
 11 to 8 agst. Glassalt.

The Twenty-second Great Foal Stakes of 10 sovs. each, with 1,000 added, for three-year-olds; A.F., one mile and two furlongs, straight.

Mr. T. R. Dewar's ch. c. Forfar-shire, by Royal Hampton—St. Elizabeth, 9st. 2lb. M. Cannon 1
 Lord Harewood's br. c. Phalaris, 8st. 9lb. J. H. Martin 2
 Duke of Devonshire's b. or br. g. Spartacus, 7st. 13lb. O. Madden 3
 5 to 1 agst. Forfarshire.

September 26th.—The Newmarket October Handicap of 500 sovs.; last mile and a half of Cesarewitch Course.

Mr. E. Corrigan's b. m. Sardonic II., by Morello—Sardonix, 4 yrs., 8st. 3lb. C. Jenkins 1
 Mr. Russell Munro's br. f. Goos-ander, 3 yrs., 7st. 12lb. S. Loates 2
 Mr. H. C. White's br. c. Skopos, 4 yrs., 8st. 12lb. L. Reiff 3
 20 to 1 agst. Sardonic II.

The Hopeful Stakes of 25 sovs. each, with 200 added, for two-year-olds; the last five furlongs of Ab. M.

Lord Derby's b. f. Santa Brigida, by St. Simon—Bridget, 8st. 13lb. F. Rickaby 1
 Lord Cadogan's ch. f. Birdless, 8st. 7lb. Maher 2
 Mr. Russel's b. g. Rigo, 8st. 13lb. O. Madden 3
 9 to 4 agst. Santa Brigida.

- The Ditch Mile Nursery Handicap of 5 sovs., with 200 sovs. added, for two-year-olds; D.M.
- Mr. L. Robinson's b. or br. c. Dundonald, by Carbine—Lady Kendal, 8st. K. Cannon 1
- Sir John Kelk's ch. c. Orbel, 6st. 5lb. Calver 2
- Mr. A. B. Sadler's b. f. Octoroon, Girl, 6st. 12lb. Clemson 3
- 7 to 2 agst. Dundonald.
- The Great Eastern Railway Handicap, a Sweepstakes of 10 sovs., with 500 sovs. added; Bretby Stakes Course (six furlongs).
- Mr. H. C. White's b. g. Spark II., by Antæbus—Mondaine, 5 yrs., 6st. 12lb. C. Manser 1
- Mr. L. Neumann's b. m. Waterhen, 6 yrs., 8st. 8st. 7lb. M. Cannon 2
- Mr. H. J. King's b. c. Wild Irishman, 4 yrs., 7st. 13lb. (7lb. ex.) J. Sloan 3
- 20 to 1 agst. Spark II.
- The Second Year of the Fifty-Second Triennial Produce Stakes of 10 sovs. each, 300 sovs. added, for three-year-olds; A.F. (one mile, two furlongs).
- Prince Soltkyoff's b. f. Ninon, by Sheen—Nina, 8st. 4lb. C. Jenkins 1
- Mr. Russel's bl. m. Dusky Queen, 8st. 11lb. O. Madden 2
- Mr. A. Henderson's ch. f. Guidwife, 8st. 11lb. M. Cannon 3
- 5 to 1 agst. Ninon.
- September 27th.—The Jockey Club Stakes of 7,190 sovs., for three- and four-year-olds; A.F. (one mile and two furlongs).
- Mr. J. R. Keene's b. c. Disguise II., by Dominio—Bonnie Gal, 3 yrs., 8st. 9lb. M. Cannon 1
- Lord William Beresford's b. g. Jolly Tar, 4 yrs., 8st. 12lb. J. Reiff 2
- Mr. T. R. Dewar's ch. c. Forfarshire, 3 yrs., 9st. 1lb. K. Cannon 3
- 100 to 30 agst. Disguise II.
- The First Year of the Fifty-Third Triennial Produce Stakes of 10 sovs. each, with 400 sovs. added, for two-year-olds; T.Y.C. (five furlongs, 140 yards).
- Mr. Douglas Baird's ch. c. Veronese, by Donovan—Maize, 9st. F. Rickaby 1
- Sir R. Waldie Griffith's ch. c. Veles, 9st. 10lb. ...J. H. Martin 2
- Lord Harewood's ch. f. Argovian, 8st. 11lb. J. Sloan 3
- 7 to 2 agst. Veronese.
- September 28th.—The Rous Memorial Stakes of 15 sovs. each, with 500 sovs. added, for two-year-olds; Rous Course (five furlongs).
- Mr. Theobald's b. c. Volodyovski, by Florizel II....La Reine, 9st. 3lb. L. Reiff 1
- Mr. J. S. Curtis' b. f. Mrs. Kendal, 8st. 7lb. Rigby 2
- 100 to 7 on Volodyovski.
- The Bretby Welter Handicap of 5 sovs. each, with 200 sovs. added; Bretby Stakes Course.
- Mr. E. Corrigan's b. f. Rose Tree, by Bonavista—Fanny Relph, 4 yrs., 7st. 6lb. J. H. Martin 1
- Mr. W. W. Lewisson's br. g. London, 4 yrs., 8st. 8lb. Maber 2
- Mr. E. C. Clayton's br. h. Boy of Egremont, 5 yrs., 8st. K. Cannon 3
- 9 to 2 agst. Rose Tree.
- The Newmarket St. Leger Stakes of 550 sovs.; last mile and three-quarters of the Cesarewitch Course.
- Mr. J. W. Larnach's b. g. Strong Bow, by Marion—La Flèche, 8st. 7lb. M. Cannon 1
- Mr. Fairie's ch. c. Mahdi, 8st. 10lb. F. Rickaby 2
- Sir R. Waldie Griffith's b. c. Rice, 8st. 10lb. J. H. Martin 3
- 7 to 4 on Strong Bow.
- NOTTINGHAM.—AUTUMN MEETING.
- October 1st.—The Nottingham Handicap Plate of 500 sovs.; once round and a distance (about one mile and a half).
- Mrs. McAuliffe's b. f. Glenart, by Arklow—Lady of the Lake, 4 yrs., 8st. 9lb. J. Reiff 1
- Duke of Portland's b. f. St. Vigila, 3 yrs., 8st. 3lb. S. Loates 2
- Sir E. Vincent's b. g. Latheronwheel, 4 yrs., 8st. 7lb. L. Reiff 3
- 15 to 8 agst. Glenart.
- LEICESTER.—OCTOBER MEETING.
- October 4th.—The Leicestershire October Handicap Plate of 300 sovs.: one mile and a quarter.
- Mr. G. Cottrill's ch. h. Lackford, by Juggler—Cailleach, 5 yrs., 9st. L. Reiff 1
- Mr. E. Corrigan's b. f. Seafflower, 4 yrs., 7st. 8lb. C. Jenkins 2
- Mr. W. M. Brutton's b. g. Morning Dew, 5 yrs., 7st. 11lb. Rigby 3
- 100 to 12 agst. Lackford.
- KEMPTON PARK.—OCTOBER MEETING.
- October 5th.—The October Plate of 500 sovs.; New "Jubilee" Course (one mile and a quarter).
- Mr. L. Neumann's bl. or br. m. Sirenia, by Gallinule—Concussion, 5 yrs., 8st. 11lb. Halsey 1

Mr. H. C. White's br. c. Skopos,
4 yrs., 9st.....G. McCall 2
Lord Ellesmere's b. h. Pheon, 5
yrs., 9st. Rigby 3
9 to 2 on Sirenia.

The Imperial Produce Stakes of 3,000
sovs. ; for two-year-olds ; six fur-
longs, on the Straight Course.

Sir J. Miller's b. Filly by Galopin
—Queen Adelaide, 8st. 11lb.

D. Maher 1
Lord W. Beresford's b. c. Volody-
ovski, 9st. 10lb. L. Reiff 2

Mr. Brodrick Cloete's b. f. Santa
Linda, 8st. 11lb.....O. Madden 3
7 to 1 agst. Queen Adelaide filly.

The Richmond Plate (Handicap) of
1,000 sovs. ; six furlongs, on the
Straight Course.

Mr. J. A. Drake's b. c. Sir Her-
cules, by Sir Hugo, dam by
Galopin—Miss Foote, 4 yrs., 8st.
4lb. (car. 8st. 5lb.) L. Reiff 1

Duke of Devonshire's ch. c. Bal-
doyle, 4 yrs., 7st. 2lb....J. Sloan 2
Mr. E. A. Wigan's b. h. The
Reeve, 5 yrs., 8st. 8lb. ...Halsey 3
9 to 4 agst. Baldoyle.

October 6th.—The Kempton Park Nursery
Handicap Plate of 1,000 sovs. ; five
furlongs, on the Straight Course.

Mr. C. S. Newton's b. c. Friar's
Wash, by Friar's Balsam...Sweet
Bay, 8st. 1lb. Maher 1

Mr. H. J. King's b. g. Chicane,
9st.....J. Sloan 2

Mr. A. Stedall's b. f. Exaltation,
6st. 10lb. Clemson 3
100 to 8 agst. Friar's Wash.

The Duke of York Stakes (Handicap)
of 1,670 sovs. ; New Jubilee Course,
one mile and a quarter.

Mr. A. Bailey's ch. h. Mount Pros-
pect, by Gallinule—Gretchen, 6
yrs., 8st. 9lb.....L. Reiff 1

Mr. C. S. Newton's b. h. Ameer,
5 yrs., 8st. 3lb. D. Maher 2

Lord W. Beresford's ch. c. Caiman,
4 yrs., 9st. 4lb. J. Reiff 3
9 to 2 agst. Mount Prospect.

NEWMARKET.—SECOND OCTOBER MEETING.

October 9th.—The Champion Stakes of 50
sovs. each, for starters only, with
1,000 added ; last mile and three-
quarters of Cesarewitch Course.

Sir E. Cassel's b. c. Solitaire, by
Ayrshire—Solesky, 4 yrs., 9st.
J. Reiff 1

Prince Soltykoff's b. c. Ninus, 5
yrs., 9st. Jenkins 2

Mr. J. W. Larnach's b. g. Strong
Bow, 3 yrs., 8st. 5lb. M. Cannon 3
5 to 2 agst. Solitaire.

The Clearwell Stakes of 30 sovs. each,
with 200 sovs. added, for two-year-
olds ; T.Y.C. (five furlongs, 140
yards).

Mr. P. Lorillard's ch. c. Exedo, by
Sensation—Equality, 8st. 10lb.

Maher 1
Lord Wolverton's b. c. Osboch,
8st. 10lb. O. Madden 2

Lord W. Beresford's ch. g. Zip,
8st. 10lb.....J. Reiff 3
100 to 30 agst. Exedo.

The Newmarket Oaks of 550 sovs.,
for three-year-old fillies ; T.M.M.
(one mile seven furlongs, 203 yards).

Duke of Portland's b. f. La Roche,
by St. Simon—Miss Mildred,
9st. 5lb. M. Cannon 1

Prince Soltykoff's b. f. Ninon, 8st.
10lb. Jenkins 2

Mr. L. Brassey's b. f. Romula, 8st.
K. Cannon 3
10 to 1 on La Roche.

October 10.—The Cesarewitch Stakes of
1,065 sovs. ; Cesarewitch Course
(2 miles 2 fur. 35 yards).

Mr. L. Neumann's b. f. Clarehaven,
by Sweetheart—Crosshaven, 4
yrs., 7st. 13lb.....Halsey 1

Mr. J. Moffat's b. m. Saturday,
5 yrs., 6st. 2lb.....Heppell 2

Mr. E. Corrigan's br. m. Sardonic
II. 5 yrs., 7st. 8lb. (inc. 5lb. ex.)
C. Jenkins 3
6 to 1 agst. Clarehaven.

The Cheveley Park Stakes of 300
sovs. for two-year-old fillies ; Brethby
Stakes Course (six furlongs).

Lord Durham's ch. f. Alruna, by
Kendal—Alibech, 9st.

F. Rickaby 1
Mr. L. Brassey's b. f. Ursula, 9st.

K. Cannon 2
Colonel H. McCalmont's b. f. Haut
En Bas, 8st. 10lb.....Sloan 3

5 to 4 agst. Alruna.

The Second October Nursery Stakes
of 10 sovs. each for starters, with
200 sovs. added, for two-year-olds ;
Rous Course.

Captain Greer's ch. f. Water Lily,
by Ocean Wave—Galingale, 8st.
13lb. M. Cannon 1

Mr. F. W. Lambton's b. c. Coup-
land, 8st. 11lb. Sloan 2

M. Michel Ephrussi's b. c. Fire
Fay, 7st. 6lb. S. Loates 3
3 to 1 agst. Water Lily.

October 11.—The Lowther Stakes of 20
sovs. each for starters, with 500 sovs.
added ; last mile and three-quarters
of Cesarewitch Course.

Lord W. Beresford's b. g. Jolly Tar,
by The Sailor Prince—Joy, 4 yrs.,
9st. 2lb. J. Reiff

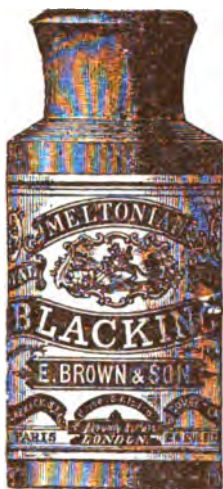
Mr. J. B. Leigh's b. g. Stealaway, 3 yrs., 8st. 3lb.....J. Sloan	2	Sir E. Cassel's by. c. Sang Bien, 9st. 5lb.....L. Reiff	3
Mr. L. Brassey's b. f. Greenaway, 3 yrs., 8st. 9lb. K. Cannon	3	11 to 8 agst. Exedo.	
5 to 2 agst. Jolly Tar.		October 12th.—Middle Park Plate of 500 sovs., added to a sweepstakes of 30 each, for two-year-olds; Bretby Stakes Course.	
The Ditch Mile Nursery (Handicap) of 200 sovs. for two-year-olds; D.M.		Mr. T. S. Jay's ch. c. Floriform, by Florizel II.—Maid of Athol, 8st. 10lb.....M. Cannon	1
H.R.H. the Prince of Wales's b. c. Lord Quex, by Sir Hugo— Leverett, 8st.....Sloan	1	Mr. H. J. King's Orchid, 9st. 3lb. Sloan	2
Captain Greer's ch. Filly, by Galli- nule—Corday, 7st. 13lb.		Captain E. Loder's Star Shoot, 9st. 3lb.....L. Reiff	3
K. Cannon	2	100 to 8 agst. Floriform.	
Mr. R. Stott's b. f. Oldham, 6st. 12lb. G. McCall	3	Stand Nursery Plate (Handicap) of 200 sovs. ; Bretby Stakes Course.	
9 to 2 agst. Lord Quex.		Mr. H. W. Gilbey's br. f. Pledge, by Prisoner—Hostage, 6st. 7lb. J. Lane	1
The Prendergast Stakes of 50 sovs. each, h. ft. with 200 sovs. added, for two-year-olds; T.Y.C. (5 furlongs 140 yards).		Mr. R. McCreery's Dixie, 7st. 10lb. Jenkins	2
Mr. P. Lorillard's ch. c. Exedo, by Sensation—Equality, 9st. 2lb. (6lb. ex.) Maher	1	Mr. C. S. Newton's Servitor, 8st. 4lb. Maher	3
Mr. Douglas Baird's b. f. Arta, 8st. 7lb. F. Rickaby	2	3 to 1 agst. Pledge.	

E. BROWN & SON'S

7, GARRICK STREET, LONDON, W.C.,
and 26, RUE BERGERE, PARIS

Boot Preparations

SOLD EVERYWHERE.



MELTONIAN BLACKING
(As used in the Royal Household)
Renders the Boots Soft, Durable,
and Waterproof.



ROYAL LUTETIAN CREAM.
The best for Cleaning and
Polishing Russian and Brown
Leather Tennis Shoes, Polo
Boots, &c.



NONPAREIL DE GUICHE
Parisian Polish
For Varnishing Boots and
Shoes, is more elastic and
easier to use than any other.

SPECIAL ADVANTAGES TO PRIVATE INSURERS

The Imperial Insurance Co., Ltd., FIRE.

1, OLD BROAD STREET, & 22, PALL MALL, LONDON.

ESTABLISHED 1803.

Subscribed Capital, £1,200,000. Paid-up Capital, £300,000.

Invested Assets (Capital and Reserves), over £1,500,000.

The distinguishing characteristics of this Institution are:—MODERATE RATES; UNDOUBTED SECURITY; PROMPT AND LIBERAL SETTLEMENT OF CLAIMS. Steam Thrashing Machines allowed without extra charge. Loss and Damage from Explosion of Gas and Lightning made good. Applications for Agencies invited from Professional and other Gentlemen of influence.

E. COZENS SMITH, General Manager.

HINTS TO HUNTSMEN.

By Colonel J. Anstruther Thomson. Fourth Edition. Price 1s., post free 1s. 1d.

THE LATE
LORD HENRY BENTINCK ON FOXHOUNDS.

Remarks on the late WILLIAM GOODALL's Method with the Belvoir Hounds.

Price 1s., post free 1s. 1d.

VINTON & CO., LTD., 9, NEW BRIDGE STREET, LUDGATE CIRCUS, E.C.

Horse, Carriage, & Cattle Insurance

The Horse, Carriage, and General Insurance Co., Limited,

Chief Office: 17, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, LONDON, E.C.

The Oldest and Largest Office of its kind in the United Kingdom.

Claims Paid Exceed £270,000.

A. WATERS, Managing Dir.
R. R. WILSON, Secretary.

BOLLINGER'S



CHAMPAGNE.

By Special Appointment
to
HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN
and
H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES



BRAND
ON
CORK
SINCE
1829

No. 490.
Vol. LXXIV.

MONTHLY.
ONE SHILLING.

DAILY'S MAGAZINE
DEC 12 1900
SPORTS and PASTIMES

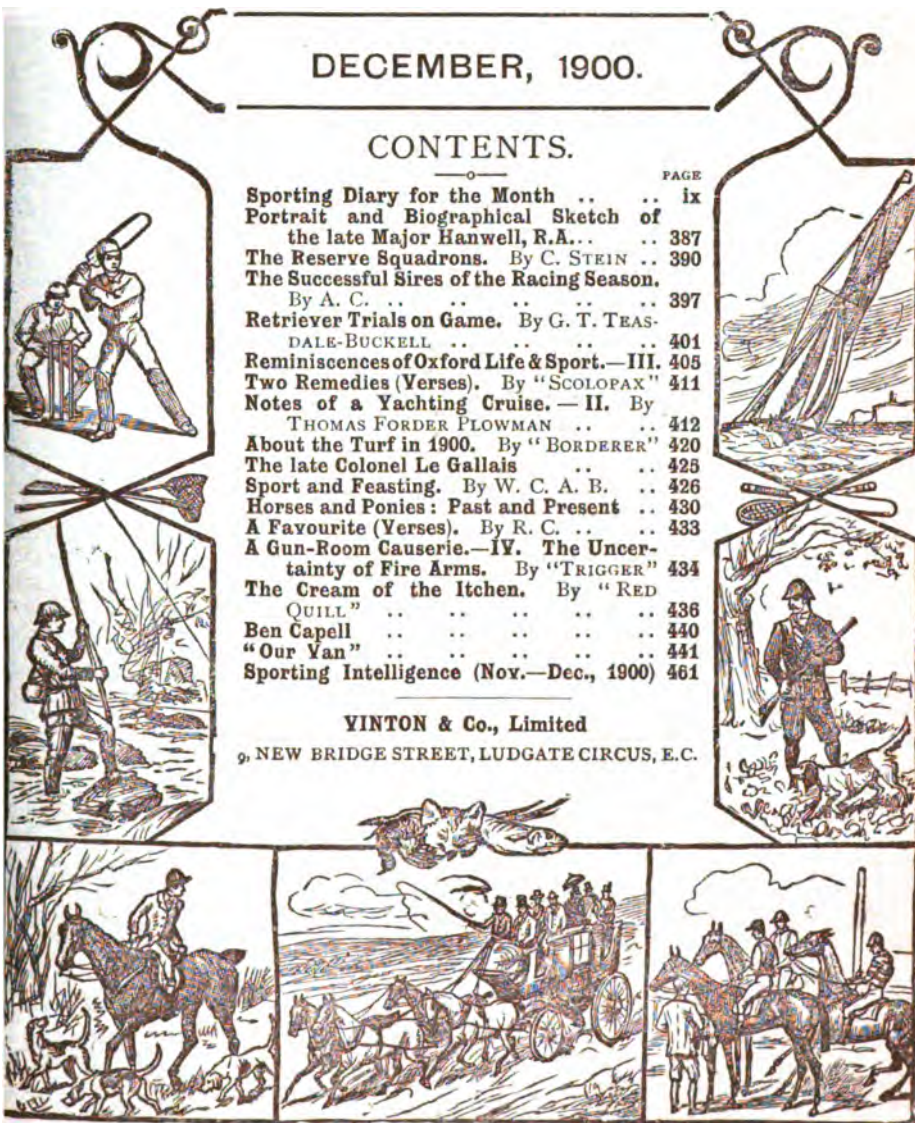
DECEMBER, 1900.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
Sporting Diary for the Month ..	ix
Portrait and Biographical Sketch of the late Major Hanwell, R.A. . .	387
The Reserve Squadrons. By C. STEIN ..	390
The Successful Sires of the Racing Season. By A. C.	397
Retriever Trials on Game. By G. T. TEAS- DALE-BUCKELL ..	401
Reminiscences of Oxford Life & Sport.—III.	405
Two Remedies (Verses). By "SCOLOPAX" ..	411
Notes of a Yachting Cruise.—II. By THOMAS FORDER PLOWMAN ..	412
About the Turf in 1900. By "BORDERER" ..	420
The late Colonel Le Gallais ..	425
Sport and Feasting. By W. C. A. B. ..	426
Horses and Ponies: Past and Present ..	430
A Favourite (Verses). By R. C. . . .	433
A Gun-Room Causerie.—IV. The Uncer- tainty of Fire Arms. By "TRIGGER" ..	434
The Cream of the Itchen. By "RED QUILL"	436
Ben Capell	440
"Our Van"	441
Sporting Intelligence (Nov.—Dec., 1900)	461

YINTON & Co., Limited

9, NEW BRIDGE STREET, LUDGATE CIRCUS, E.C.



H. L. SAVORY & CO.'S CIGARETTES.

BY SPECIAL WARRANT OF APPOINTMENT TO H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES.

To be had of all the Leading Houses in the Trade, and may be had at all Depôts through-
France and Colonies, by concession granted by the French Government.

Specimen Sample Cases, containing all Sizes, 2s. 6d. each, with Price List.

S. & H. HARRIS.



MANUFACTORY: LONDON, E.

MARTELL'S THREE STAR.

"A genuine old Brandy."—
Medical Press.

ONLY ONE ADDRESS.

Established 1840.

**Day & Sons.
Grewe.**

Great Horse and Cattle Medicines

DAY & SONS'
"ORIGINAL" MEDICINE CHESTS
For Horses, Cattle, and Sheep, **2s.**, **2s. 4s.**, and **2s. 4s.**
For Horses and Colts, price **2s.**, **2s. 4s.**, and **2s. 4s.**

Illustrated Prospectus Gratis, and Post Free.

DAYS' BLACK DRINK
Cures like a Charm, Colic or Gripes,
Chills, Debility and Fatigue in
Horses and Cattle, Hoven, Scour
and Weakness in Cattle and Sheep,
&c., &c.
10/- per half doz., or 19/- per doz.
Bottles, Carriage paid.

DAYS' "ZOMO-SAL."
A Saline Blood Tonic for Horses and
Beasts.
For Humours, Anæmia, General Weak-
ness, Surfeits, Off Appetite, Lack of
Force and Stamina, Indigestion, Staring
Coat, Hidebound. Should be given be-
fore and after Foaling.
4/8 per doz. packets, 6 doz. for 25/-;
or in Tins at reduced prices, 7/6
and 20/-, Carriage paid.



M. H. Morse & Co.

J. Hanwell.

BAILY'S MAGAZINE

OF

SPORTS AND PASTIMES

No. 490.

DECEMBER

DEC 1902

Vol.

LXXIV.

CONTENTS

PAGE	PAGE
Sporting Diary of the Month..... ix.	Liverpool 442
The late Major Hanwell, R.A..... 387	Derby..... 444
The Reserve Squadrons 390	Staghunting 445
The Successful Sires of the Season 397	The Royal Buckhounds 445
Retriever Trials on Gume 401	The Berkshire Packs 445
Reminiscences of Oxford Life and Sport—III. 405	Lord Rothschild's..... 446
Two Remedies (Verses) 411	Melton 446
Notes of a Yachting Cruise by a Landsman—II. 412	The Quorn..... 446
About the Turf in 1900 420	The Belvoir 447
The late Colonel Le Gallais 425	The V.W.H. 447
Sport and Feasting 426	The Warwickshire 448
Horses and Ponies : Past and Present 430	The Pytchley..... 448
A Favourite (Verses) 432	The Badminton..... 448
A Gun-Room Causerie—The Uncertainty of Firearms..... 434	The Puckeridge 449
The Cream of the Itchen..... 436	Chiddingfold..... 449
Ben Capell..... 440	Yorkshire 450
"Our Van" :—	Irish Notes 452
Sandown Park ... 441	Polo 455
Newmarket and Houghton..... 441	Sport in the House of Commons..... 456
Eager v. Royal Flush 442	Sport at the Universities 457
	Death of Mr. William Yardley 459
	Baily's Hunting Directory 460
	Golf 460
	Sporting Intelligence, Nov.—Dec..... 461

WITH

Steel engraved portrait of THE LATE MAJOR HANWELL, R.A.
Portraits of THE LATE COLONEL P. W. LE GALLAIS and BEN CAPELL, &C.

The late Major Hanwell, R.A.

CONTRARY to our usual custom, we give this month the portrait of a sportsman who is no longer amongst us. Major Hanwell's portrait was ready for publication at the time he received his orders for South Africa, and we had looked forward to the pleasure of adding it to the BAILY gallery on his return from active service. The deep regret with which we read the sad news that he had succumbed to the wound received at Ventersburg on October 30th, after passing scatheless through many hardly fought actions, will be

shared by all who knew him ; for his friends were many and his popularity great and well deserved.

Major Hanwell, known among his friends as "Jack" Hanwell, came of a family which has done its duty by the State. The great-grandfather of the subject of our sketch attained to the rank of Admiral in the Royal Navy, while his grandfather and father retired as Generals from the Royal Artillery, contributing with the assistance of Major "Jack" nearly one hundred years of service in the "gunners."

Joseph Hanwell, born 1861, was entered to hounds on his seventh birthday, when he was presented with his first pony, and was blooded with the Calpe hounds, his father being then quartered at Gibraltar. He was in the cricket and football teams of the private school at which he received his earlier education, and also won a number of prizes on the running path. Taking his love of athletics to the R.M. Academy at Woolwich, which he joined in 1879, he won at the following year's sports the bugle awarded the winner of most first prizes, and also the Governor's prize for highest marks gained at athletics. Joining the Royal Artillery in 1881, he went out to India in 1883, and soon made his *début* on the Turf under the able mentorship of that good horseman, Major Dalbiac ("The Treasure"), who has also lost his life in South Africa.

He rendered more than justice to his teacher, for, during three successive seasons, 1887-8, 1888-9 and 1889-90, he headed the list of winning mounts among gentlemen riders. His riding record is well worth giving here:—

		Mounts.	Won.	Lost.
1887-8	...	55	...	33 22
1888-9	...	44	...	27 17
1889-90	...	66	...	34 32

which shows an average of 57 per cent. races won.

Among other coveted race trophies he twice won the Duke of Connaught's Cup, given by His Royal Highness during his tenure of office as Commander-in-chief on the Bombay side. During these three years he once scored nine successive wins, and another time rode nine out of ten winners at one meeting; three times he has won seven races in succession, and three times has won eight out of

twelve races at one meeting. In 1890 he met with a serious accident which put an end to his career on the Turf for a time, as he had to return home to undergo an operation, and since that date he has ridden in few but regimental races.

As a matter of course he went in for pig-sticking while in the East; he won both the Kadir and Hog-Hunters' Cup in 1890, in which season he scored 42 "first spears." For the information of those who have had no opportunity of sharing the finest sport in the world, it may be added that, in hog-hunting, the rider who draws first blood from the quarry scores "first spear" and wins the heat.

Major Hanwell was one of the few men who have ridden down a wolf, this he did in April 1890 on Lacy's Knot, when pig-sticking near Meerut. Wolves have rarely been ridden down; their long, lolling gallop gives them an immense advantage over the best horse on open ground.

From 1887 to 1890 he captained the R.A. Polo team, and played in the winning team in the Bombay Polo Tournaments of 1886, 1887, and 1892. The importance of that fixture has fallen off in recent years, but until it was eclipsed by other tournaments it was one of the most important held in India. In 1887 and 1892 his team met the 7th Hussars in the final. After his return home he played regularly at Hurlingham and Ranelagh. The gunners won at Paris in 1895, and in 1896 they were only just beaten by the 13th Hussars for the Regimental Cup. In the same year they played Rugby level for forty minutes in the Champion Cup. Major Hanwell's place in India was always No. 2, but in the regimental team

he played Back. His best ponies were Lady'smaid, Cyclone, and Halma. One of his regrets was the collapse of the scheme which proposed to send a team from India to play the Australian Clubs in 1893. Captain le Gallais, two of the 7th Hussars, Major Hanwell, and H.H. the Maharajah of Kooch Behar were to have gone, but the plan fell through.

Horse-breaking was one of his hobbies. He had learnt their methods from Rarey, Captain Hayes, and other professional "horse-tamers," and could apply them with success; to which circumstance, combined with his own proficiency as a horseman, he probably owed the appointment he held until ordered to the front, command of the Riding Establishment at Woolwich.

He had done most things that a man can do on horseback, bar competition in a long distance race, though on one occasion he rode 76 miles in six hours to reach cantonments in time for a Queen's Birthday parade. Anglo-Indians will appreciate the significance of that achievement, at the height of the hot weather. He had ridden down emus, wild horses, and wild cattle in Australia; none of them, perhaps, recognised forms of sport, but prolific in excitement, and calling for all the best qualities of a sportsman and horseman. From 1897 to 1899 he was master of the R.A. Draghounds, and took

a leading part in promoting the hound race between drag packs, which promises to become an annual event.

He saw active service in the last Burmese war, 1885-86, and for five years was A.D.C. to General Solly-Flood, who commanded the Poona division from 1886 to 1890. In 1897 he won the shield at the Royal Military Tournament, as best man-at-arms in the army. A good man on a horse, he had not lost form on the running path, and in September 1899 ran third in the 120 yards' handicap at the Royal Military Academy Sports, an event included in the programme to celebrate the jubilee of the sports. The race was open to all who had won the bugle before mentioned. Major Hanwell, being rather badly treated by the handicapper, ran, as mentioned, third to his old captain, Major Dalbiac.

He was a good whip, and rode very straight to hounds, cherishing among his recollections a day in December, 1898, in the Meynel country, when Mrs. Hanwell and he had hounds all to themselves for thirty or forty minutes, losing the fox in a big covert, and taking the pack home to kennel, in the absence of any of the hunt staff.

For the rest his name was not "Jack": there are men whose popularity compels the hall-mark of a nick-name. Joseph Hanwell was one of them

The Reserve Squadrons.

OUR eyes have been so continuously fixed upon the very exciting events that have been taking place in South Africa, and our minds have been so much occupied with the manner in which masses of troops have there been employed that few of us have had any attention to spare for the manner in which our army in the field has been maintained at its proper strength and the immediate military garrisons of our country have been provided for. For months we have occasionally seen it announced in the newspapers that drafts of men have been despatched to the seat of war, and high authorities have told us that England never had more men under arms within her borders than she has at present, but we have little considered how these drafts have been prepared or what is the condition of the soldiers who remain at home. Soldiers cannot be improvised and, after the Government of the country has done its part by sanctioning unlimited recruiting, by embodying militia and by organising Reserve regiments, there remains the immense amount of toil and the infinite anxiety which fall to the lot of those who have to undertake the practical training of the various items that have been brought together either to supply the deficiencies in our fighting forces or to fill up the camps and barracks in the British Islands. It would be impossible in our limited space even to glance at what is being done for all the various arms of the service, but it is worth while to look at some of the most important characteristics of cavalry training and see some

of the many changes which have lately appeared in its methods.

Any one who now visits a cavalry riding school, or rather who follows the riding instruction of a mounted corps in school, in open *manège* and in the field, will be very much impressed with the high pressure that marks all work and every detail of the work that is done. The numbers of young soldiers and young horses that everywhere crowd in front of the instructors are such as in old days would have been thought to be overwhelming, and indeed there can be no question but that both man and horse are now called upon to accomplish many things in a much shorter time and with much fewer advantages than in the opinion of well-qualified experts were, not so very long ago, considered absolutely necessary. The leisurely and careful methods of tackling the instruction of recruits and remounts is altogether a thing of the past. There is a very constant and intense strain in every direction, and more especially in the effort to make two ends meet—to find comparatively old soldiers who may ride and train the remounts, and to find some horses not absolutely unbroken on which recruits may make their first essays in the saddle. And the margin between old and young in horse and man is *very* small. Boys who have just been dismissed from riding drill are called upon to mount previously unbacked remounts, and the horses that are considered sufficiently steady for the first lessons of raw recruits have probably not been in barracks for more than a couple of months. The results

that have been obtained, however, by sheer hard work and intense enthusiasm and self-devotion are marvellously satisfactory upon the whole, though to the eyes of many old soldiers they savour very much of being rather "rough and ready," and it may be doubted whether, in some respects at any rate, they will be as good and lasting as could be wished.

Let us look at the men who are to form the British cavalry in the immediate future, for it must be remembered that few of the soldiers who have been lately so nobly doing their work in the field will long remain with the colours. The reservists who have been employed will of course soon return to their homes and many of the rest will, for various reasons, most likely cease to serve within a short time after the conclusion of the present campaign. Well, the men are excellent. There are plenty of them and they are generally of a very good stamp. They are as a rule extremely well conducted and are full of eagerness to become efficient defenders of their country. When it is remembered that the reserve squadrons in which they find themselves serving are four, five, or sometimes nearly six hundred strong, a number much in excess of many nominally complete regiments twenty years ago, and that each is managed by two or three very young officers, with a very inadequate proportion of non-commissioned officers, it says a great deal for the good disposition of the rank and file that military offences are very infrequent and that serious crime is almost unknown.

In times of trouble and warlike excitement, there is never any difficulty in finding recruits for our army and the advantages of the service are becoming so gene-

rally well known that well educated, well-to-do lads have been for many months past taking the Queen's shilling in sufficient numbers to meet our by no means small requirements. Among the crowd of young recruits to be seen in any barrack square, however, there will be found a sprinkling of older men, some who have been invalided home from the seat of war and some reservists who, having been called up for service, have for one reason or another not been sent into the field but have been sent to do duty with the reserve squadron. Speaking generally, for of course there are many exceptions, these older men are perhaps more difficult to manage and are not so keen about their work as the young recruits. The men who have been sent home from the front have generally suffered from disease in some form and, though they have recovered, are not in the strongest of health or the best condition for hard and tiresome work. Riding-school and musketry practice seem rather tame and tedious after the excitement and constant changes of active service. The reservists are not unnaturally somewhat dissatisfied in finding themselves back at the old routine duties and say that they had thought that they had been summoned from a peaceful life in order to fight. They had responded willingly to the call to arms, but they feel themselves somewhat illtreated in being deprived of their share of honour and in being sent to do the old wearisome drills and fatigues. They all do their duty and behave well, besides giving a little stiffening to the crowd of boys, but they certainly do not attack their work in the most cordial spirit.

The due supply of non-com-

missioned officers has naturally been a matter of great difficulty. There is never to be found in any regiment at any time a superabundance of thoroughly well-trained, intelligent and trustworthy non-commissioned officers, and, when the corps were mobilised, the commanding officers may be pardoned, if they took all their best men to serve in the field. Each corps was filled up with reservists and strangers to make it effective and few reliable sergeant-majors, sergeants or corporals could under the circumstances be spared to remain with the reserve squadron. The consequence was that the reserve squadrons, on which depended the collection of recruits and training them for service, were left with non-commissioned officers who, though very worthy men, were not in every case the best that would have been selected for their special duties. Of course also, it was not anticipated by many commanding officers that the South African campaign would last so long as has proved to be the case, and they did not organise the reserve squadrons of their regiments with the care and forethought that would have been bestowed, if it had been anticipated that they would have had much arduous work thrown upon them. In almost all cases, therefore, the non-commissioned officers, who are to be found with the reserve squadrons and to whom the training of recruits is necessarily entrusted, are not remarkable for great capacity in that particular duty.

Then for officers. Nearly the most important man in a reserve squadron is the riding master and some regiments left their riding masters in England while some took them out to the seat of war. There has been plenty of work

for experienced riding masters in South Africa, not so much to teach riding, for there is no leisure for preliminary instruction during a campaign, but to take charge of the numerous remounts that came from all quarters of the world and to do something to make them fit for the ranks: but it is tolerably obvious that it would have been better if, in every case the riding master had been left at home to grapple with the training of the recruits of his regiment. In the case of reserve squadrons where the regimental riding master has not been left with them, the duties have been placed in the hands of an officer recalled from the retired list, and though such a gentleman may be most efficient, he is certainly old for his position and, having been absent from the army for some years, he finds himself, when he is brought back, face to face with new theories, new conditions and new requirements. It is quite wonderful and most praiseworthy to see how well these riding masters, who have returned to regimental work after years of retirement, have risen to the level of their duties and how admirably they have encountered all difficulties. Among all the many men to whom England owes a debt of gratitude for rallying to her standard in the hour of need, these riding masters are by no means the least deserving.

There has been lately not a little sneering at our officers and especially our cavalry officers. They have been stigmatised as lax, incompetent, lazy and in no way devoted to their professional work. Would that the glib critics could see what has been accomplished by the young officers who are in charge of the reserve squadrons of the regiments now serving abroad! These gentle-

men have proved their professional zeal during the past year by toiling early and late at the most thankless work; they have most completely rebutted the charges of laxity and laziness by undertaking, practically single-handed, all the duties of a whole *cadre* of officers, including those of the drillground, the regimental headquarters office, the quartermaster's department, the paymaster's office and not unfrequently, to a great extent, of the veterinary department; and they have established their claim to competence by the excellent way in which their varied duties have been performed.

When the regiments went on service, each left its reserve squadron, consisting of what used in old times to be called the "sick, lame and lazy," in charge of an officer of captain's rank. The class of non-commissioned officers whom he had as assistants has been already noticed, and in very few instances did he have at his disposal even one or two trained clerks, who understood anything of our somewhat complicated system of accounts, returns and general correspondence. He had to form and teach his staff of clerks, &c., and to make immediate arrangements, not only for the ordinary routine of military life of the reserve squadron, but also for the proper conduct of all the home business of the regiment itself, including the custody and keeping complete of all records and accounts and the forwarding of many stores and supplies. He found himself not only commanding officer and superintendent of every kind of instruction mounted and dismounted, but paymaster, quartermaster and in fact, Jack-of-all-trades.

Immediately after the regiment had embarked, a flood of recruits

and reservists began to pour in with a proportionate number of remounts. The strength of his command rapidly became equal to that of a regiment on the peace establishment; now, most reserve squadrons include from 500 to 600 men and about 300 horses. Can anyone, who has any military experience whatever, conceive a more arduous and irksome task than that which had to be performed? It was essential to push forward the training of recruits, for drafts had to be furnished to the seat of war; remounts had to be broken, for they also were required in the field and a certain number of useful brutes had to be made available for immediate riding-school necessities. Clothing, saddlery, arms and the thousand-and-one articles that go to make up a cavalry soldier's equipment had to be procured and issued, and any one, who knows the interminable number of documents and vouchers demanded by the supply departments, will realise what that means, when there was only one man to do the duty.

It is perfectly marvellous that everything has been done as it has been done, but the strain has been tremendous. For long months without any intermission, from early daylight till late at night, the officers have been in an office or on the drill-ground, and we may well be proud that England is served by men so capable, so intelligent and possessed of such untiring energy. Of course the officers commanding reserve squadrons have had subalterns, but, except for the performance of the most ordinary routine duties, they would be of very little use. They had probably only been gazetted after the embarkation of the regiment and were themselves recruits,

very fully occupied with their own instruction in riding school, on foot parade and at musketry. No—the captains of the reserve squadrons have each, practically unassisted, done most valuable and important work, and their zeal is all the more to be commended for it is little likely to be acknowledged by any of the rewards dear to a soldier's heart, and they have all the bitterness of feeling that their duty has cut them off from the excitement and glory of a campaign.

The horses in the reserve squadrons are generally very good and reflect the highest credit on the purchasers of the Remount Department. In providing them a great change in our system of buying has been made. Formerly remounts were generally bought at from three and a-half to four years old and naturally were more a source of anxiety than of any utility for a couple of years. In the emergency of war time it has been found necessary to acquire at any price animals that were fit for immediate hard work and most of the remounts that have lately come into the service are mature nags that have seen five or six summers. No doubt the policy has been perfectly right as far as the present and the immediate future are concerned. The horses are there, they are fit for their work and they do their work in a satisfactory way, but when it is said, as it has lately often been said, that the system of buying our army horses at five and six years old should be permanently retained, the matter admits of some question. No breeder could afford to keep a horse till it was six years old and then sell it at any price that Government could give, unless he got a certain amount of work out of it which would more than pay for its keep.

And it is this work done by an immature animal which gravely affects it in after life. The results may not be at once seen, but most certainly they are present and will show themselves sooner or later in some weaknesses of the horse's structure or constitution. It would be far better if we could adhere to the old system of buying young, even very young, fresh animals, supposing always that they would then be sent to a *depôt* and there carefully fed and handled till they were old enough to pass into the ranks. We have never hitherto had any such *depôt* or *depôts*, and the want has been the great blot on our system of buying horses, but the system in itself is a right one.

As might have been expected, many of the mature horses that have recently been bought have suffered from the general custom of docking the tail. There is much controversy as to the propriety of this custom. Certainly from a military point of view, nothing can be said in its defence. A docked trooper is deprived of its natural defence against flies which, in every campaign, in any country, have been always, and always will be, an inevitable torment and source of harm. There is little doubt also that a horse with a mutilated tail is at a disadvantage in the turns and circles of the *ménage*, for he lacks some of the steering and balancing gear with which nature provided him. As a very minor evil, but none the less an evil, a mixture of docked tails in a squadron detracts greatly from the desirable military uniformity of its appearance and is very unsightly.

Let this matter pass, however. The mature horses that have been bought have, almost without exception, dropped into their work

very well and quickly. They have acquired no predisposition to vice or bad habits in their early civilian life, and are very soon to be trusted in any position. Many of them are to be seen carrying third-class recruits within a month or six weeks of their first entering the Queen's stables, they show themselves most amenable to all military necessities and find no fault with their military surroundings. The fact is that, if a horse is strong and in good health, his training as a trooper may always be carried out, even in its utmost refinement, much quicker than many people suppose. It may seem odd to go to France for an illustration, but at Saumur, the great French cavalry riding school, we have seen a horse doing the most elaborate and finished *haute école* work within a very few weeks after it had run in a race at Newmarket. It is not to be supposed that all our new troopers answer perfectly to every movement of the hand or leg. They could not, like some veterans that we have known, go through a series of military exercises by themselves, moving and halting at the word of command, but they can do any ordinary work quite satisfactorily in the field and in the riding school.

With regard to the actual riding drill of the men; it cannot be carried out so quickly as the training of the horses. The horses have this advantage in beginning that they are already perfectly familiar with mankind and have been accustomed to work with man in some form or other. The men are, as a rule, totally ignorant about horses and have not had the smallest experience in handling or controlling them. It may be taken as certain that not one per cent. of cavalry recruits has ever had any previous

knowledge whatever of stables or of riding. Everything therefore has to be learned from the very commencement. The whole subject of riding instruction was carefully considered not very long ago, with a view of making it more practical and of shortening the time that it occupied. In old days it was considered that no recruit could be dismissed from riding school and take his place with a squadron in the field till he had had at least 120 or 130 lessons. In the early lessons, his work with his comrades consisted principally of a series of simple turns and circles called a "single ride." Later he was introduced to a more complicated exercise called a "double ride." This is not easy to describe but anybody who has seen a musical ride at a military show, has looked on at a very elaborate "double ride" performed without words of command.

Of course, besides this purely *manège* instruction, the recruit's drill included leaping and other exercises. Well, it was thought that, if the "double ride" was eliminated from the course of instruction, the recruits would be ready for work in the field in so much shorter time. This however has proved, by practical experience to be an error. Whether the "double ride" is learned or not, it has been found that approximately the same number of lessons (120 to 130) are necessary to make a man a fair horseman. A man *must* have a certain amount of riding under the immediate supervision of an instructor before he is capable of taking care of himself in a squadron, whether he is doing a "single ride" or a "double ride." And the "double ride" had the great advantage that it introduced variety into the lesson and prevented the young

soldier from becoming dull and bored by the constant repetition of one form of drill. It, too, made him concentrate his attention and exercise his brains, besides practising the finesse of equitation. Our ancestors were no fools, they had long practical experience and the system of instruction which they approved should not have been lightly altered.

In the universal high pressure and hurry that have been felt during the last year in all our military matters, it could not have been expected that the riding instruction would not suffer a little in thoroughness. It was necessary to put men into the ranks in the shortest time possible, and, consequently, in many instances, the proper number of lessons could not be given and several points that have always been considered, and indeed certainly are, essential in good riding, have been somewhat neglected. The absolute necessities of being able to stick on and to control and guide a horse have been in some degree attained, but all the elegancies of horsemanship have had only qualified attention. The proper seat in the saddle, the upright carriage of the body, the best position of the hands, have been overlooked, and it follows that we are getting a number of men who can ride, but who cannot ride well. They will satisfy the rough-and-ready demands of the present, but it is much to be feared that they will never become the really useful horsemen whom we wish to see in our cavalry. Some people may say that elegance is not a *sine qua non* for a soldier, but they forget that what is called elegance may mean less chance of fatigue and injury to man and horse and a more perfect control of the steed by his rider,

if they find themselves, as well may happen, in a hand-to-hand *mêlée*.

Much might be remarked upon in the equipment of the men to be seen on a cavalry drill-ground of to-day, the things new, old and middle-aged, the "haymaker" hats, the bandoliers, the jackets, breeches, putties and highlow boots. Some commend themselves at once as being most good and serviceable, some have such very obvious drawbacks that criticism would be easy.

A word must be said about the saddlery. There seems to be much reason in the disfavour with which the saddle itself is looked upon by many practical and experienced soldiers. In one respect no doubt it is admirable, in having plain wooden panels which lie upon a folded blanket and a thick felt numnah. Such an arrangement is, for every reason, preferable to the old stuffed panels without the blanket. But it is very rightly urged that a great mistake was made when more than twenty years ago the old wooden saddle-tree was given up in favour of the present iron one. It is whispered, with how much truth it is impossible to say, that the iron saddle-tree was the invention of some Government official, and that it was adopted without being submitted to the examination and criticism of any practical soldiers. Its disadvantages are, however, very obvious. If the old wooden saddle-tree was broken or injured, it could always be mended by the regimental saddle-tree maker. If any accident happens to the iron tree, it can only be repaired (if at all) by a special expert at Woolwich; on service it must be thrown away. The old tree could always be altered by the saddle-tree maker to suit a larger or smaller horse,

and this on service is a great consideration. The iron tree is immutable. The back arch of the iron tree generally spreads more or less and lowers the saddle on the horse's back. This could not happen with the wooden tree. The wooden tree was rather the lighter of the two. It does not seem to be necessary to enter into any further comparisons.

Then for the stirrups. Instead of the old, rather heavy, rounded stirrup, a new and lighter pattern has been introduced, more like the ordinary hunting stirrup. Now, particularly in these days of frequent dismounted service, a soldier should have a very heavy stirrup. A light one swings about with every movement of the horse and every gust of wind, and nothing is more discomposing to a man who wishes to mount quickly than to be painfully striving to catch a stirrup which constantly eludes his foot, and be it remembered that the soldier has probably a carbine in his hand, and so finds it difficult to catch hold of

the stirrup to steady it. The stirrup also is too small. Men will probably in the future do most of their riding in highlows with gaiters or putties. The highlow is much larger, as a rule, and more clumsy in the foot than the old jack boot, and it is often with difficulty that it can enter the new-pattern stirrup. When once it is in, it is apt to stick—rather an awkward circumstance if a man has a fall. The bridle too has been altered, in some ways for the better. The mouth-piece of the bridoon, however, seems very thin and not likely to be of much value, either when used singly or with the bit.

Our whole cavalry equipment is now, like the Army in general and everything connected with it, in a transition state. It will be interesting to see what will be finally approved and adopted when all our warriors have returned from Africa and have been able to give us the fruits of their experiences.

C. STEIN.

The Successful Sires of the Racing Season.

AMONG the various lists of statistics connected with racing matters published by the sporting press, I think that none possess greater interest for the generality of sportsmen than the record of successful stallions. Not only is it entertaining to watch, as each stage of the racing season progresses, the contest for supremacy in which the stallions are unwitting participants, but the list affords a valuable criterion of the comparative merits of the

sires of the day. Breeders, it is safe to say, observe with keen attention the positions of the horses and can be relied upon not to omit the figures—should the record be sufficiently flattering for the purpose—when advertising the covering fee of the sires or the public sale of their stock. Apart from its utility to breeders, the table furnishes the ordinary member of the sporting community with an excellent means of following the after-careers of Turf

favourites and celebrities, which otherwise would be somewhat shrouded in mystery for all but the *cognoscenti*.

Against the statistical fiend has been advanced the argument that figures may be made to prove anything, and, without endorsing this sweeping assertion, it must be granted that the mere fact of a sire being credited with a large amount of winnings through his progeny does not necessarily point to that horse's superiority over others figuring lower on the list. Nowadays we have at least three "ten-thousand pounders" during the course of the season, and races with a value of anything between £1,000 and £5,000, if not as plentiful as gooseberries, at any rate are so frequent as to be met with at every meeting having pretensions to "class." It is obvious that a single success in a race such as the Eclipse and the Century Stakes at Sandown Park, or the Jockey Club and the Princess of Wales's Stakes at Newmarket, will at once secure for the sire of the winner a prominent place on the list, irrespective of the other performances of his offspring. The present season furnishes noticeable examples of this flaw in the statistical system, for Galopin, with only five winners of nine races, takes fourth place on the table, totalling £13,350, and Common, with but three winners of eight races, worth £12,458, comes sixth, their exalted positions being due to Merry Gal's victory in the Princess of Wales's Stakes on the one hand and to Osbeck's Century Stakes triumph on the other. The American sire Domino also figures well up on the list with £7,925, owing to the capture of the Jockey Club Stakes by his son, Disguise II., besides whom he has only one winner in this country.

Perhaps a safer basis upon which to arrive at the real value of a horse's work at the stud is the number of his progeny to win races, and there cannot be much mistake made when a multiplicity of winners is combined with a proportionately large amount of pounds, shillings and pence, as may be observed in the case of Gallinule. The son of Isonomy has a record of 22 winners of 40 races, and, in point of actual winnings, his score (£15,895 5s.) is only second to that of the mighty St. Simon. Indeed, there are certain enthusiasts who set such store by Gallinule's numerous successes this year that they do not hesitate to give him the much-abused title of "the sire of the season," which is also claimed in some quarters for Melton and Florizel II. A glance at the doings of St. Simon's children must, I think, lead to the latter being once more hailed *facile princeps*.

For the seventh time in his phenomenal stud career, St. Simon comes out top of the tree, his total at present standing at £55,120, a sum exceeded by his stock in 1892 (La Flèche's year), and in '96 (St. Frusquin's and Persimmon's year), and which also falls below Stockwell's record of 1866. At one period of the season it seemed as though this record was to go by the board, but Diamond Jubilee's unexpected downfall in the Jockey Club Stakes effectually dissipated such anticipations. This notwithstanding, St. Simon's record is remarkable enough, and among his winners are Winifreda, La Roche, and the Prince of Wales's colt, who have carried off the five classic events of the year. Santa Brigida appears to be the best of his two-year-olds. The pride of Welbeck, for so he may be termed without fear

of reproach for sentimentality, has seven winners fewer than Gallinule, by far the most important, of course, being Diamond Jubilee, who, winning the Triple Crown, the Newmarket, and the Eclipse Stakes, has netted £27,985, this ranking third-best to the three-year-old records of Donovan (£38,446), and Flying Fox (£37,415). Few people think of St. Simon as an old horse, but it must not be forgotten that nearly twenty years have elapsed since he was foaled, and his breeding prowess is not less now than in the days when he gave us Signorina, Memoir, Semolina, St. Serf and many other notoriety.

As has already been mentioned, Gallinule comes out with the greatest number of successes, and is next to St. Simon on the list. This has been by far the best season enjoyed by Gallinule during his stud life, which, extending over eleven years, has been entirely spent in Ireland. His only classic winner so far is Wildfowler, who won the St. Leger two seasons back, but he is the sire of very many sterling handicap horses. This year his chief representatives have been Sirenia, Good Morning, Courlan, Waterhen, Mount Prospect, and Goosander.

At the moment of writing the defunct Galopin (to whom allusion is made above) comes fourth on the list, but his figures are only slightly inferior to Melton's. The 1885 Derby winner has signalled his return from the Italian *haras* by giving us the finest crop of two-year-olds, collectively speaking, of the year, with Princess Melton and Toddington, perhaps absolutely the best of those seen out, the filly unquestionably so. The compilation of £13,442 in stakes, almost solely by a party of juveniles, is a

notable achievement and a sign of superlative merit in their sire. Besides the filly and colt just mentioned which Mr. Musker has sold for 15,000 gs. and 11,000 gs. respectively, the most successful of Melton's progeny have been Lord Melton, Canterbury, Britannia and Bay Melton. Altogether he has ten winners of twenty-eight races.

Despite Vain Duchess having failed to reproduce her two-year-old form, it has been a highly successful season for Isinglass who, represented by two- and three-year-olds only, comes fifth his score being nine winners, nineteen races, £12,847 10s. Of his younger progeny Veles and Star Shoot are quite in the front rank, and Sagitta (the La Flèche filly) and Glasalt also have much racing merit. Another son of Isonomy, also a Triple Crown hero, in Common follows Isinglass, but his position is somewhat a false one, being mainly due to the efforts of Osbech, whose winnings make up no less than £11,885 of Common's total. In the light of his stout running it seems unfortunate that Osbech should have been added to the list.

Now we come to a stallion who has scored an unequivocal triumph in his initial season and whose services are so much in demand—Florizel II. (five winners, nine races, £9,008 10s.). Whatever his racing abilities may have been compared with his famous brothers' (Persimmon and Diamond Jubilee), it is tolerably certain that he is not to prove the least successful sire of the trio, providing that the two Derby winners do not, like their sire, turn out absolute breeding prodigies. The Red Enamel colt, though just beaten out of a place by Star Shoot, Ian and Bay Melton for

the National Breeders' Produce Stakes—his only race this season,—is expected to prove something out of the ordinary, and this specification must already be applied to Volodyovski, who has carried off five races worth £4,607. Another of Florizel II.'s get, apparently of very high class, is Floriform, who proved successful, at the only time of starting, in such an important event as the Middle Park Plate, while Mackintosh and Doricles are both useful youngsters.

Orme has had no Flying Fox to swell his total to mammoth proportions, and from the leading position he held last season finds himself relegated to eighth place. The best of his young stock is Orchid, but his principal winner has been the five-year-old Ameer. The Duke of Westminster's grand stallion is credited with £8,750 10s., made up by the capture of fifteen and a half races by eleven of his progeny. Domino's position has been commented upon, so we pass to St. Serf, who, next to his own sire, is the most successful of the select group of stallions standing at the Duke of Portland's stud, having had ten winners of seventeen and a half races, value £7,711. His leading two-year-old is Ian (brother to St. Ia), whom racegoers will remember as running a dead-heat with Star Shoot at Sandown Park. Nothing succeeds like success, they say, and we are constantly confronted with striking exemplifications of the old saw on the Turf and at the stud. In the first few months of the season, when Melton's produce were all - conquering, the

stock of his stud companion, Orion, were also exceptionally prominent, soon crediting him with a big sum in winnings; in fact, at one time the son of Bend Or and Shotover headed the list, now he follows Orme. Among his best winners are the three-year-olds Chevening, Downham and Perseverance, and the two-year-old Hercules, his total being nine winners, eighteen races, £8,259.

Twelfth on the list, seven hundred pounds in advance of Kilwarlin (whose death this year was a bad loss to Sir Robert Affleck), comes St. Angelo (fourteen winners, twenty-eight races, £7,092). His progeny have been particularly busy this season, as his figures show, but no very rich races have fallen to their share, the chief winners being Sir Geoffrey (now at the stud), Nono and Lucknow. Among the remaining sires with winners of £5,000 at the time of writing are to be noted the Americans Sensation (second last year) and The Sailor Prince, the Derby winner Sir Hugo (sire of Sir Hercules, Free Companion and Lord Quex), Martagon (sire of Champ de Mars and Mazagan), Enthusiast (sire of Eager), Bona Vista (now in Hungary), Juggler (sire of Trevor and Lackford) and Royal Hampton (sire of Forfarshire and Sang Bleu). In conclusion, it should be added that the above figures are calculated up to the second Monday in November, and embrace the results of such Irish racing as appears in the official *Racing Calendar*.

A. C.

Retriever Trials on Game.

ALTHOUGH field trials for pointers and setters sprang into existence almost simultaneously with dog shows in the 'sixties, and have advanced ever since in popularity, trials for retrievers have not exceeded five all told in thirty years. This is the more curious because pointers and setters have become less used for work during the period, whereas the demand for retrievers has enormously increased. Now we have five field trials in the year for the index dogs; that is just as many as we have had for retrievers in thirty years. Whether the un-mixed influence of dog shows would have exterminated pointers and setters with field qualities is doubtful, but the result of the double competitions has been to divide the breeds into those that have modern dog-show blood and those which have not. The latter are obviously only kept for work, and it is a proportion of these dogs that annually try conclusions at field trials. A show dog may have field-trial blood in him; but a field-trial dog has a field-trial pedigree as different from the other as those of representatives of two Indian castes.

It is necessary to remember this outcome of annual trials on game when we look at the retrievers of the day; for over these the shows have had uncontrolled influence and have evolved the dog as we see it to-day. It is true that sportsmen have had something to say in the matter, they have become possessed of show retrievers, and have bred from them on the principle of the survival of the fittest—that is the most suitable for work, not for show. But as each generation

became more fit for work, it lost, or got behind, those strains of the same breed that were ever advancing in some new points of prettiness to catch the judge's eye, and so it happens that, whenever we have a field trial for retrievers, the hopes of good sportsmen naturally are that these beauties should show that they are of sterling merit. This is so because we all fancy ourselves as judges of animal formation, and it is distinctly flattering to our judgment when those we select as the most likely looking ones really prove themselves the best at work. This love of beauty and good formation is no doubt the reason why the show retrievers, and especially the flat-coated black ones, are spread all over the country, and are giving the old local breeds a hard struggle for existence in most parts. But the few field trials we have had have shown that this love of good points must be tempered by discretion; and that it is unsafe to leave this breed to the typifying influences of dog shows alone.

At the first retriever trial ever held, one at which the writer acted as Hon. Sec., a committee of gentlemen interested in the working qualities of pointers and setters resolved to add a couple of stakes for old and young retrievers. This was as long ago as 1871, and the trials took place on the beautiful property of Vaynol, near Bangor, belonging to Mr. Assheton Smith. Then, as now, the majority of dogs entered were of the show sorts, at that time hardly distinguishable from their cousins the local varieties. It may be that the discontinuance

of the Vaynol field-trials, after a couple of very successful meetings, had a great deal to do with the neglect by field trialers of retrievers for the next twenty-eight years. Be that as it may, the breed cannot be tested in the spring when most field trials are held. On the other hand, it may be that preconceived notions of what a retriever should look like got too much of a facer to induce those who like beauty to take much trouble about future field trials for retrievers, which, if given, seemed likely to result, as they had in the past, in the easy defeat of all that was handsome.

The winner at Vaynol thirty years ago, like the winner at Compton on October 12th and 13th, in this year, was a liver-coloured animal. He was for his appearance named The Devil. He professed relationship to the curly-coated varieties, but his grey muzzle and whiskers suggested some remote kinship to an otter hound. Nevertheless he won handsomely enough, and thereby hangs a story; for the parson of the owner's parish seeing the name in the papers, wrote to protest that it was improper to take the name of his Satanic Majesty in vain. It may be that the appearance of the dog was too much of a libel on so well known a character. However, the parson suggested a change of name, the Squire objected, but as a sort of compromise named the son of The Devil, or re-named him, Rector.

But to complete the history of retriever trials in the short space at my disposal, it is necessary to skip the intervening attempts and come at the Compton meeting. Here there were ten dogs entered—moderate, ordinary dogs, for there has not yet been discovered a public performer brilliant enough

to frighten away the ordinary retriever found at every covert side, provided only he is steady. He must not run in, and he will not win if he wants to be told so very often. All the entries save one, were of the flat-coated black variety, and this one was a mean looking little liver-coloured animal that at the meet escaped the critical attention of the experts. But this mean-looking little beast won from all the cracks by a very long way. And to complete the similarity with Vaynol thirty years before, the winner, like The Devil, was Welsh by birth. By way of proof of the moderation of the class, I may remark that the second and third turned up in first-season puppies.

The manner of the trials was as follows:—Each man was obliged to shoot to his own dog, and on the first day it was partridge driving; as a good many of the shooters did not often find the right spot, it goes without saying it did not exactly rain partridges, and therefore the proof of steadiness was not very exacting. In fact such an ordeal might be gone through by many a dog that has his head through a collar, when it is a warm corner and covert shooting. On the next day five of the dogs that stood this test best were required to walk at their masters' heels during partridge shooting in line. Here it was hoped we should get a few runners and so we did; not many, and not enough, had there been any sort of evenness in the dogs entered, but as a matter of fact there was not. Still it is quite open to beaten owners to think that on the strength of one failure to get a runner, and with only one try, their dogs might have headed the list over an average of such attempts. There is a good deal in this, and the worst that

can be said of every retriever trial that has ever taken place is that not nearly enough game was brought down to insure the dogs plenty of difficult work to do.

I. W. Abbott's Rust, the winner, has already been described; Abbott is keeper to Mr. A. T. Williams, of South Wales, who also had a dog entered and obtained a certificate of merit. Rust first began by showing us what she was made of on the line of a wounded hare, which she ran as if she had some nose to spare, and she brought back her game in quick time and workmanlike fashion. She also got a running pheasant very well indeed on the first day. Mr. C. C. Eley's first-year dog Bergholt Dale, is remarkably handsome and a very taking, busy dog, but whether he has quite the nose ever to make a time-saving dog is somewhat doubtful. Possibly the only fault he exhibited was carrying the monopoly of a retriever—that of keeping the nose to the ground—too far. By this habit, or want of nose, whichever it is, he failed to get to the fall of a bird quickly enough to please the writer. A retriever, like a hound drawing covert, or a pointer on body scent, should know when to carry a high head. He cannot rode out his game too carefully, it is true, when the scent lies low, no more than a hound can, but both should be able to feel scent from a distance, especially body scent. However, he is a very good puppy, and far above the average of his handsome sort. On the second day he exhibited capital form. On one occasion, when he had once got upon the line of a running bird in turnips, he recovered it after a quick and careful rode hunting. That was placing himself a little above Mr. F. M. Remnant's Wenhaston

Roy, who, although he had wiped the eyes of Captain Phipps Hornby's dog on the previous day by getting a lost runner, did not show a stolid mind when rabbits were rushing about amongst rattling turnip-leaves. Mr. C. C. Eley's second string Bergholt Jane was put on to a running pheasant in turnips, and this she got on to, but her owner, believing the pheasant to be a dead one, whistled her off repeatedly. Dog and man being judged together, she was at last called up and Rust was sent on. This was a very decided wipe for Jane, for Rust got on to the rode without any bother, and although a hare crossed the line before she found it, she went away after the cock pheasant and saved him in capital style. Then Bergholt Dale had a try at another winged partridge, and here his fault of hunting for a fall as closely as if he were on a failing line proved his undoing, for he took so long to get up to the place that the bird had not only gone far enough, but the scent had failed too. After a quarter of an-hour's busy perseverance he was called up and Rust was asked to get the bird, but it was too late, and a failure. Then at the end of the last field Dale was given another try at a winged bird, and again a too long interval had passed, so that he failed to rode out the bird, but found it sitting in the far hedge. Mr. Remnant's Roy obtained third place; he too, is only a puppy, but has a better way of finding the fall of a bird than Dale has. At least on one occasion he very cleverly went round, down wind of the bird, and came up to it straight for twenty-five yards and with his head up. Special prizes were given and all fell to the winners of the three prizes in the stakes. Thus Sir Henry

Smith's prize for the best working dog belonging to a member of the Retriever Society was given to Mr. C. C. Eley's Berg-holt Dale the second prize winner, as was also that given by Mr. G. R. Davies to the best-looking dog, as well as that for the best puppy, which was given by the judges, Mr. W. Arkwright and Mr. Warwick; the latter of whom had provided the shooting for the trials to take place on. Abbott's Rust, first prize winner, had the prize also as the best broken dog in the stake.

I think that most people who have seen retriever trials will agree with the remarks made by Mr. W. Arkwright, in response to the toast of the Judges' health. He believes that they are not only possible but necessary; in order that the fancy animal may be driven out of the dog shows, and that his place may be supplied by others who will be free to have as many curls in their sterns as they can get themselves born with, provided only they can find the game. There is no doubt that, if retriever trials succeed in showing us which animals, out of the vast numbers bred, have most retained the qualifications

of useful dogs, that breeders, and especially shooting breeders, will very soon make good use of the knowledge; and when two good ones come together by design, instead of as now by chance (that is if they ever do come together now), we may expect to see recovered a good deal of that quickness of getting birds into the bag that is not quite, or not often, synonymous with a merry style of hunting.

There is one curious omission in the Rules. In stating what points are to be tried nothing is said of "courage." Curiously it happens that most of the flat-coated retrievers are said to be wanting in courage; the Committee, who are mostly admirers of the breed, may think the quality covered by an insistence on "dash" and perseverance; but these are distinct qualities and can certainly exist with or without courage enough to face a gorse bush or a bramble bed. Nothing is said either about water, and as that was a minus quantity at Compton, where Mr. Warwick's champagne was more in demand, perhaps a trial on wild fowl was best left unsuggested by the Rules.

G. T. TEASDALE-BUCKELL.

Reminiscences of Oxford Life and Sport.

III.

It was only natural that these College "Grinds" excited the sporting talent of the University, and led to much talk on the subject of bygone days. Connected with "cross country events," Aylesbury was looked upon as the head-quarters of this kind of sport, and an informal committee was formed to try and revive the Aylesbury meeting. The difficulty was that the University authorities, though they tacitly acknowledged the annual Grinds, "put their foot down" as to undergraduates riding races of any sort at public meetings.

At that time the celebrated White Hart Hotel at Aylesbury was kept by that genial and thorough good sportsman, Mr. J. K. Fowler, who, it is pleasant to think, is still hale and hearty. Mr. Fowler and his brother, Mr. R. Fowler of Droughton, were interviewed, and threw their hearts and souls into the idea. Mr. Lepper, too, the popular veterinary surgeon, lent his valuable assistance. "Charley" Symonds, and all the horsey contingent at Oxford, jumped at the idea, and the preliminaries were soon settled.

The first meeting was advertised to be held on Thursday, April 3rd, 1862, and was called "The Aristocratic Steeplechases," to start and finish on Mr. J. K. Fowler's Prebendal farm, Aylesbury. The stewards were the Earl of Coventry, Sir F. Johnstone, J. "Mountain," Esq., Hon. A. "Ganmore," and H. "Goldey," Esq., with Mr. G. Lepper as clerk of the course. With the eyes of the University authorities upon us, it was thought advisable

that all undergraduates engaged in the undertaking should use fictitious names, so that Henry Brassey appeared as "Mr. Goldey," John Hill as "Mr. Mountain," W. H. P. Jenkins as Mr. "Merton," Hicks Beach as Mr. "Shore," Hampson Jones as "Mr. Brown," Harry Bull as "Mr. Henry," Charles Symonds, jun., as "Mr. Frederics," Charles Forster (now Sir Charles) as "Mr. Forrester," Charles Ashton as "Mr. Oakton," Fitzwilliam as "Mr. Wentworth," Lord Carrington as "Mr. Kar-rington," and Henry Wood as "Mr. Forrester" may be given as examples. All entries were to be made to "Mr. Smith," King's Arms, Bicester, who would forward all letters to the committee.

Mr. Smith was, of course, also a fictitious personage; but the entries came in satisfactorily, and a capital meeting was the result, consisting of an Undergraduates' race, which was a steeplechase of 3 sovs. each p.p., with at least 100 added, for horses *bonâ fide* the property of undergraduates, for one month previous to the date of meeting; horses to be ridden by undergraduates; over three miles of fair hunting country; 11st. 7lb. each. Second horse to receive his stake. No horse to start that has ever been entered for a public steeplechase. Five horses to start, or the money will not be added. The winner to pay 10 sovs. towards expenses. This was followed by "a Farmers' race," "a Veteran race" for past or present members of Oxford University, an "Open Handicap," and "The Hack Stakes."

Cambridge University was in those days, and perhaps is still



HENRY BRASSEY
(Mr. Golden), one of the Stewards.



EDWARD HANMER
(Afterward Sir Edward Hanmer, Bart.), one of those who arranged details.



W. HICKS BEACH
Mr. Shore), one of the three who rode against Cambridge. Owner of Reindeer, ridden by "Mr. Shore" (Mr. W. Hicks Beach).



CHARLES ASHTON,

more in the racing "swim" than the sister university; as the fact of it being near to Newmarket gives many opportunities which Oxford does not possess of gaining racing knowledge. They had their annual "Grinds," and their pack of draghounds. Somebody suggested why not "ride" Cambridge as well as row them. The late Sir Edward Hanmer then resided with several other kindred spirits—Peter Wilkinson, Bob Pheelips and others—at Magdalen College, Cambridge, because Trinity had decided that they were not likely to add to the number of learned scholars who emanate from that august seat of learning, where they had originally matriculated! Hanmer happened to be a friend of and connection of the writer, and during a visit at Oxford, it was decided that I should go to Cambridge as a deputy to try and arrange for a match to come off the following spring.

An ever memorable week was spent, and I was entertained as 'Varsity men know how. During my stay the Cambridge Grinds came off. I remember we all went out by train, and that "correct cards," "cards of the races," were sold on the platform by a professor of the art—then a popular undergraduate, now the popular and well-known member of Parliament, the Right Honble. James Lowther. I can see him as if it was yesterday, and it is the same cheery personality now as then. At the dinner following this day's amusement, the match was decided on, and I went back to Oxford armed with the necessary powers.

Before leaving Cambridge I had a day with their drag. I forget the place of meeting, but it was their severest country, and the line was a stiff one; part of it

lay across some strongly-fenced low-lying meadows, and, if the truth be told, it was rather a test case for their visitor. I rode a Cambridge horse well known with the drag, but, as I heard afterwards, was supposed to be damaged in his back by a recent accident. However, Oxford and Cambridge hacks are generally equal to the occasion, and the old chestnut carried me capitally. I only had one companion when we ran from scent to view, who had special orders to watch the stranger. We jumped the last fence together close alongside hounds, and there on the rising bank stood the runner shaking his trail bag. My companion sat down to race for the finish; but true to our Oxford form, I declined to compete, and trotted in at my leisure. At that time this was just the difference, Cambridge made the drag into a race, Oxford rode it as a run with hounds.

With all the preliminary arrangements settled, and the conditions of the match drawn up, the great difficulty of selecting horses and riders had to be seriously taken in hand. As might be expected, there were numerous candidates for the mounts, and, on the other hand, owners of horses in nearly every case wanted to ride them themselves. Some, indeed, flatly refused to run their horses, if they were selected, unless they too were selected to ride. The committee decided to select the jockeys first, and then arrange about the horses as best they could. The three men chosen were W. Hicks Beach of Christchurch, Charles Ashton of Exeter, and John Hill of University. Only one of these had a horse good enough to compete; Ashton's Reindeer was a rattling good hunter, and his owner a very hard man over a country. I

was to ride H. Bull's Spangle, the winner of the University College Grinds, and so that left one more horse to find for Beach.

Unfortunately, things went not quite smoothly, and a sort of compromise had to be made. Edgar Everington of Merton owned a first-class hunter called Brown George, which afterwards won the Veteran Stakes at Aylesbury with his owner in the saddle. He was the best we could arrange for. Then came another difficulty, his owner naturally wished to ride his own horse. The match very nearly dropped through altogether; and unless Charles Ashton had most unselfishly given up his mount and allowed Reindeer to be ridden by Beach, we should have lost the services of that excellent horseman. It ended in settling that Everington should ride his own horse, Brown George, Beach Reindeer, and that Spangle should be ridden by the writer of these recollections. Cambridge was represented by two horses, the property of Fitzwilliam, called The Clown, ridden by the owner, and Conqueror, by the late Sam Ashton (brother of Charles Ashton); a grey horse called Gorilla, entered by Lord Carrington, which was entrusted to the care of Henry Wood. The match came off over the Aylesbury course on the Prebendal farm, on the second day of the second meeting of the Aristocratic Steeplechases. It was arranged to run the race over the course the opposite way round to that run by the Oxford men on the first day of the meeting, so that there should be no advantage by Oxford knowing the course, while the water jump was increased from 15 feet to 17 feet over the natural brook. The Undergraduates Race brought about disappointment and surprises. It

was only natural that after the way Spangle had settled his field in the University College Grinds, he should be looked upon as the hope of the Oxford party; but, as I before explained, he totally collapsed over the Aylesbury course, and our position was serious. The winner of the Undergraduates Race turned up in an unknown horse called The Dane, the property of Charles Symonds, jun., who was a son of the celebrated "Charley" Symonds, the Oxford horse-dealer. Young Symonds was quite a novice at riding, and having only just entered the University, was little known. Old Charley, however, knew a bit more than most men, and whatever might have been the previous history of the horse, he knew that, bar accidents, he would make "common hacks" of anything which University men would be likely to bring against him. And he was right, as he won the Undergraduates' race easily with young Symonds up; Everington's Brown George, ridden by his owner, was second, and Spangle could only manage to get in fifth out of a field of seven starters. A council of war was called, and I was asked to ride The Dane in the 'Varsity Match; his owner good-naturedly releasing me from riding Spangle as previously arranged. On Thursday, March 26th, 1863, the race was run; the following is a copy of the card:—

**DE FRAINÉ'S AUTHORIZED CARD
OF THE**

Aylesbury Aristocratic Steeplechases.

*To Start and Finish on Mr. J. R. Fowler's
Prebendal Farm, Aylesbury.*

FIRST RACE TO START AT 1.30 O'CLOCK.

A Match between the University of Oxford and
Cambridge for a cup value £50; 12 st. each.

OXFORD.

(1) Mr. Frederic's bk. g. The Dane, blue and black
cap Mr. Mountain.

- (2) Mr. Rowe's br. g. Brown George, cherry, white belt, blue cap Owner.
 (3) Mr. Oakton's b. g. Reindeer, blue, white belt, blue cap Mr. Shore.

CAMBRIDGE.

- (4) Mr. Wentworth's The Clown, light blue, black cap Owner.
 (5) Mr. Karrington's gr. g. Gorilla, light blue, ... Mr. Forrester.
 (6) Mr. Wentworth's br. g. Conqueror, light blue, cherry cap Mr. S. Oakton.

The race was set down as the first event on the card for the second day of the meeting. Cambridge had all their money on The Clown, while Oxford placed their hope of success on The Dane. It was known The Clown had a temper, but at the same time he was considered to have the highest credentials as a race-horse. Brown George being second to The Dane gave Oxford a good indication of the form of their team. Reindeer was a capital hunter and was certain to jump the course. Gorilla was a common sort of horse, put in by Cambridge to make the running for Mr. Wentworth's pair and keep a watch on the best Oxford horse. My orders from old Charley Symonds, who nearly shook his head off in giving them (those who remember him will remember this peculiarity of his) were to just let The Dane go along steadily and then come away and win, telling me I could win as I liked. Well, the flag fell and we were off, running all together over the first two fences, then Brown George tried to get out of the ruck, but the Cambridge men raced for the third fence where they all refused, and there was a bit of a scrimmage. The Dane got through and went on; and I got half a field to the good. As it turned out, this was the crisis in the race. At such an early period of the "journey" ought I to have tried to cut the field down, or ought I to have let The Dane "just go along?" I have thought

of it ever since, and believe if I had it to ride over again, and with my experience of the horse's merits, should most undoubtedly take very good care they had never caught me. As an amateur, and riding the horse for the first time, I thought I was going faster than I was. I appeal to all experienced horsemen, what is harder than to be a judge of pace? My "best friends" said I only cantered. At any rate, knowing what occurred afterwards, it lost me the race. The Cambridge men caught me again in two fields, but after passing the stand I was again leading at the same fence where the refusal took place. Gorilla closed with me, swerved right across and, catching The Dane on the shoulder, knocked him right on to his head into the ditch on the take-off side. By this performance, before I could set him going again, the Cambridge trio were a field away, and, although I overhauled them at every stride, could only manage to run a miserable fourth! The other two Oxford horses never showed at all in the race, which I really had to fight out single-handed, and was terribly worsted in the attempt.

A curious thing happened to Cambridge, and they lost all their money though they won the match. The Clown shut up as he was running in to win, and, in spite of his owner's efforts (and Mr. FitzWilliam was a brilliant horseman), absolutely declined to gallop, and Sam Ashton had no other alternative than to go on and win with Conqueror! On returning to scale I at once laid a protest against the riding of Gorilla; but the protest was withdrawn, Oxford took her beating, and "Mr. Mountain" was abused for his "bad riding!" Such, I

believe, is the exact account of the race and the result, and I have no doubt that the good feeling that has since been continuous in the cross-country competitions between the two Universities is much to be attributed to the politic action of the stewards of the first match.

The opportunities to learn to drive during the summer term were many, as four-horse drags ran regularly to the cricket-field and Bullingdon, and I picked up a good deal when Edward Taylor, who used to horse the drags as well as let out hunters, put the latter into the teams before the term began. I went up on purpose to get lessons from him and also do some reading before the end of the "Vac.," and I recollect starting from his stables in St. Aldates just below Christchurch gates, with one wheeler out of the lot that had seen harness before. I had the reins, while Taylor instructed generally. It was rough coachmanship, but the practice was of the best. Once, when driving a heavy coach load home from a cricket match, we had to put on the skid—there were no such things as "breaks" then—about half-way down the very sharp pitch and long decline; away went the chain, and the whole weight was at once upon the wheelers. I knew their forelegs were none of the best. (Anyone who has been in the same predicament will realise the feeling!) Taylor was behind me on the coach. "What shall I do?" was the question. "Let 'em go," the answer. Happily it was a straight run, and we galloped down the hill and up the rising ground beyond in safety. It was a risky thing to do, but it was absolutely impossible for the wheelers to have held the load in any other way. I don't say it

would always answer, but on such occasions the only thing to do, is to do whatever you decide is the best, and without hesitation, and "keep your head." We used to send on two teams for Ascot, and drive the first stage out of Oxford with another. Leaving at 8 a.m., we got to the course in time for the first race.

On one occasion the owner of the coach, from the effects of the heat (or the luncheon), could not recognise his own team, and I had to go and pick them out from the number then stabled under canvas on the course. We collected three, but one of the leaders was missing. At last I caught a view of him; somebody had let him out, and he was galloping among the crowd with traces flying! He was eventually captured, and we pulled up at historic Henley in time for supper, previously arranged for. It was as difficult to collect my passengers at Henley as it was the team on the course! We left a coach load of "John's" men and their friends (St. John's College, Oxford) still supping when we left. All went well till we were nearing Oxford. I forget where, but it was in the last "change." It was getting pretty dark, but we could distinguish something coming and could *hear* it plainly. "Bedlam" might have been let loose, as far as the noise went. At last the coach appeared out of the gloom, and, pulling out to let them pass, they went by at a gallop, down the hill and round the corner, leaders and wheelers all of a heap, with leaders' traces dangling loose. History here is silent, but there was no accident that damaged anybody or more would have been heard of it. Our friend Taylor who owned the coach had been safely put to bed in the boot when we left Henley,

so there was nothing for it but for me to drive through Oxford and chance the authorities. We stopped at Magdalen and several other places, and by the time I turned down the street for Christ-church at the top of the High I was alone on the coach, except our friend in the boot. However, I drove into the stable yard just as the big bell struck midnight, calling to the foreman of the yard, "You will find the gov'nor in the boot." I escaped to my lodgings

without further adventure. It was a real good day's amusement, and one that after these long years can't be forgotten. With such sport as I have attempted to describe four delightful years were spent, and more useful practical lessons learnt, perhaps, than those which were specially crammed for, in taking my Oxford degree; at all events, I can truthfully say I have remembered the one and forgotten the others.

JOHN HILL.

Two Remedies.

BORNE on the rush of life, oh ! weary mind,
 To each ambition and each hope consigned,
 Pursuing ever each aspiring quest
 To be the *first*, and better than the best,
 Fly from the strife, such vain endeavours cease,
 And be the only thing on earth at peace !
 See ! I've a pow'r, a necromancer's charm,
 Whose wave can still the storms of life to calm,
 A wandering, willowy thing of nutbrown wood,
 What happy hours I owe thee, Greenheart Rod !
 Who holds thee treads with calm, unhasty pace,
 Whilst others jostle by him in life's race,
 Through silent lands are led his dreaming feet,
 Where everything is not at fever heat—
 Ah ! that my halting pen could tell the dreams
 That haunt thy bends and pools, ye lovely streams,
 The music and the mystery that play
 Amid thy murmurs, all the summer's day ;
 Faint poetry the rhythm of thy surge
 To e'en the clown who lingers on thy verge—
 The first warm breathings of the infant year
 Wake thee to life, then hungry from his lair
 Glides silently the star-bespangled trout,
 To hover, golden, where the stickles rout
 Dies in the glassy flowing of the stream,
 Swift and dark blue below a wreath of cream,
 Watchful of fairy duns ; and if perchance
 My dainty lure should lightly o'er him dance,
 How swift his rush, how stout his fight ! Alas !
 How grace his scarlet stars the emerald grass !

His noisy flounce shall nevermore affright
 The ousel, in the hush of summer night—
 So steal the days away, till Autumn sere
 Chants in chill winds the requiem of the year,
 Sung to the mournful tinkling of the leaves,
 And all the earth is brown; poor wight who grieves!
 Brown is the hue of sport, brown rod and gun,
 And on the brown hillside at set of sun
 Glows the warm glory of the dying heather,
 Where nestle safe brown fur and russet feather—
 Still by the river, gliding smooth and slack,
 Where the fat grayling shows his violet back,
 And steel-blue scented sides, as up he flies,
 (Cunning the skill that blinds those lozenge eyes)
 I pace the shortening day. But hark, a sound!
 The gossamer wreathes trembling to the ground,
 Its flight arrested, now no more to ply,
 When o'er the marsh has wailed the snipe's first cry.
 Hast heard it, trusty gun, from where you gaze,
 Dumb, from your sentry box of dark green baize,
 Idle too long? What hopes and memories pour
 Around us, as I grasp thy hand once more!
 Rough days on moor, wild nights by lonesome mere,
 Long strings of hurrying fowl, in storm career,
 Flitting like shades athwart the scud-swept moon;
 Then, rising weird amid the tempest's tune,
 The far off calling of the lone curlew—
 Awake my silent friend; old rod, adieu!
 I thank ye, brothers both, who chase the fear
 And wild regrets that haunt each passing year.

SCOLOPAX.

Notes of a Yachting Cruise by a Landsman.

II.

WE had a very pleasant, if uneventful, passage to Plymouth. No exciting adventures befel us, for apparently there were no pirates about to capture us or desert islands to be cast upon. Hence all went smoothly, including the sea, and we entered the Sound about 8.30 a.m., and were soon at anchor just off Drake's island. Very shortly afterwards, we were hailed by a party in a boat, whose spokesman was anxious to know if we had "any-

thing aboard under seal." The Admiral having told them enough to induce them to sheer off, explained for my benefit that their interrogatory was simply a polite way of asking if we were smugglers, and that, as they were connected with the Customs, no mere idle curiosity prompted their enquiries. The same punctiliousness upon the part of these Government officials in calling upon new-comers was observed whenever we dropped anchor.

The morning was mainly devoted to cruising around in the cutter and to going ashore. A full description of Plymouth will be found in several guide books, "to be obtained at all booksellers' and stationers'" on the spot. Therefore, with respect to it, "the rest is silence," as far as I am concerned.

In the afternoon we went through the Hamoaze, the celebrated anchorage of Her Majesty's ships, and a considerable number of them had congregated there fresh from the recent manœuvres. Every species of fighting-ship and boat was represented, and a brave show they made. I worked the pump-handle of the Admiral's mind concerning them unremittingly, and if I could only have remembered a tenth of what he told me, I should be better qualified, I verily believe, to be first lord of the Admiralty than most of the gentlemen who have held that office.

When we were well away from ships and dockyards, we landed to make an afternoon call, and by pleasant paths, through a wilderness, a park and a terraced garden, reached one of those typical English homes which are handed down in one family from generation to generation. Thence we took away enduring memories of a charming hostess, of oak-panelled rooms, from the walls of which the portraits of many ancestors looked down upon us—notably a superb Vankyke and a beautiful Romney—of miniatures too lovely for words, of old tapestries and much else that was captivating. Here, too, was a portrait of the martyred Charles, painted, it was said, after he had fallen into the hands of his enemies; and corroborative evidence of this might be found in the profound melancholy of the countenance

and the unusual amount of hair upon the face, as if he hadn't the heart left even to shave. In a glass case near were the outward habiliments of an ill-fated member of the house, who, after supporting the Roundheads up to a point, held back when it came to the execution of the king, and declined to be a party to it, with the result that he shared the fate of his monarch. The "fine old hall was hung around with pikes and guns and bows," and these, with old regimental flags, drums and trumpets and other military trophies, bore silent testimony to the martial ardour of the family in this and preceding generations. In a boudoir, the immediate present was represented by a portrait of "Bobs" with his autograph at the foot. As we steamed back homewards, one thought with admiration of the patriotism which induced the owner of such a home to relinquish the enjoyment of it in order to undergo the dangers and privations of campaigning in South Africa.

The next morning (Wednesday) I was initiated in the mysteries of semaphore-signalling by two such proficient in the art as the Admiral and the lady of the ship, who held quite a long conversation for my benefit in various parts of the vessel without uttering a sound. It occurred to one that it would add considerably to the peace and quiet of the world at large, and of the Commons House of Parliament in particular, if this mode of exchanging ideas were generally adopted. I was then shown something of flag-signalling, which enables an Admiral, through the medium of various coloured flags, not only to ascertain, when he gets up in the morning, how all the captains under his command slept the previous night, but, at the same time,

notifies their replies to the whole fleet.

The rest of the morning was spent in cruising about the harbour and exploring sundry creeks and bays. We gave a particular eye to a palatial craft—the largest private yacht, we were told, afloat—owned by a Vanderbilt, which excited the admiration rather than the envy of the Admiral, who thanked his lucky stars he had not got to run her. In the afternoon, the Admiral and myself set out once more in the cutter to catch fish, and were rewarded with sixteen good-sized mackerel.

After dinner, the Admiral announced that the anchor would be weighed at 6 a.m. sharp the following morning, and warned all and sundry to be on deck at that hour. I averred—this time with much sincerity—that I should be there, firstly because it was a reasonable hour for weighing anchors, and secondly because I knew I couldn't help myself.

"Coming events cast their shadows before," and I drew certain conclusions when, before retiring, I saw a careful putting-away of all articles that could not be relied upon to maintain their equilibrium except under normal conditions.

Early the next morning the Admiral followed quick upon the heels of Sam to see with his own eyes that I was playing the game of getting up properly, and soon I was boldly facing the breeze on the bridge. I was not long in realising that an overcoat was worth having, for there was a touch of asperity in the air, and the skipper went so far as to hazard the opinion that we should have "a nice blow presently"—*which we did*.

The Admiral, as usual, placed his vast store of nautical knowledge, with reference to all matters

incidental to getting under way, unreservedly at my disposal. An especially neat piece of work was the taking aboard of the steam cutter, which usually lies aft of the yacht. With its boiler and machinery it was no light weight, but it was hauled up by means of a boom and sundry ropes and chains, worked by steam power, and three men to assist, in just over three minutes. The apparatus for accomplishing this was devised by the Admiral himself. The weighing of the anchor followed, and soon we were on the move. The Admiral was at the wheel, with myself at hand for educational purposes, and the lady of the ship hard by ready for orders. These were soon forthcoming, for our colours had to be dipped to H.M.S. *Benbow* lying in the roads. The lady had all to do with the flags and with the ensign (which the Admiral was careful to impress upon me was pronounced *ensin*) in particular. So the dipping was performed in due form and order and suitably acknowledged. All men-of-war are entitled to be thus "capped." We flew three flags, viz.:—the blue ensign, the burgee of the yacht-club to which the owner belonged and the Admiral's private flag. The lady made it her special care to see that all flags were hoisted by 8 a.m. and hauled down, except when you were entering port, at sunset.

When we were well outside the breakwater the wind and the waves combined gave us a taste of their quality, and soon, as the late Mr. Vance used to sing, "that queer sort of up-and-down motion one finds on the treacherous ocean" was in full work. At 8 o'clock the Admiral piped to breakfast, and I played what must have appeared to an onlooker very like a spirited game

of "tig touch wood" on deck in my efforts between the lurches to get below. The Admiral, always hospitable, excelled himself this morning, and my sea-going qualities were put to the severest test. He not only gave me a bountiful helping of some oleaginous mackerel, but advised that they could not be properly enjoyed without further buttering. Perhaps, owing to my caution in firmly resisting the creams, jams, cakes, and other delicacies which he pressed upon my attention, nothing occurred to my detriment, and henceforth I trod the deck—somewhat slant-indiculary, I will admit—with the proud consciousness that the sea need have no further terrors for me.

We arrived at Dartmouth about 10.20 a.m., and dropped anchor in the Dart, not far from the *Britannia* training ship. The position was a delightfully picturesque one, with the adjacent heights, luxuriantly wooded to the water's edge, overlooking us. It was quite a change of scene from that presented in the temporary abiding-places we had previously occupied. At Falmouth we looked out upon a bustling harbour with craft of all descriptions close round us and with all the life of a little seaport within view; at Plymouth, we were set in a big space of water with all the surroundings, town included, on a correspondingly large scale; and now we were "far from the madding crowd" very much in the midst of the country, with its attendant quiet.

A look round the yachts in the river and the shops in the town filled up most of the time till lunch, after which another visit was paid to Dartmouth for the purpose of inspecting the quaint old houses known as the Butter Row, and the fine old

parish church of St. Saviour. Here, an ancient and richly decorated rood-screen and a stone pulpit, both profusely carved, painted and gilded, and an ancient door, ornamented with some remarkable representations of lions of a particularly aggressive type mixed up with a good deal of foliage, were objects quite out of the common way.

During the day we had two or three callers who had heard of our arrival, and a goodly number of visitors of a different type, viz., wasps, for which Dartmouth is deservedly famous. Its reputation in this respect was worthily sustained during the whole of our stay here.

Next day the lady of the ship, having previously posted herself up in the goings and comings of the tide, which is an important factor in Dart navigation, organised a trip in the cutter up that river. It has long been a moot point as to whether the palm for beauty of scenery should be awarded to the Dart or the Fal. A Devonian has no doubt upon the subject, nor has a Cornishman, and I am not going to give the casting vote. I can only say, "how happy could I be on either," for each is perfect in its way. We reached Totnes, where we did the lions, including the interesting old Church and Town Hall, and having enjoyed the luxury of sitting in the ancient stocks, returned homewards with a feeling that we had lived for a time in a dim and distant past.

In the afternoon some of us went in the cutter to Kingswear to meet a train by which the Admiral, who had gone home for a couple of days on county business, was returning. Knowing his proclivities, we had taken the precaution to bring with us all manner of rods, lines, hooks and

other tackle, and our forethought was fully justified, for he elected to go straight off on the fish with a lady-visitor and myself. He soon discovered that our selection of baits and hooks left something to be desired, and I mention this, as it may help to account for the ultimate result. Soon after we had got to work, "a fishing-story" rewarded our efforts, and at the risk of being regarded as a promising practitioner of that gentle art which George Washington scorned, but of which all good anglers are supposed to be past-masters, I will e'en relate my experiences. The lady-visitor, who was fishing with a spinner and triple-hooks, felt a tug at her line which indicated an added something "all very fine and large" at the end of it. She promptly began to haul in, announcing that she had caught "such a big fish." But "there's many a slip 'twixt the hook and the lip" of a fish, and just at the critical moment when the prize was nearing the surface, and with our nerves at high tension, we were awaiting its advent in the boat, the strain upon the line was suddenly relieved, and it came up not only without any fish but also minus hooks and spinner. This was a grievous disappointment for the lady, with whom we all condoled, whilst the Admiral did not relish the loss of the tackle, inasmuch as we had not made proper provision for such contingencies. Before we had quite exhausted our expressions of sympathy, and our condemnation of the bad taste of the fish for being so anxious to part company with the lady, I felt a good tug at my line, and forthwith began to haul in with might and main. Soon a fine pollack was dancing a fandango in the air as I brought him, with every demonstration of

unwillingness on his part, into the boat. Now comes the point, in the nature of "a surprise packet," of this particular fishing story, for embedded in the gills of the fish were the identical spinner and hooks which we had just previously lost, as we supposed, for ever. In view of the general roominess of the sea, it was, to say the least, remarkable that that particular pollack should have grabbed my bait, but it was nothing less than extraordinary that he should have done so immediately after having had such a distinct warning of the necessity of caution in the gratification of an appetite; which latter, by the way, one would hardly suppose a hook in the gills would be likely to stimulate.

After mutual felicitations, we approached the matter in a scientific spirit, and ultimately arrived at the following conclusions:— (1) That for a healthy—not to say voracious—appetite, a pollack can give long odds to most created things, including even a turtle-fed alderman. (2) That a hook in your gills, always provided you are a fish, is not sufficiently an inconvenience to put you off your feed. It may be a relief to some conscientious persons who object to fishing out of regard for the feelings of the fish to know this. (3) That at last a true fishing story had been discovered.

Unfortunately, the general public ashore, when apprised of our conclusions, while fully accepting Nos. 1 and 2, unanimously declined to admit the possibility of No. 3. This was the more singular, in view of the fact that we all took special pains to embellish the story in several important particulars, with a view to rendering it more relishing to the mental palate, and, as we supposed, more easy of digestion. (N.B.—My

count of the incident, as given above, is the unadorned version.) nevertheless, our hearers, I regret to say, as good as intimated that, whatever their swallowing capacity might be, it was unequal to fish stories, and I am satisfied that it was now too late in the day to attempt to upset the long-cherished conviction that "all men" (meaning anglers) "are fools."

Our after experiences were not encouraging, for the fish first took rise out of Tom, the stoker, by setting clean away with his hooks and bait, and followed it up by doing the same for me. These captures by the enemy, or, in the language of military despatches, "regrettable incidents," tended to show that the mobility, otherwise setting-away powers, of the fish in these waters, when they ought to have been on the high road to discomfiture, was equal to that of the Boers, which is saying a good deal. In view of this loss of ammunition, we had no alternative but to beat a retreat and make a right-about turn for dinner, though we had not done much to help the cook, as, barring the pollack, our spoils of war were limited to a solitary "joey," otherwise a very juvenile mackerel. On the homeward way, I began to moralise upon the remarkable "slimness" of the fish in these parts, as shown by their special aptitude for appropriating your hook and bait without being caught. The Admiral, however, observed that he had known instances of this elsewhere when people fished in waters frequented by pollack with mackerel tackle, as we had been doing, which was a polite way of insinuating that we might have made a more judicious selection of hooks and bait in his absence. I think my own supposition, that the fish fre-

quenting this particular coast are peculiarly acute, best meets the case, but I give the Admiral's hint for what it is worth.

It was felt that the deck-cabin log-book should contain a record of this fish story, one sufficiently brief to admit of the making of suitable additions, imaginative and otherwise, by anyone calling attention to the entry. Students of *Pickwick* will remember that certain meat pies referred to by Mr. Sam Weller were very simply compounded in the first instance and were afterwards flavoured "accordin' to fancy," and this seemed the proper course to pursue in this case. Hence the record took the following simple—very simple—shape:—

A fish from a lady's line took
Clean away both her bait and her hook,
But a friend within call
Caught that fish—hook and all,
Who was dished, with his hopes, by the
cook.

Which it was !

What's more, he was actually eaten within an hour and a-half of the crowning act of the drama.

Next day, being Sunday, till church time each one did as he listed, which meant watching the gulls, dodging the wasps, and feeling supremely happy and contented between whiles. One advantage of living aboard a yacht is the change of view one gets, even when you are at anchor, without the trouble of shifting oneself. From the front window of any ordinary house you always find the same old view staring you in the face in the evening as was doing so in the morning, and this applies equally to the back of the domicile. But, when you contemplate nature from the deck, you see a very different view in the evening to that which met your gaze in the earlier part of the day, 'cos why—the vessel has

swung round with the tide in the meantime. This makes a very pleasant change, though it mystified me a bit at first when I took people up from the saloon in the morning to show them something which I had seen from the fore part of the ship the previous evening, and found that it had gone round aft in the meantime.

After church aboard, the family carriage, otherwise the cutter, was brought round to take us out to lunch with an old Eton and Cambridge chum of the Admiral's. We returned in time to welcome some guests at afternoon tea, and wound up by fulfilling a supper engagement ashore. From all which it may be inferred that stepping aboard a yacht is by no means equivalent to "going into retreat," so far as the outer world is concerned.

The following afternoon we started for Portland, and when we were well out at sea I became possessed with the idea that I should like to navigate the yacht myself, if only for a few minutes, in order that I might ever afterwards say that I had done so. As the atmosphere was clear and there was nothing between us and the horizon, the moment seemed favourable for this; so I approached the skipper with the remark that I presumed it was pretty easy to run the yacht in the open sea, as long as you knew which way you were going. He promptly took the hint, and gave place to me at the wheel, whilst the Admiral helped me with some directions as to the course to be steered, which involved too many intricate references to the points of the compass for me to take note of any of them. However, I grasped the main idea, viz., to keep my eye and a particular point of the compass on the lubber's line, which is easier said than

done. In the five minutes during which I controlled her movements the vessel answered to the helm in a most satisfactory way, and we neither ran ashore nor collided with any other craft, which was not altogether surprising in view of the fact that there was no land in sight nor vessel within hail. Therefore, could I, at the finish confidently and poetically answer the skipper's enquiry, "How goes the ship?" with "All right, sir, up till now—the stern, as usual, following the bow."

A fine spectacle met our eyes as, when twilight was falling, we came in sight of Portland Breakwater, for anchored within it was the Channel Fleet, and very majestic these leviathans of the deep looked as we steamed through them.

On deck after dinner we were entertained by the performances of the band, which was well within hearing, on board the *Boscawen* training-ship. It was a bright starlight night, and the many lights on the men-of-war and the breakwater, with the more distant ones of Weymouth, further helped to illuminate the scene very effectively; and we lingered in contemplation of it till the bugles sounded the last post.

I was on deck next morning betimes, and at 8 a.m. saw the flags run up on the ships around, as well as on our own, to the accompaniment of the National Anthem by the *Boscawen* band—a very pretty method of saluting the Queen and the morn at one and the same time. Later on we beheld the fleet move out to sea in due form and order; and a grand sight it was, as they filed out of the breakwater with a calm dignity which was very imposing.

After this some of us went in the cutter to see the Whitehead

Torpedo Works, which are situated just beyond Weymouth, where a high official very kindly devoted a considerable time to showing us over a bewildering number of workshops, and to explaining all that it was expedient for us to know with respect to the manufacture of these weapons of marine warfare. They are, indeed, "fearfully and wonderfully made," for the amount of machinery and the multiplicity of delicate adjustments to be found in their interiors passes all description by a non-practical man like myself. It seemed extraordinary that hundreds of skilled artisans should be constantly employed in turning out nothing else but these implements of destruction.

At the pier-head we saw several torpedoes discharged on trial trips. They went with a mighty rocket-like rush through the water, and after running the prescribed distance, were picked up by a launch in waiting for them. They were then brought back to the pier-head and were internally examined with a view to ascertaining what sort of an account they gave of themselves respecting their own behaviour, elaborate records of which are kept. In saying that these demons of the deep accurately report their own doings, I am not crediting them with an ability they do not possess. Although their ultimate destiny is the water, they are not fish, and so facts concerning them are not to be classed as "fish stories." Whilst they are swiftly careering through the water, delicate machinery in their interior is carefully registering with pencils, on paper, the depth they go below the surface, and how far and when they deflect from that straight and even course which it should be the ambition

of every well-regulated torpedo to pursue. It was a saddening reflection that such properly-constituted creatures, so open and candid, so delightfully frank in admitting their own shortcomings, should be designed for such destructive purposes. At the same time it was comforting to feel that we poor frail mortals have no such machinery within us, for some of us would have a small chance of holding our own if, whenever we got out of our depth, it was announced to the world at large—as it is, we are found out quite soon enough. Imagine, too, the awful consequences of being compelled to register for our fellow-creatures' information when and where we deviated from a straight course, and to what extent we went a bit slantindicular! Whilst it might facilitate the work of the recording angel, it would practically put a stopper upon most business transactions.

After lunch my baggage was put into the cutter, for the time I had allotted myself for a cruise was, to my regret, more than up, and soon, with the Admiral and another friend to bear me company and sustain my spirits as far as Weymouth, I was on the homeward route.

And so ended one of the very best holidays that ever fell to my lot. It meant for a time freedom under ideal conditions, from the trammels of responsibility, from the hurry and bustle of ordinary life, from the solving of problems, the making of plans, the study of Bradshaws—and, *ergo*, recuperation, in lieu of taxation, of mind and body. The yacht was one's train, the cutter one's cab, and one had neither to catch the one nor hail the other—like all one's other wants aboard, they were always at hand. From an ex-

plorer's point of view, I conceive that the expedition must be pronounced equally successful, the object of my mission, viz., the attainment of certain knowledge, having been entirely fulfilled. I claim to have demonstrated, from personal experience, that yachts are, to ordinary mortals, not merely habitable, but are actually ideal spots for weary landmen to recuperate in. But he who steps aboard must be in the vein; and realising that "breeziness" is the keynote of all that pertains to the sea, must, as Captain Cuttle says, "act accordin," otherwise he will do better to content himself with a view of

the sea and its ships from the mainland.

One word more to such of my brother landmen, who with mind attuned, as I have said, and, *ac temere nec timide*, are emboldened—an' it be they have the chance—to follow my example. Be careful in the selection of your ship and its owner, for much depends upon these. If possible, find an *Osprey* with just such an "Admiral" and "Lady of the Ship" to control her destinies as fell to my lot; and then, unless you are hard, indeed, to please, you will endorse my conclusions.

THOMAS FORDER PLOWMAN.

About the Turf in 1900.

THIS closing year of the century will assuredly be known in racing annals as "the year of the American invasion." For such it has been, and such has been its merits that it has carried all before it in jockeyship and training, and its horses have only been held in check in our classic races by Diamond Jubilee, wayward colt that he is, and perhaps we also ought to add by Eager.

It is not a matter for surprise that this invasion should have created a commotion in our midst. Its effect has been disastrous in many ways, especially so to our jockeys and trainers, and its consequences are so far-reaching as to shake even the seats of our elders—that august body, the Jockey Club.

That the American style of riding, which was initiated by Tod Sloan in this country three seasons ago, would prove effective I was, I believe, one of the first to point out in your magazine,

while in the manner of the man I foresaw dangers, which have been more than realised. Not that there is any credit to be taken for this, seeing how catching a disease eminent jockey worship has ever been, and is ever likely to be. When, however, the two Rieffs (Lester and John), J. H. Martin, Rigby, Macyntire and Maher were added to the invading force, the discomfiture of our home-trained jockeys, if we except the two Cannons (Morny and Kempton), Sam and Tom Loates, Rickaby and Madden, has been complete.

Thus the successes in racing, which in the first instance were attributed to the American and Australian horses, and their superior powers, have now been almost entirely transferred to their jockeys and trainers on English horses. I fear it is too true that as a nation we are not eager to adopt entirely new methods, especially when those

methods do not quite accord with our accepted notions of form and style. Thus it has taken us three years to come to understand the patent fact that to remove the weight as much as possible off the small of a horse's back causes it to tell less on his speed, and more on his powers of endurance, and that it consequently improves his form and upsets the efforts of the handicapper to the extent of about 5 lbs. to 7 lbs. Until this year we have made light of this American invasion, and now it has threatened to overwhelm us and our jockeys altogether.

I venture to still adhere to the opinion that it is nonsense to declare that our jockeys are inferior to their invaders, or that our trainers can no longer turn out apprentices equal to competing with the new-comers, such as little Johnny Rieff, the fact being that our trainers, converts to the new style, have neglected their duty to their apprentices, or rather, I should say, the exigencies of our present racing make it next to impossible for a trainer to devote sufficient attention to his boys, because with so many days in every week devoted to racing, his home days are much curtailed, and so are his hours on the Downs, besides which his style of living has altered; he is more luxurious, and less in touch with his boys than of yore, and so it comes that unless a lad is related to the trainer, or has some special interest in his favour, his chances of being taught, and having a chance given him in public are very small indeed. It is some years ago since I told in your pages the story of how Constable became a jockey, and therefore I will not repeat it; it is, however, a fact that in all probability he would never have ridden in a race had it not been for me,

as I insisted, when only weighing 4st. 7lbs., on his being put upon a three-year-old filly I then had in training at Epsom called Marplot, in preference to a boy named Hardy, that old William Reeve declared was the stronger and better boy. My ideas were in favour of hands and judgment, and they proved correct, much to Reeve's chagrin. In the interest of our home-grown boys I should rejoice to see some wholesome reform, which would have the effect of making more accomplished horsemen and fewer strappers and loafers. For is it not these latter disappointed ones that endeavour to retrieve their fortunes by revealing stable secrets and touting for their paying friends?

Well, as we have seen before, success has brought in its train a further invasion from Yankeeland—to profit by the proficiency of their betters. But is this a new thing? Have we not seen the same before in the Archer era? And in the jockey's ring? And is it not a likely thing under the circumstances that this should happen, especially when the Turf is, more than ever has been the case, in the hands of the wealthy men? To me, a humble outsider, yet none the less a keen observer of men and things, it appears that the present effect of the American invasion is one to be naturally expected. Yet what do we see? A sudden ebullition of indignation by one of our leading men of the Jockey Club, hurling broadcast assertions that the Turf was never in such a condition of rottenness as now. And the sporting press, that had hitherto been singularly silent on the subject, is now echoing the outcry. Granted that we do not enjoy seeing the spoils so constantly going across the

His noisy flounce shall nevermore affright
 The ousel, in the hush of summer night—
 So steal the days away, till Autumn sere
 Chants in chill winds the requiem of the year,
 Sung to the mournful tinkling of the leaves,
 And all the earth is brown ; poor wight who grieves !
 Brown is the hue of sport, brown rod and gun,
 And on the brown hillside at set of sun
 Glows the warm glory of the dying heather,
 Where nestle safe brown fur and russet feather—
 Still by the river, gliding smooth and slack,
 Where the fat grayling shows his violet back,
 And steel-blue scented sides, as up he flies,
 (Cunning the skill that blinds those lozenge eyes)
 I pace the shortening day. But hark, a sound !
 The gossamer wreathes trembling to the ground,
 Its flight arrested, now no more to ply,
 When o'er the marsh has wailed the snipe's first cry.
 Hast heard it, trusty gun, from where you gaze,
 Dumb, from your sentry box of dark green baize,
 Idle too long ? What hopes and memories pour
 Around us, as I grasp thy hand once more !
 Rough days on moor, wild nights by lonesome mere,
 Long strings of hurrying fowl, in storm career,
 Flitting like shades athwart the scud-swept moon ;
 Then, rising weird amid the tempest's tune,
 The far off calling of the lone curlew—
 Awake my silent friend ; old rod, adieu !
 I thank ye, brothers both, who chase the fear
 And wild regrets that haunt each passing year.

SCOLOPAX.

Notes of a Yachting Cruise by a Landsman.

II.

WE had a very pleasant, if uneventful, passage to Plymouth. No exciting adventures befel us, for apparently there were no pirates about to capture us or desert islands to be cast upon. Hence all went smoothly, including the sea, and we entered the Sound about 8.30 a.m., and were soon at anchor just off Drake's island. Very shortly afterwards, we were hailed by a party in a boat, whose spokesman was anxious to know if we had "any-

thing aboard under seal." The Admiral having told them enough to induce them to sheer off, explained for my benefit that their interrogatory was simply a polite way of asking if we were smugglers, and that, as they were connected with the Customs, no mere idle curiosity prompted their enquiries. The same punctiliousness upon the part of these Government officials in calling upon new-comers was observed whenever we dropped anchor.

The morning was mainly devoted to cruising around in the utter and to going ashore. A full description of Plymouth will be found in several guide books, to be obtained at all booksellers' and stationers' on the spot. Therefore, with respect to it, "the best is silence," as far as I am concerned.

In the afternoon we went through the Hamoaze, the celebrated anchorage of Her Majesty's ships, and a considerable number of them had congregated there fresh from the recent manœuvres. Every species of fighting-ship and boat was represented, and a brave show they made. I worked the pump-handle of the Admiral's mind concerning them unremittingly, and if I could only have remembered a tenth of what he told me, I should be better qualified, I verily believe, to be first lord of the Admiralty than most of the gentlemen who have held that office.

When we were well away from ships and dockyards, we landed to make an afternoon call, and by pleasant paths, through a wilderness, a park and a terraced garden, reached one of those typical English homes which are handed down in one family from generation to generation. Thence we took away enduring memories of a charming hostess, of oak-panelled rooms, from the walls of which the portraits of many ancestors looked down upon us—notably a superb Vankyke and a beautiful Romney—of miniatures too lovely for words, of old tapestries and much else that was captivating. Here, too, was a portrait of the martyred Charles, painted, it was said, after he had fallen into the hands of his enemies; and corroborative evidence of this might be found in the profound melancholy of the countenance

and the unusual amount of hair upon the face, as if he hadn't the heart left even to shave. In a glass case near were the outward habiliments of an ill-fated member of the house, who, after supporting the Roundheads up to a point, held back when it came to the execution of the king, and declined to be a party to it, with the result that he shared the fate of his monarch. The "fine old hall was hung around with pikes and guns and bows," and these, with old regimental flags, drums and trumpets and other military trophies, bore silent testimony to the martial ardour of the family in this and preceding generations. In a boudoir, the immediate present was represented by a portrait of "Bobs" with his autograph at the foot. As we steamed back homewards, one thought with admiration of the patriotism which induced the owner of such a home to relinquish the enjoyment of it in order to undergo the dangers and privations of campaigning in South Africa.

The next morning (Wednesday) I was initiated in the mysteries of semaphore-signalling by two such proficient in the art as the Admiral and the lady of the ship, who held quite a long conversation for my benefit in various parts of the vessel without uttering a sound. It occurred to one that it would add considerably to the peace and quiet of the world at large, and of the Commons House of Parliament in particular, if this mode of exchanging ideas were generally adopted. I was then shown something of flag-signalling, which enables an Admiral, through the medium of various coloured flags, not only to ascertain, when he gets up in the morning, how all the captains under his command slept the previous night, but, at the same time,

His noisy flounce shall nevermore affright
 The ousel, in the hush of summer night—
 So steal the days away, till Autumn sere
 Chants in chill winds the requiem of the year,
 Sung to the mournful tinkling of the leaves,
 And all the earth is brown; poor wight who grieves!
 Brown is the hue of sport, brown rod and gun,
 And on the brown hillside at set of sun
 Glows the warm glory of the dying heather,
 Where nestle safe brown fur and russet feather—
 Still by the river, gliding smooth and slack,
 Where the fat grayling shows his violet back,
 And steel-blue scented sides, as up he flies,
 (Cunning the skill that blinds those lozenge eyes)
 I pace the shortening day. But hark, a sound!
 The gossamer wreathes trembling to the ground,
 Its flight arrested, now no more to ply,
 When o'er the marsh has wailed the snipe's first cry.
 Hast heard it, trusty gun, from where you gaze,
 Dumb, from your sentry box of dark green baize,
 Idle too long? What hopes and memories pour
 Around us, as I grasp thy hand once more!
 Rough days on moor, wild nights by lonesome mere,
 Long strings of hurrying fowl, in storm career,
 Flitting like shades athwart the scud-swept moon;
 Then, rising weird amid the tempest's tune,
 The far off calling of the lone curlew—
 Awake my silent friend; old rod, adieu!
 I thank ye, brothers both, who chase the fear
 And wild regrets that haunt each passing year.

SCOLOPAX.

Notes of a Yachting Cruise by a Landsman.

II.

WE had a very pleasant, if uneventful, passage to Plymouth. No exciting adventures befel us, for apparently there were no pirates about to capture us or desert islands to be cast upon. Hence all went smoothly, including the sea, and we entered the Sound about 8.30 a.m., and were soon at anchor just off Drake's island. Very shortly afterwards, we were hailed by a party in a boat, whose spokesman was anxious to know if we had "any-

thing aboard under seal." The Admiral having told them enough to induce them to sheer off, explained for my benefit that their interrogatory was simply a polite way of asking if we were smugglers, and that, as they were connected with the Customs, no mere idle curiosity prompted their enquiries. The same punctiliousness upon the part of these Government officials in calling upon new-comers was observed whenever we dropped anchor.

The morning was mainly devoted to cruising around in the cutter and to going ashore. A full description of Plymouth will be found in several guide books, "to be obtained at all booksellers' and stationers'" on the spot. Therefore, with respect to it, "the rest is silence," as far as I am concerned.

In the afternoon we went through the Hamoaze, the celebrated anchorage of Her Majesty's ships, and a considerable number of them had congregated there fresh from the recent manœuvres. Every species of fighting-ship and boat was represented, and a brave show they made. I worked the pump-handle of the Admiral's mind concerning them unremittingly, and if I could only have remembered a tenth of what he told me, I should be better qualified, I verily believe, to be first lord of the Admiralty than most of the gentlemen who have held that office.

When we were well away from ships and dockyards, we landed to make an afternoon call, and by pleasant paths, through a wilderness, a park and a terraced garden, reached one of those typical English homes which are handed down in one family from generation to generation. Thence we took away enduring memories of a charming hostess, of oak-panelled rooms, from the walls of which the portraits of many ancestors looked down upon us—notably a superb Vankyke and a beautiful Romney—of miniatures too lovely for words, of old tapestries and much else that was captivating. Here, too, was a portrait of the martyred Charles, painted, it was said, after he had fallen into the hands of his enemies; and corroborative evidence of this might be found in the profound melancholy of the countenance

and the unusual amount of hair upon the face, as if he hadn't the heart left even to shave. In a glass case near were the outward habiliments of an ill-fated member of the house, who, after supporting the Roundheads up to a point, held back when it came to the execution of the king, and declined to be a party to it, with the result that he shared the fate of his monarch. The "fine old hall was hung around with pikes and guns and bows," and these, with old regimental flags, drums and trumpets and other military trophies, bore silent testimony to the martial ardour of the family in this and preceding generations. In a boudoir, the immediate present was represented by a portrait of "Bobs" with his autograph at the foot. As we steamed back homewards, one thought with admiration of the patriotism which induced the owner of such a home to relinquish the enjoyment of it in order to undergo the dangers and privations of campaigning in South Africa.

The next morning (Wednesday) I was initiated in the mysteries of semaphore-signalling by two such proficient in the art as the Admiral and the lady of the ship, who held quite a long conversation for my benefit in various parts of the vessel without uttering a sound. It occurred to one that it would add considerably to the peace and quiet of the world at large, and of the Commons House of Parliament in particular, if this mode of exchanging ideas were generally adopted. I was then shown something of flag-signalling, which enables an Admiral, through the medium of various coloured flags, not only to ascertain, when he gets up in the morning, how all the captains under his command slept the previous night, but, at the same time,

His noisy flounce shall nevermore affright
 The ousel, in the hush of summer night—
 So steal the days away, till Autumn sere
 Chants in chill winds the requiem of the year,
 Sung to the mournful tinkling of the leaves,
 And all the earth is brown; poor wight who grieves!
 Brown is the hue of sport, brown rod and gun,
 And on the brown hillside at set of sun
 Glows the warm glory of the dying heather,
 Where nestle safe brown fur and russet feather—
 Still by the river, gliding smooth and slack,
 Where the fat grayling shows his violet back,
 And steel-blue scented sides, as up he flies,
 (Cunning the skill that blinds those lozenge eyes)
 I pace the shortening day. But hark, a sound!
 The gossamer wreathes trembling to the ground,
 Its flight arrested, now no more to ply,
 When o'er the marsh has wailed the snipe's first cry.
 Hast heard it, trusty gun, from where you gaze,
 Dumb, from your sentry box of dark green baize,
 Idle too long? What hopes and memories pour
 Around us, as I grasp thy hand once more!
 Rough days on moor, wild nights by lonesome mere,
 Long strings of hurrying fowl, in storm career,
 Flitting like shades athwart the scud-swept moon;
 Then, rising weird amid the tempest's tune,
 The far off calling of the lone curlew—
 Awake my silent friend; old rod, adieu!
 I thank ye, brothers both, who chase the fear
 And wild regrets that haunt each passing year.

SCOLOPAX.

Notes of a Yachting Cruise by a Landsman.

II.

WE had a very pleasant, if uneventful, passage to Plymouth. No exciting adventures befel us, for apparently there were no pirates about to capture us or desert islands to be cast upon. Hence all went smoothly, including the sea, and we entered the Sound about 8.30 a.m., and were soon at anchor just off Drake's island. Very shortly afterwards, we were hailed by a party in a boat, whose spokesman was anxious to know if we had "any-

thing aboard under seal." The Admiral having told them enough to induce them to sheer off, explained for my benefit that their interrogatory was simply a polite way of asking if we were smugglers, and that, as they were connected with the Customs, no mere idle curiosity prompted their enquiries. The same punctiliousness upon the part of these Government officials in calling upon new-comers was observed whenever we dropped anchor.

The morning was mainly devoted to cruising around in the utter and to going ashore. A full description of Plymouth will be found in several guide books, to be obtained at all booksellers' and stationers' on the spot. Therefore, with respect to it, "the best is silence," as far as I am concerned.

In the afternoon we went through the Hamoaze, the celebrated anchorage of Her Majesty's ships, and a considerable number of them had congregated there fresh from the recent manœuvres. Every species of fighting-ship and boat was represented, and a brave show they made. I worked the pump-handle of the Admiral's mind concerning them unremittingly, and if I could only have remembered a tenth of what he told me, I should be better qualified, I verily believe, to be first lord of the Admiralty than most of the gentlemen who have held that office.

When we were well away from ships and dockyards, we landed to make an afternoon call, and by pleasant paths, through a wilderness, a park and a terraced garden, reached one of those typical English homes which are handed down in one family from generation to generation. Thence we took away enduring memories of a charming hostess, of oak-panelled rooms, from the walls of which the portraits of many ancestors looked down upon us—notably a superb Vandyke and a beautiful Romney—of miniatures too lovely for words, of old tapestries and much else that was captivating. Here, too, was a portrait of the martyred Charles, painted, it was said, after he had fallen into the hands of his enemies; and corroborative evidence of this might be found in the profound melancholy of the countenance

and the unusual amount of hair upon the face, as if he hadn't the heart left even to shave. In a glass case near were the outward habiliments of an ill-fated member of the house, who, after supporting the Roundheads up to a point, held back when it came to the execution of the king, and declined to be a party to it, with the result that he shared the fate of his monarch. The "fine old hall was hung around with pikes and guns and bows," and these, with old regimental flags, drums and trumpets and other military trophies, bore silent testimony to the martial ardour of the family in this and preceding generations. In a boudoir, the immediate present was represented by a portrait of "Bobs" with his autograph at the foot. As we steamed back homewards, one thought with admiration of the patriotism which induced the owner of such a home to relinquish the enjoyment of it in order to undergo the dangers and privations of campaigning in South Africa.

The next morning (Wednesday) I was initiated in the mysteries of semaphore-signalling by two such proficient in the art as the Admiral and the lady of the ship, who held quite a long conversation for my benefit in various parts of the vessel without uttering a sound. It occurred to one that it would add considerably to the peace and quiet of the world at large, and of the Commons House of Parliament in particular, if this mode of exchanging ideas were generally adopted. I was then shown something of flag-signalling, which enables an Admiral, through the medium of various coloured flags, not only to ascertain, when he gets up in the morning, how all the captains under his command slept the previous night, but, at the same time,

Sport and Feasting.

It is now a month ago since what is termed the regular hunting season began, and in the list of fixtures the word "breakfast" has appeared in connection with many opening days. The mention of a hunt breakfast carries one back to the days of pigtails and long journeys on horseback. No matter how early the hour at which a man had to start from his home, his pigtail had to be arranged, an operation which occupied a considerable time. Then he set out on an unclipped horse, and long before morning dawned he was traversing country lanes on his way to the covert-side, and small wonder that when he arrived near the place of meeting he was "sharp set," as the phrase runs. To "lie out" overnight was common enough before the introduction of railways, and the host on the north side of the country became the guest when hounds were in the south of their territory. In the last century tea and coffee were not so much in favour as at present, so when the hunting man reached his friend's house he was quite ready for the steak and onions which played such a prominent part in the old hunting *menu*, the cut off the cold joint, and the liberal allowance of old ale which was the "jumping powder" of those days. Squire Western entertained his friends. Col. Robey had cold beef and pickles for all and sundry, and the freemasonry of hunting always ensured a meal, irrespective of the village inn, for every fox-hunter coming from a distance. This was the origin of the hunt breakfast; but when hounds met at the master's place, or at the house of some wealthy person, all comers were welcome to go in and refresh themselves on a more elaborate scale.

To-day the hunt breakfast appears to be a rather superfluous function, save so far as hunting farmers are concerned. They have been abroad early, and the hunt breakfast at about a quarter to eleven is really their luncheon, while the fare being of rather a braver kind than they would allow themselves at about seven o'clock, is necessarily proportionately appreciated. Few hunting men, however, have to leave home much before nine o'clock, thanks to the subdivision of countries and convenient train service. Hunting men can generally play a good knife and fork at breakfast time, and at eleven o'clock, or so, few people want anything in the nature of a solid meal. The morning cigar may have provoked a thirst, but a breakfast is certainly not wanted; yet this function survives on an elaborate scale, whereas a glass of wine or liqueur would answer all requirements. Still one would almost be sorry to see the hunt breakfast die out, for it is a relic of olden times, and those relics we do not care to see entirely abolished. There is something enlivening and inspiring in seeing a succession of men and women entering the hospitable portals of some country house, whether it be merely to pay respects to the host and hostess, or to take some jumping powder.

The holding of a hunt breakfast, too, is much appreciated by many who seldom appear at any other trysting place. There are few hunts in which the man is not found who, whether he be enamoured of sport or not, does not make it a point of conscience to attend every fixture at which there is a hunt breakfast, and he as a rule does "ample justice," as they

say, to the fare provided; while as a rule the riding afterwards, at least for a time, shows how much the champagne has been appreciated.

Now, however, that the hunt breakfast is merely a complimentary meal, one cannot help wishing that it was almost totally abolished in favour of hunt dinners, which would really do far more good. At the best the breakfast is more or less of a hurried meal, whereas a hunt dinner is eaten in leisurely fashion, and then there are the songs and recitations to follow; but hunt dinners are comparatively few and far between nowadays. Once on a time dinners were given to the farmers over whose ground the Queen's Stag-hounds ran, and in the Grand Stand, Ascot, and in Windsor, some very merry evenings were spent.

We must, however, go back about a hundred years to find how closely connected were sport and feasting. After most of the cricket matches then played a dinner took place, and after a good run with hounds the field adjourned to some neighbouring inn and celebrated the event with a dinner, the local squires meeting the farmers, and it was to these *impromptu* festivities that much of the popularity of hunting was due. It is on record that in Cornwall at the beginning of the present century three packs of harriers wound up the day within a few hundred yards of one another. Two were on one side of a river and one on the other. The followers of all three promptly adjourned to the available inns, dined, and then amalgamated later in the evening for a country concert. Mr. Surtees, who was well acquainted with many little country packs, has in his novels given some capital descriptions of these dinners—the

Goose and Dumpling Hunt, for example; and he has told us how the farmers who attended the dinners would send their hunters home, and order their "drinking carts" to take them home. Some of these dinners were doubtless rather orgies occasionally, but they as certainly promoted good fellowship.

The members of some of the Hunt Clubs now in existence dine together occasionally, notably the members of the Tarporley Club in the first week of the hunting season. Before the time of Queen Anne the followers of the Charlton Hunt, afterwards the Goodwood, built a banqueting-hall designed by Lord Burlington, and in which they used to have dinners and balls, while Mr. Corbet, who founded the Stratford-on-Avon Club, used to encourage Hunt dinners as much as possible, so did the famous John Warde and Meynell, the last-named never being happier than when entertaining some of his farmers and friends, the dinners taking place sometimes at Quorndon Hall, sometimes at Leicester, and on other occasions on the Donington side of the Quorn country. Then when a master of the Quorn resigned a dinner was given to him at the end of the season, and another to his successor, farmers being present at each, whereas the Hunt Club dinners were, as a rule, confined to members. In the Pytchley country, too, Hunt dinners were frequent enough; but it was in the North and West of England that they chiefly flourished. In the former Lord Darlington and Mr. Lambton were the moving spirits, and they would throw over any number of private arrangements to be present at any breakfast, luncheon, or dinner to which farmers were invited. A famous Master of

Hounds, whose presence, though unknown to the younger generation, was familiar enough to their fathers, was accustomed to say that if anybody wanted to take the sense of farmers and others on the question of hunting, there was no better way of doing so than by attending market ordinaries, or sitting in the smoking-room of a country inn, as in each case the real opinions were expressed. The luncheon which invariably accompanies a puppy show is a function to which a good many look forward, and no wonder! A large number of people dine day after day on the plainest of fare, and with the same faces round them; to have a different *menu* and different companions, with different subjects to talk about, makes a pleasant change, while the Hunt dinner has one good effect—it does bring together farmers and the followers of the pack, and leads to an interchange of ideas.

A good many stories of one sort and another are told of dinners to which some of the old-fashioned farmers used to be invited. A dinner was given about five decades since by a Scottish laird in celebration of the coming of age of his eldest son. It was not a hunting dinner, it is true; but both father and son were good sportsmen; they shot, hunted with the local hounds, supported cricket, were no strangers to the "roaring game," and consequently the gathering included a good many farmers who favoured one or more phases of sport. On the right of the host sat the oldest of the tenants, whose usual drink was the wine of the country—whisky. The dinner progressed, but the old farmer made no headway with his champagne, which was of the best. The host, noticing that the

glass was never emptied, remarked to his neighbour that he did not appear to be doing well, and was rather surprised at the answer—"These aërated waters, which I never touch, are very cold to the stomach; so I'm for waiting for the whisky," which was supplied without loss of time, and the farmer relaxed under its genial influence. The writer was at a puppy show years ago in a very unfashionable country, and the day being warm, the master had caused all the champagne to be well iced. A neighbour of the writer's took a sip of the wine and set down his glass in a hurry, saying that the cold affected his teeth. "It's very seldom that we have champagne at home," he remarked; "but Mr. A. sent me some bottles last Christmas, and we used to make it hot over the fire, pour it into the punch-bowl with some lemon and a piece of toast swimming about in it. You should have tasted that toast."

Douglas Jerrold used to say that if there were a general upheaval of the earth, the average Englishman would find some spot among the *débris* where he could lay a tablecloth, and the remark is substantially true, for we are a public-dinner nation. We *fête* our heroes; we endeavour to benefit our charities through the medium of a dinner, and as already mentioned, hunt dinners are given at times when a testimonial is presented to some master of hounds who has deserved well of his country, or when he retires, and at other times.

Sir Watkin Wynn's family have kept hounds for a good many years, and when a former holder of the title, born in 1770, attained his majority, the opportunity was embraced of giving a gigantic banquet to the tenants and sportsmen round about.

Three coaches were booked from London to convey the cooks alone, and they were at Wynnstay for over a week, it is said, to make preparations. They had to prepare for 15,000 guests, who dined in the park at the same time. How many waiters were employed history does not say; but the bill of fare, beginning with thirty bullocks, and which, I believe, is to be found in the archives of Wynnstay, is a sufficiently formidable document. The river Dee was called upon to supply 421 lbs. of salmon; there were thirty brace of tench, and other things in proportion.

If we go back still further in history, we find that King Henry VIII., who was fortunate enough to find a staghunting country close to London, held a sort of hunting dinner at St. James's Palace on his return, he being accustomed to invite some of his sporting friends to join him; and as he is reported to have on several occasions tired out seven and eight horses a day, the welter-weight monarch doubtless played a very good knife and fork on his return. King James I., gouty subject though he was, invariably dined well, and invited company during his "progress," while Queen Elizabeth, and Queen Anne, too, were as fond of a good dinner as they were of sport, and both invited, at the conclusion of a day's sport, many of those with whom they had mixed during the time of hunting.

Hunting, however, has not monopolised the sporting feasts. In 1770 the first regatta ever seen in England was held on the Thames, and when it was over there were more or less sumptuous banquets held at a dozen or more houses on the river's bank. After the Oxford and Cambridge Boat Race the crews dine to-

gether, notwithstanding the fact that the contest takes place in the Lenten season; while the glories of a bump supper at the Universities must be well known to many a reader.

If one really thinks about the matter, there is a good deal of reason why sport and feasting—not, of course, to excess in either eating or drinking—should go together. Some amusements there are which do not admit of companionship, except to a small extent, and which do not call for the co-operation of others in the same way as does hunting. The angler, for instance, rents his water or obtains permission to fish it; but he is associated with so few that to give a dinner would be superfluous, unless one man of several staying at an hotel asked his brother fishermen to join him for the purpose of celebrating some famous catch. Nor is shooting a sport which brings together people who would not otherwise meet. The host and his friends probably dine together, but there is not, as a rule, anyone else to ask, while neither cricket (except at cricket weeks), golf, nor football do much to encourage dinners in connection with each particular game. In the hunting-field, however, men from a distance meet at the covert-side, and the enjoyment being so largely furthered by farmers, there are particular reasons why hospitality should be extended to them. Sport in many cases surrounds itself with generous influences, and of course in the majority of instances in connection with those amusements which, like hunting, bring people together. On occasions some munificent patron of cricket "dines" the two competing elevens and, during the continuance of sundry cricket weeks, a good deal of hospitality is shown to visitors.

Even in what are called "selfish" sports, those, that is to say, which are not open to the public generally, the people who are engaged are entertained more or less liberally. The luncheon to the guns at a shooting-party is only a portion of the day's work; but the beaters take their meal, and, from a correspondence which took place not long ago, they would appear to insist on a certain standard. You have only to hire a punt on the Thames for a day's fishing to have the opportunity afforded you of finding your fisherman in his dinner or luncheon, not to mention liquid refreshment. In one form and another, therefore, sport and feasting have gone hand in hand from

the time of Xenophon; while in the time of Edward II. hunting breakfasts were not unknown. A story was current some time ago that an "untutored savage," who, however, appears to have been remarkably well educated, was the recipient of a bundle of tracts which were wrapped up in half a sheet of newspaper, which gave an account of a day's hunting, and related how, after a fox was killed, the field were entertained by some hospitable person in the neighbourhood. He is reported to have remarked, "You in England are very much like us. You hunt and have a meal, so do we;" and it is much to be hoped that sport will never be divorced from hospitality.

W. C. A. B.

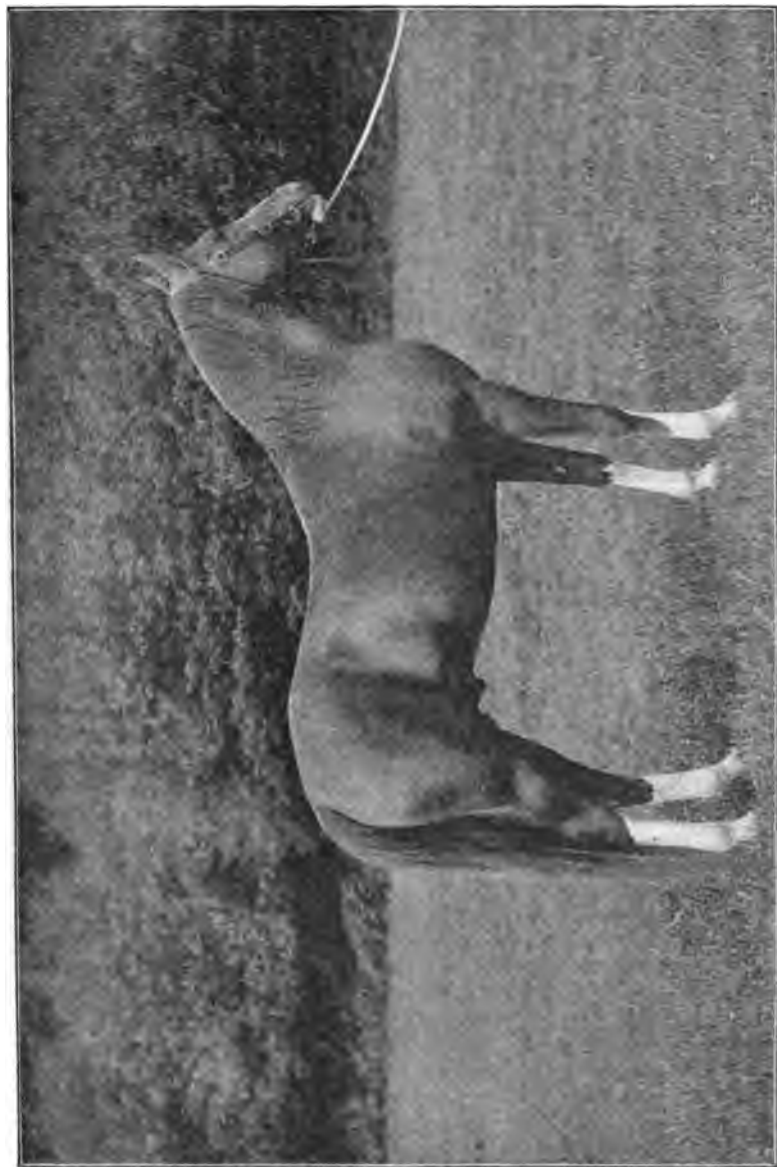
Horses and Ponies: Past and Present.

IN these neat and handy little books* we have two more proofs of Sir Walter Gilbey's untiring industry and his knowledge of the horse and its history. In "Horses Past and Present," he fulfils the promise made to readers of the *Live Stock Journal Almanac* of 1899, tracing in concise but eminently readable form the work of our ancestors as horse breeders from the earliest times. It is, as the author points out, impossible to discriminate between the horse and the pony in very early days: no distinction is drawn between the two by ancient writers, and knowing as we do that the horse of Anglo-Saxon and early Roman times was little bigger than our present con-

ception of a pony, as represented by the polo pony standard, it is useless to attempt distinctions.

Legislation in the days of armour and frequent wars had ever for its main purpose the encouragement of the Great Horse, which, as Sir Walter has demonstrated in a former work, is the ancestor of the modern Shire. References as to other breeds are fugitive and hard to find; and it says much for Sir Walter's perseverance that he should have been able to collect so much material as he has done. There remains in the Record Office what is probably an invaluable mine of information concerning the horse of the last quarter of the thirteenth and the first seventy years of the fourteenth centuries, in the shape of the stable accounts of the three Edwards. When experts shall have translated the con-

* "Horses; Past and Present." By Sir Walter Gilbey, Bart. (Messrs. Vinton & Co., Ltd.) 2s.
"Ponies; Past and Present." By Sir Walter Gilbey, Bart. (Messrs. Vinton & Co., Ltd.) 2s.



ARAB HORSE MESAUD—14.2 HANDS.
The property of Mr. Wilfred Scaven Blunt.

tents of this mass of documents, a flood of light will be thrown upon a peculiarly interesting and important epoch of the history of the horse in England.

Exercising a nice sense of proportion, the author has dealt with the history of the closing century at greater length and detail than the earlier phases of his subject. It is curious to note how recent is our awakening to the necessity for adopting steps to systematically improve our several breeds, the societies which now do so much to promote the work being without exception institutions of the last twenty years. In some respects we have gone back rather than advanced, particularly in the production of roadsters and heavy-weight hunters: several factors contribute to this, the most noteworthy of which Sir Walter deals with in the section that treats of the present reign. The book is distinguished by practical knowledge and well-considered book knowledge, the latter branch demanding the intimate acquaintance with horseflesh and breeding possessed by Sir Walter for its due application.

The book on "Ponies Past and Present" of necessity deals more with modern times; and it is well that it should do so, having regard to the increased attention which is being, and will in all probability be, devoted to pony breeding. Early records contain little of interest concerning our forest and moorland breeds, nor is this wonderful in view of the indifference with which they were regarded.

The fact that such cross-breeds as Mr. Christopher Wilson succeeded in producing commanded fancy prices is encouraging; it indicates that there are possibilities in pony breeding if the business be carried on with

judgment and discretion on the lines suggested by Sir Walter in his chapter on Breeding Polo Ponies. He warns us that with the limited experience in producing ponies for polo possessed by breeders, his remarks are dictated by general principles only; but we are much inclined to think that he points out the only practicable way of arriving at a breed of polo ponies if it be possible to evolve such a breed at all.

Sir Walter's suggestion that we should call the ancestral sire of our thoroughbreds, the Arab, in to our aid appears both sound and practical. Our racing ancestors began with 14.2 Arabs and gradually evolved a bigger horse; there is nothing to prevent us beginning again with the 14.2 Arab and, on a basis of selected forest and moorland stock, trying to produce a breed which shall average the requisite height and possess the needful qualities besides. If we can produce a breed that shall be constant, to use the breeders' term, we shall have material from which to make polo ponies with far more certainty than now; for the author does not overstate the case when he says that "we might indeed almost call the first-rate polo pony a phenomenal chapter of accidents." That exactly describes him; and because he is a phenomenon he brings phenomenal prices when the necessary series of accidents happen to meet in his 14.2 body to make a first-class pony.

It is impossible to read this profoundly interesting and suggestive book without reflecting upon the potentialities of the material that lies to the breeder's hand, and of which we have hitherto made such little use. There is always a market for good riding and harness ponies, as witness the author's remarks on "The Uses and Cha-

characteristics of the Pony"; and in view of the cheapness with which breeding on judicious methods can be conducted, we may expect to see greater attention given to these neglected opportunities. After all, the first-class polo pony is to the pony breeder what the fast and clever fifteen-stone hunter is to the horse breeder—a great prize

in the breeding lottery to be very rarely drawn; but short of that great prize, there are many others more accessible and well worth striving for. We heartily recommend this book to all who are interested, not only in pony breeding, but in the pony as a valuable if humble occupant of the stable.

A Favourite.

AH, how I miss him where the trees
That fringe the gorse are softly dripping,
Sore-hearted as I feel my knees
The flanks of his successor gripping;
His gleaming heels no more, alas,
Shall leave the straggling field behind him;
No more across a stretch of grass
The fastest run unbeaten find him.

For he has gone where all must go,
Who turn their back upon Life's battle,
To face an unrelenting foe
That grimly waits for men and cattle;
And I have lost a friend more dear
Than many a mortal, friendship naming,
A friend unselfish, kind, sincere,
No recompense nor honour claiming.

Now when the summer's blaze is strong,
The deepest orchard's shades defend him;
For him the blackbird sings his song,
Gay butterflies and bees attend him;
Red roses cluster where he lies,
And, when earth yields to winter's slavery,
The wind thro' leafless branches sighs
A whispered tribute to his bravery.

Sometimes beneath his walnut-tree
I stand among the grass that hides him,
And wonder if his eyes can see
From what a yard of earth divides him;
Those clear brown eyes where ever burned
The fire the brave alone possesses;
Those eyes that at my footsteps turned
Appealing looks for my caresses.

Maybe in happy hunting grounds,
Where steeds know nought of grooms or boxes,
His spirit follows ghostly hounds
That hunt the line of ghostly foxes.
Who knows? for what to us is dim,
Death to his own may be disclosing.
No matter! Let me think of him
In peaceful solitude reposing.

Aye, friend, sleep well! and when the days
That most it charms us to remember,
Come with a soft autumnal haze
Across the pastures of November,
When slow grey clouds float far above,
And under foot the leaves are rotten,
Dream of our all-abiding love
Of mutual confidence begotten.

R. C.

A Gun-room Causerie.

THE UNCERTAINTY OF FIREARMS.

THE gun is an instrument of precision, but its uncertainty is proverbial. The engineer "hoist with his own petard" has been known to history for centuries, and no sportsman needs an explanation of the meaning of "a flash in the pan." Firearms always have been, and always will be, more or less erratic in their action, but the uncertainty is beyond computation. People who have a passion for figures, and delight in making such calculations as will fix the value of one's chance of receiving thirteen trumps in one's next hand at whist, simply cannot grapple with the odds against a gun not going off when the trigger is pulled.

In the making and assembling of the hundred pieces or so of which a gun is composed, it would be surprising if there were not some irregularity, but, in most cases, it requires a sequence or

coincidence of unusual events to produce an "accident." The weapon with which Salson recently attempted the life of the Shah was defective; it did not strike centrally, so miss-fires were the rule, not the exception. The self-extracting revolver with which a desperate burglar snapped at a pursuing constable some time ago was not defective, but, improperly closed, the striker fell too high and would not detonate the cap. Like instances might be multiplied indefinitely, but neither kind may be regarded as really illustrative of the uncertainty of firearms.

It is, and long has been, the rule to make guns of greater strength than requisite to withstand the strains they will have to bear in ordinary use. This margin of safety is secured in most countries by the compulsory proof of the weapon with heavy charges and loads. It has hap-

pened that a gun has withstood these tests perfectly, yet burst at the very first time fired with the ordinary load, possibly because the strain of the "proof" charge exhausted the tenacity of the metal, or strained it beyond the limit of its elasticity. Usually when a barrel is burst it is because it is subjected to a greater strain at a certain point than it is expected, or constructed, to withstand. Internally a barrel is practically cylinder; externally it is taper—really a curve so that the thickness of the metal of the barrel corresponds to the diminishing pressure of the explosion. If by a too weak cap, or a too strong one, the ignition of the powder is not effected in the powder chamber, but a portion only of it is ignited there and a part of the charge driven up the barrel before it ignites, then there will be an increased strain at some point forward of the chamber, and it is only a question of degree whether the barrel is or is not burst by this unwonted pressure. As the strength of a chain is only that of its weakest link, so it may happen that the workman in edging up the rib has cut slightly into the barrel with his file, and thus weakened the barrel, but so long as he left a sufficient thickness to ensure a reasonable margin of safety, he cannot be held responsible.

So many things—from varying loads and different explosives and detonators to the total or partial obstruction of the muzzles—change or increase the pressure, that the sportsman cannot be expected to know a tenth. He can secure practical immunity from the danger of a burst barrel, or a badly broken action, by using a gun and ammunition which give uniform shooting. Test the gun by shooting, at sporting range, at a target

half-a-dozen times consecutively with each barrel; count carefully the number of pellets on the plate, or target; if between the greatest number and the smallest the difference is not more than 10 per cent. of the pellets in the load, then, so far as human foresight goes, every precaution has been taken to avoid an "accidental" discharge. If the gun does not shoot uniformly, the load or ammunition should be varied until the proper charge is found. If the gun will not shoot within a maximum variation of 30 per cent., then there is that in the gun or the cartridges which tends to an unusual, and possibly disastrous, discharge.

Mechanical uncertainty generally results in a premature discharge, a miss-fire, or the failure to eject a fired cartridge case. A gun with which miss-fires are frequent is clearly defective, and can be remedied. The gun which rarely will not go off, but sometimes goes off too soon, is more common and much more difficult to put right. The usual cause of a premature discharge is the failure of the sear to enter the notch or bent of the tumbler. With an ordinary hammer-gun, when the cock is brought to full cock, it will be noticed that it may be drawn still further back; this "over-draft" is to allow of sufficient time and space for the sear to be worked right home before the thumb releases the hammer. If the lock is clean and the parts quite free of the wood, the sear very rarely fails to catch and to hold the tumbler. In a hammerless gun there is less room, the parts are cramped, and the "over-draft" is reduced to a minimum. A slight strain of the cocking-dogs, a maladjustment of the limbs, even the wear of them by the friction of proper use, will re-

duce this "over-draft," and the scear will catch on the very edge of the bent; then a tap upon the stock, the jar of firing the other barrel, or the least pressure upon the trigger, will suffice to liberate the tumbler and fire the gun.

The common remedy is to provide a "second" scear, or an intercepting safety bolt, which will catch the tumbler like the half-bent in an old hammer lock. This is not altogether satisfactory. There is not any too much room in the gun-lock for the parts which are absolutely indispensable; the second scears and bolts encroach upon this. Then there is the common fallacy of relying upon the second scear to guard the tumbler, and the proper scear and bent are not made deep enough or strong enough for the work required. The right remedy is so to arrange scear and tumbler that it is impossible for the tumbler to escape unless either the trigger is pulled or some part of the mechanism breaks. Gun-makers seem unwilling to do this; consequently, hammerless guns have an unenviable reputation in this matter of premature discharge; and, as the second scear sometimes does the work

of the primary one, the blow of the striker is shortened, and misfires occur.

Occasional failures to eject the fired cartridge cases are not of much importance, and cannot be prevented, any more than the occasional jamming of cartridges in the chamber. This last is to be expected on the battlefield with ammunition transported to the firing point amidst exceptional conditions. It also occurs on the stage during the exhibitions of professional shots, when every risk has been guarded against, and is clearly irremediable at present. But when failure is frequent, either the mechanism is at fault and can be altered, or, as is more probable, the shooter has not learnt how to manipulate his gun to the best advantage. The better the gun, the more perfect its mechanism, the greater the need of the shooter to drill himself in the proper handling of it. Uncertainty is not necessarily an imperfection, but the result of the greatest perfection. If a faultless chronometer were served as some people treat a common "Waterbury" watch, it would not be the most expensive article that kept the best time.

TRIGGER.

The Cream of the Itchen.

To an enthusiast in the gentle art, sport with the dry fly is certainly the most fascinating of all out-door amusements and pastimes, and, given health to pursue it, opportunity, leisure, and skill, he should be accounted a happy man who season after season wanders content and contemplative, rod in hand, through flower-

embroidered, solitary, lush water-meadows near, and along the sedgy banks of a fair river like "the troutful and pellucid" Itchen. For a quarter of a century I have never once missed a season there, and the last, lately ended, was the twentieth during which, by the favour and courtesy of the lessee of several miles of it, I

have had the privilege of fishing for a limited, but liberal number of days, every autumn. In my opinion, based on such experiences, this particular fishery (in the main stream) well deserves the title placed at the head of this article. But it will yield its treasures to no unpractised hand nor to any bungler, chance casting with an uncocked fly, nor often to the wet fly votary (now rarely seen on southern chalk streams), however expert he may be.

At the lower boundary of this preserve, the river supplies the motive power to work D— corn mill and passes through the heart of "a city of memories" and of hoar antiquity. The middle and side streams, originally diverted from the parent river to supply the city with water, &c., meander through meadows (whose quaint nomenclature tell of Saxon and Danish occupation) and pass in three courses under the foundations of the ancient walls of defence, and the high street, lost to sight for a space, but to join the river proper lower down on its fertilising way to the Southampton estuary. The *locus in quo* will perhaps be sufficiently revealed by the above remarks and by further references while describing the following eight days' fishing.

The main stream is nicely carpeted by ribbon, horsetail, and other weeds; is fairly deep, but generally too slow to make a pleasant murmur as it glides along—for rippling shallows there are none; it is broad enough, in places, to require an extra long cast to cover it, and very much exposed to the influence of unfavourable weather, so that the visiting angler who journeys from afar has long odds against his successful sport; he will too often find the river in wavelets and un-

fishable, or if smooth, no ring of a rising fish in view, the latter condition oftenest occurring when the water is let down very low, either by the exigences or carelessness of the mill owners, or by the farmers for irrigating their pastures.

I have the great advantages of residing near the water, and the option of choosing my own days. My ambition was to surpass former years in the aggregate weight of fish creeled during eight days in the above preserve, and I decided not to kill any under $1\frac{1}{2}$ lb., although the rules are that 12 in. trout, and in one beat 10 in., may be killed. My decision, therefore, would appear to be much in the interests of the fishery, if it were not a moot point whether returning fish does not account for their future shyness in rising to an artificial fly and for their so-called over-education.

On *September 4th*, at 9.30 a.m., the keeper met me at the first hut, and dissuaded me from going much further on, as the river was bank high and flooding the upper meadows. The morning was glorious, and a few fish were already rising at iron-blue duns and pale olives. I tried for half an hour with feeble imitations bearing the same names, without effect, and then changed my lure for red-quill gnat, gold tag, oo hook, and kept to the pattern throughout this record day. By 11.30 a brace of trout came to grief weighing $1\frac{1}{2}$ lb. and 1 lb 5 oz., and by 3 o'clock p.m. two more fish, splendid fellows, weighing respectively 1 lb. 11 ozs. and a trifle over $1\frac{3}{4}$ lb. The latter was caught near the mill. One of the men watched the fun from a distance, but at length excitement and curiosity were too much for him, and he rushed

toward me wildly crying out, "Can I help you, sir?" "No! No!" shouted I, still more wildly; "do not move! stand where you are! I can land it myself!" for at such a crisis I have a horror of any interference. This, after playing him for an anxious five minutes, I managed, and when my two brace were displayed side by side on the grass, to the man, he was fairly astonished, and uttered an exclamation of some force, for it would seem that they are all pessimists at the mill as to the river being well stocked. As it was now 3 p.m., and the morning rise at an end, I went home to refresh, and after two hours resumed the rod. It will save repetition if I say here that this was my custom on each of the following days; that I landed all my own fish (thus very much adding to the pleasurable excitement of the sport); that my gut points were always of fine 4x drawn gut, except, when in the bright sunshine and the fish were presumably gut-shy, I ventured to risk "gossamer" gut. And lastly, I fished, as I always endeavour to do, without an attendant; this, indeed, I regard as one cogent reason of my successes. It will also save space if I make no mention of fish lost, or of many put back.

From 5.30 to 7.30 p.m. I fished on the eastern bank from the little meadow by St. Martin's church, up to opposite the first hut. The rise of trout was remarkably good; at first they took duns in mid-stream nearly as fast as they came up, and, later on, under the west bank, where also, and hovering over the rushes, some phryganidæ, silver sedges, and white moths, could be seen in the bright light of the afterglow. The river was "in a boil," fish making large wavy rings, and

apparently reckless. I had no rest, nor needed it, for most of the time I was casting over, playing, and landing fish, or repairing damages, and thoroughly on the war path! Again, as in the morning, I killed four fish weighing $1\frac{1}{2}$ lbs., 1 lb. 5 ozs., 1 lb. 9 ozs., and $1\frac{1}{2}$ lbs., making my bag for the day to 4 brace, weighing 12 lbs. 2 ozs.

September 17th.—Fished in the middle stream, but only killed one fish, $1\frac{1}{2}$ lbs.

September 19th.—A bright day, no wind. A rise of pale watery olives began as early as 9 a.m., and black gnats were hovering over, or nearly touching, the water, as they rose and fell, in a mazy dance. Near sundown one's monstrous shadow, thrown obliquely across to the opposite eastern bank, appeared to be wading close to the sedge and keeping pace with me, the substance—it undoubtedly put the rising fish down until the sun dipped. My sport for the day was 3 brace, weighing in the order of capture $1\frac{1}{2}$ lbs., $1\frac{1}{2}$ lbs., 1 lb. 7 ozs., 1 lb. 6 ozs., 1 lb. 5 ozs., and $1\frac{1}{2}$ lbs.; together 8 lbs. 10 ozs.—all killed on red quills.

September 21st.—Bright and hot; wind varying west to south-west. By 2 p.m. killed three trout, $1\frac{1}{2}$ lbs., 1 lb. 9 ozs., and 1 lb. 15 ozs.; the latter on gossamer gut, after a long fight, as for a time he hung my hook up in the weeds; but by taking the line between my left index-finger and thumb, and (while I held the rod in my right hand in a suitable position to use it with effect when the crisis came) by delicate handling, even coaxing, I managed to draw him forth—a wisp of weed also. It was a triumph! At the evening rise two more were brought to net, weighing 1 lb. 6 ozs. and 1 lb. 7 ozs.; $2\frac{1}{2}$ brace for the day, 7 lbs. 9 ozs.

After a stormy day, on the 24th, and a good deal of rain, a frosty morning ushered in quieter weather on Sept. 25th; but as the vane stood at N.W., which is partly a down-stream wind, I hesitated whether to rig up my rod or not. Misgivings, however, soon gave way to hope, and about 11 a.m. I was standing near the sedgy margin of the middle stream, a little below the first fishing hut, watching for a fish who had risen once to rise again, when a valued friend whom I had not met for many years came toward me, greeting. This was the pleasant event of the day. We both watched all day for rises; waited for trout who took a natural fly, at long intervals, to come up again and accept our proffered counterfeits, deftly thrown over where the rings had been seen, but to little purpose; for when we compared notes about 6 p.m., we had each creeled only one trout. Our skill was of no avail! I have a theory that fish so rising, if in mid-stream, are travelling fish, taking a fly as it emerges to the surface and then working up stream a yard or two further for the next, possibly seeing it as a nymph under water at a distance about to rise.

Soon after sunset no sign of any moving fish could be seen, but as I walked back through the gloaming I remembered the *locale* of a good trout I had observed in the forenoon rising at duns, as they floated over his nose, and under some overhanging tussock grass—an impossible place for one's fly to reach in the ordinary way; but I took the precaution then and there to cut the grass away for another opportunity. It came now, at nearly 7 p.m., as I knelt down, and made a speculative

drift cast to the spot—a little wide of it, perhaps—for only a slight wavy motion was visible to me on the darkling surface of the water; but on drawing my line back, it tightened, and instantly a hooked fish sprang into the air, fell back into the water with a splash, turned somersaults in a dangerous manner, and fought as only a well-conditioned, strong, and knowing trout can. He scaled just over 1½ lbs; the one killed during the day 1 lb. 5 ozs.

September 26th.—Weather dull and cool; a strong N.W. wind ridging the open reaches into waves; killed 2½ brace in nooks and corners, weighing 1 lb. 5 ozs., 1 lb. 7 ozs., 1 lb. 9 ozs., 1½ lbs., and 1 lb. 5 ozs.; together 6 lbs. 14 ozs.

September 28th.—The sport was better still, and my largest fish weighed 2 lbs. 2 ozs., which, with five others, weighing 1½ lbs., 1½ lbs., 1 lb. 5 ozs., 1½ lb., and 1 lb. 6 ozs., made up 3 brace, weighing 8 lbs. 13 ozs. It was an exciting day, but I have no space for details.

September 29th.—In very favourable weather, but as the sun set at 5.42, a short day, I made a good finish by creeling 3 brace of beauties, weighing 9 lbs., and separately, 1½ lbs., 1 lb. 5 ozs., 1 lb. 7 ozs., 1½ lbs., 1 lb. 14 ozs., and 1 lb. 6 ozs., which I went out of my way to show to the keepers. All were killed on red quills, mostly old flies from one's cap, as I was short of new ones. The total sport for the above eight days foots up to 19½ brace, weighing 57 lbs. 5 ozs. All were presented to friends. Thus ended my short but fortunate trout season (I did not begin it until May 18th), and I must now turn my thoughts to *Salmo Thymallus*, who enters next.

RED QUILL.

Ben Capell.

BORN on 4th September, 1860, at Quorn, Ben Capell was entered to fox-hunting—or rather entered himself—before he was twelve years of age. When Mr. E. Warner, the present owner of Quorn Hall, and his brothers, were away at school, Capell used to see a good deal of sport on their ponies; and if his own attendance at school was irregular, the fact could always be explained when hounds were anywhere in the neighbourhood. If he could not get a pony he followed on his own legs, proving himself a born sportsman by the distances he went after hounds. His father, regarding his tastes without approval, wished him to learn a trade, and sent him to learn gardening. That peaceful pursuit did not appeal to him; his heart was in stable and kennel, and his body soon followed it, for he made the true beginning of his career as second horseman to Mr. Warner. At sixteen years of age he was made second horseman to Tom Firr, and in 1878, being then eighteen, he was appointed second whipper-in to the Quorn. In 1879 he went as first whipper-in to the Kilkenny (which he considers the best scenting country he has known), taking with him a big draft of hounds from the Belvoir which did much towards forming a good pack. After a season in Ireland he came to Northamptonshire as second whipper-in to the Woodland Pytchley under Lord Lonsdale's mastership. He accompanied Lord Lonsdale when he took over the Blankney Hounds in 1884, and, being appointed huntsman in 1887, remained in Lincolnshire till 1896, when he succeeded Gillard as huntsman at Belvoir.

Capell has seen some rare sport in his time. He thinks the best run he ever saw was with the

Blankney, on a Saturday in March, 1889, when they found at Wel-lingore Gorse, and after an hour and ten minutes marked to ground near Willoughby Hall. This run was over the Belvoir country. They had nearly twenty miles to go to reach the kennels, and, having only twenty-eight couples at the time, the same pack was brought out on Monday, when fate vouchsafed them another long run from Hatton Wood. They bowled over their fox after an hour and twenty minutes as stiff as a board. The point was eight miles, but much more as hounds ran. Last season the Belvoir had some capital runs, particularly over the vale; there were so many good days that it would be hard to say which was the best.

Of hounds, Capell gives the Blankney Garnet the palm for the best nose he has ever known: he could hold the line when not another hound in the pack could own it, and was wonderfully good in covert. Striver was another excellent hound. In the Belvoir kennel it would be hard to find a better dog in his work than Dexter. Dasher, one of Dexter's get (out of Verdant), is the most promising of this season's entry; he is as good a worker as his famous sire, and is one of the handsomest dogs Capell ever saw. Dasher is his idea of what a fox-hound should be.

Sir Gilbert Greenall likes his men to be well mounted, as indeed they must be to keep near hounds when scent lies. Capell is divided in opinion concerning the relative merits of Silvertail and Limerick; both are wonderful stayers with perfect manners, and no place is too big for either. Limerick now carries Lady Greenall.

Capell has had his share of

accidents. The worst was perhaps one he took in the Burton country when with the Blankney. He wanted to take the Nettlesham Brook, and the horse he was riding would not have it; he fell over into it and struck Capell on the chest as he lay underneath him. Capell struggled out and re-

mounted, but before he had gone far had to dismount, and was carried home. He was laid up for a considerable time. When able to be about again it was long before he could blow a horn, owing to the injuries his chest had sustained, and had to hunt his hounds with a whistle.

"Our Van."

Sandown Park.—The October meeting at Esher is a connecting link between flat racing and jumping, the third day being devoted to sport under National Hunt rules. How the third day's sport was to be managed was not clear, for the ground was very hard for steeplechasing, the rain not having arrived. On the flat a couple of useful stakes were to be run for on the first day, the Foal Stakes of 2,000 sovs., one mile and a quarter, coming first. One of Lord Rosebery's Lads, Cate-ran Lad, to wit, with a 7 lb. maiden allowance, was at last to win something, and he was backed down to a short price. He came very near indeed to doing the trick, and would have won, but for swerving, Admiral Dewey winning by a short head. In the Great Sapling Plate Volodyovski showed up in great form, not so much because he beat Lord Mel-ton, giving 2 lb., and Armeath and Vittel, giving 5 lb. each, but from the way he did it. The way Halsey, who had just won on Admiral Dewey, got off on Vittel shows that he has nothing to learn in starting by gate, and so long was the lead obtained that it seemed impossible to catch Vittel. But Lord Melton in time began to gain and looked like winning until Volodyovski put in half-a-dozen

wonderful strides which sent him to the front and placed the race at his mercy at once.

The jumping races on the last day were unfortunate. That an average of four started for the steeplechases was not surprising, nor was the breaking of Hail Shower's neck through falling. In one of the hurdle races one horse slipped up on the flat when rounding the sharp bend where the turf was very smooth and slippery, and brought down two others. The jockeys were badly shaken, and two of the horses were killed.

Newmarket and Houghton.—For some the end of the season of 1900 came with this meeting, and it was one of the best wind-ups that can be remembered. On the first day, even, there was quite a crowd in the birdcage, though there was nothing much to see in the way of racing. The promise of an extra good Cambridgeshire was the attractive power at work, and on the second day there was an attendance worthy of the occasion. There are always enough starters in the Cambridgeshire to make the race a pretty spectacle, given good light, which this time was not vouchsafed. Twenty-four was the tally, and enough horses were really fancied by their connections to please everyone. But

the tip of tips was for The Raft, whose trial made him invincible. Whatever the trial was, the colt's make and shape did not please critics who rely more upon those details than upon stable rumours and the gleanings of touts. But the public do not trouble much about make and shape: The Raft was a certainty, and there was an end of it for them. The colt certainly did not suffer in the matter of jockeyship, for there is no finer jockey in the country than the Hiberno-Columbian Danny Maher. But, ride The Raft as he might—and cutting-down were the tactics adopted—he could not make him win. As in the Cesarewitch, there was only one in it a long way from home, and that one was Berrill. Observers who, in accordance with an astute time-honoured custom, placed themselves at the Bushes to see the Cesarewitch run, came back with a strong determination to back Berrill for the Cambridgeshire, so well was he going up to that point. Presaging from the positions of horses at this stage has been successful before now. It was so last year in the case of Irish Ivy, and it was again this year, Berrill winning easily. So far as the two winners are concerned, there is a wonderful family likeness between the two races, the winning distance of three lengths being even the same. About La Roche there was nothing of the La Flèche, for she could never go the pace under her weight. Good Luck's running was noticeable for the amount of ground he made up in the last quarter of a mile. He was a very long way behind nearing the Bushes, yet finished third half a length behind the French representative, Codoman. The position of this colt in the race points to great superiority of the French three-year-olds over

our own. This is pronounced enough when Codoman is regarded as at the top of the French three-year-old form, but across the Channel he is by no means regarded as the best.

After the Cambridgeshire there remained but the Dewhurst Plate, and the interest in this was much discounted by the absence of so many prominent two-year-olds. It was not easy to pick anything else than Orchid, although he was giving 7 lb. to Lord Bobs and Revenue. In the Middle Park Plate a fortnight previously Orchid had well beaten Lord Bobs on the same terms, and there was no reason why the extra furlong should make any alteration. Rain had fallen, but not sufficiently to make any difference, assuming that softer going would be in favour of Lord Bobs. This time Orchid not only failed to beat Lord Bobs, but finished no nearer than fourth, Lord Bobs winning by three-quarters of a length from Revenue. Of course, it was always argued that a horse of the build of Lord Bobs would be served by more time, and such possibly may have been the case. The impression made upon me was that Orchid did not run up to his best form.

Some interest was taken in the sales. On the Cambridgeshire morning King's Courier, the splendid American three-year-old, came under the hammer and fetched 5,200 guineas. Who shall say he is dear? Certainly not I. On Thursday Lord Rosebery sent all his stock but one to be sold, and Lads and Lasses galore were to be bought. Not for the asking, precisely, however, two of the Lads fetching four figures each.

Eager v. Royal Flush.—In some ways this match, decided at Hurst Park over six furlongs, on October 27th, was remarkable.

It was remarkable that it should ever have been made, seeing that three months before Eager was handicapped to give two stone to Royal Flush at this distance. Then the betting was remarkable, too, for at one time bookmakers were prepared to take a very light shade of odds. Wishard has had many compliments paid him, but none equal to this. When the race was run the folly of the thing became apparent to all, for Royal Flush never had the remotest chance. None the less, backers had been held up by sheer terror of the American trainer. There was a large American attendance to witness the match, some having come all the way from America on purpose, and the tame result was a grievous disappointment. That Royal Flush was on an "off day" I do not doubt, but at his best he could scarcely cope with Eager at even weights. The match was provocative of an addition to the rules. The management had added a cup valued at 500 sovs., and the rule said that extra weight was not incurred in respect of matches and private sweepstakes. The addition was to the effect that where any prize is added the winner will be liable to a penalty for the full amount.

Liverpool.—The Autumn Cup is an event which gets a good deal more talked about than do other races of greater value, the end of the season being near, and there being little else in view. Round about Liverpool itself little else is talked about for days than the "coop" and its probable winner. In four days we can get through a good deal of racing, and in autumn and spring it is well diversified at Liverpool by means of steeplechases and hurdle races. Travelling by rail to Aintree, the

attendance seemed likely to be small, but it became apparent that the new electric tram was what was the matter. On the second day we began with a surprise, Fosco, whose day one prematurely thought to be over, showing something very much like his old form, and winning the Stewards' Plate quite easily. His weight had been dropped materially, it being 14lbs. less than when he ran in the same race last year, so here was another instance of misplaced leniency.

The Grand Sefton Steeplechase is regarded as a first rehearsal for the Grand National, and last year it was won by Hidden Mystery, whom even now people speak of as the prospective winner in March next. The class was not quite up to last year's mark, Cathal being top weight, *vice* Drogheda. The betting in the case of Bloomer was funny, for he opened favourite, but drifted away to 8 to 1 at the start, a much longer price being on offer when the horses were on their way. Barsac was apparently the choice between the two, and one heard tales of Bloomer having done no work, and being fat in consequence. For a fat, unfit animal he ran remarkably fast, and one awaits with interest to see what he will do when really wound up. Hidden Mystery will have to put his best leg foremost, evidently. Barsac ran well enough, but Bloomer was pulling over him in the straight, and won easily. On the third day Fosco came out with 10 lbs. extra on his back, and won the Croxteth Plate rather more easily than he won the day before, so now there could be no doubt about his return to form. Kempton Cannon, by the way, was the jockey on each occasion. He was inaugurating his accession to the position of first jockey to Mr.

Leopold de Rothschild, T. Loates having retired from the profession. Mr. de Rothschild could not have made a better choice, and all I wish him and his jockey is that these two successes form an augury of what is to come.

The Cup provided a good race, and it was won by the bottom-weight; and why should not bottom-weights win in their turn? It is of no avail now to say that Japonica would have won but for swerving. She probably swerved from distress, and had Fabulist got away better he would have won more easily. Perhaps the feature of the race was the flight over the rails taken by Halsey off the back of Sirenia by consequence of a bump with Aquascutum, when they were well in the straight. It was a case of trying for the rails, Sirenia on the inside, and, from the way Halsey was thrown, the collision must have been a severe one. Falls on the flat were frequent at this meeting. On the second day Otto Madden's mount fell, and Madden rode no more. On Friday, in the Croxteth Plate, the alarming spectacle was seen of McNaughton flying off the back of Nippon amidst the field of horses, and by the most merciful chance Filassier, who was in his wake, contrived to avoid him. Later on J. Reiff got a fall. The Liverpool management have thoughtfully provided a horse ambulance, *i.e.*, an ambulance drawn by a horse. If it were kept somewhere up the course, instead of in the paddock, it would arrive more expeditiously on the scene. Fortunately none of the falls resulted in very serious injury to the jockeys, but Sirenia got a nasty knock on the frontal bone.

Liverpool seems destined to be a troublous meeting for Lester Reiff. Last year the stewards

finned him £30 for being late at the post; this year they had him before them (under what rule is not apparent) to ask him why he did not beat Gerolstein at Doncaster two months previously on The Scotchman II., since he was able to do so at the same weights at Liverpool. Naturally enough, Reiff could not explain why two horses, one a three-year-old, the other a five-year-old, did not run the same animals at an interval of two months, under entirely different conditions of going, to say nothing of the furlong difference in the distance. The explanation was not deemed satisfactory, so the puzzle was made over to the Stewards of the Jockey Club for unravelment. They, of course, found no difficulty in understanding the different running, and Reiff went on with his riding at Derby.

Derby.—When we remember what we have from time to time suffered from rain and mist at Derby, where, last year, fog cut short the November meeting by two races, we were very thankful for such fine weather as was vouchsafed. In a hunting district who minds a little rain and, just to show their contempt for it, Lord Harrington and a contingent in pink went out with the hounds on Saturday morning. The gloom which the war losses spread over the earlier meetings of the year had somewhat evaporated and large house parties at Chatsworth and elsewhere caused the County Stand and Paddock to look something like their old selves. It was also quite Derby November form to see two fields of twenty-five each, and others of twenty-two, twenty-one and twenty, respectively, the total number of runners for the eighteen races being 273—an average of over fifteen per race. This equals the wonderful figures

made by Warwick and Manchester combined in 1898. Quality was not too prominent, save in the Cup in which race Innocence, leniently treated with 7st. 12lb., must have made his owner thankful, indeed, that no one reached his reserve at Newmarket when he tried to sell his four-year-old and, with him, the enrolments of a profitable race. Mr. Morley could now well afford to take 2,000 guineas for Innocence; but would he? Innocence beat a field of twenty-one and was ridden by Kempton Cannon.

Staghunting.—The three packs which are engaged in hunting the wild red deer in Devon and Somerset have closed their season. On the whole the sport has been excellent, and has extended far beyond the bounds of Exmoor proper. The difficulty, indeed, is to keep the deer within proper limits, both as to country and numbers. The experiment tried by Mr. Peter Ormrod of chasing the wild stag with the old-fashioned southern hound has shown once more the superiority of the foxhound for all kinds of hunting. The old-fashioned hounds proved to have neither the pace nor the drive for the gallant red deer, and though they could hunt, they could not kill them. Mr. Ormrod was so delighted with the welcome he received, and with the sport he obtained, that he intends to get together a pack of big foxhounds for next season.

The Royal Buckhounds.—This pack has a new master in Lord Chesham. Few masters have had a longer term of office than Lord Coventry, or been more generally popular with his field, and it is natural that they should wish to present him with a testimonial. Each of Lord Coventry's terms of office have been marked by an improvement in the hounds. I

have not seen a better pack for the purpose than the twenty couples of doghounds which Frank Goodall used to bring to Ascot for the forest hunting. The sport enjoyed in the forest this year was very good. The new master, Lord Chesham, is, as every one knows, a keen soldier and a most successful M.F.H. He had the Bicester country eight years, and for the greater part of the time carried the horn. Until Lord Chesham returns, Lord Churchill, of Rolleston Hall, Leicester, a regular follower and strong supporter of Mr. Fernie's hounds, will wear the golden couples. Lord Coventry, before leaving office, spoke very highly of Frank Goodall, the new royal huntsman, and, indeed, his name is a guarantee of capacity, for all the Goodalls have been good huntsmen.

The Berkshire Packs.—It seems natural to pass on from the Queen's to speak of the other Berkshire hunts. It was with Mr. Garth and Charles Brackley that the writer made his first essay in hunting on a rough pony, and these two veterans still hunt the old country. It was with a strange feeling of familiarity that he trotted up to Billingbear, where many a time he has been as a boy, to meet the old pack. Hounds drew round the park, finding in Charity Wood, as of old. There was little scent, and though foxes had been hard to find, yet when once one was afoot others appeared, as is their custom, and the pack divided. Mr. Garth was out, but not Brackley. Mr. Garth, be it remembered at this time, has given sport to many generations of soldiers. To turn to the **South Berks.** Mr. Seymour Dubourg is a standing example of what can be achieved by tact, hard work, and love of

sport. Above all Mr. Dubourg hunts every part of his country fairly. The day the writer was out there were two hunting runs in the South Berks woodland country. This country has now so many foxes, and so well distributed, that they have added a day to their hunting fixtures, and have four days instead of three.

Lord Rothschild's Staghounds.

—Lord Rothschild's pack delayed starting in the hill country until considerably later than usual this autumn on account of the long-continued drought. However, when they did get out with the closing days of October, they made the most of their opportunities, marking their first day by a very excellent gallop from Ivinghoe. Messrs. Roberts and Wilson entertained all comers at the Brewery, and a stag was uncartered in the direction of the Beacon. Turning back into the valley, a really unrideable country was crossed to Ivinghoe and Northall, and having threaded Eatonbray and Totternhoe, they retook their quarry at Sewell.

From the Travellers' Rest hounds worked out an enjoyable hunt to Wardes Hurst, and having left the Coombe behind them, threaded the Terraces to Sallow and Old Coppices, and sinking the hill to Aldbury, set their stag at bay there, and he was recaptured. On November 12th Cheddington was the fixture, and both deer were requisitioned for the day's sport. Going away by Mentmore and Ledburne, hounds passed Ascott to Southcourt, where the first gallop ended. Returning to Mentmore, hounds were laid on their second line, and passing Crafton to Boarscroft and Hulcot, reached the brook under Weaden Hill, and there put a finish to a capital gallop.

Melton.—Whatever may be the case in other countries, as far as the number and quality of its visitors go, Melton is likely to have a brilliant season. There are very few houses unlet. It may be taken for granted that nearly all the regular visitors and residents are here, the only exceptions being Mr. R. B. Muir, who has let Newport Lodge to Mr. Foxhall Keene, the well-known American polo player. Mr. Muir, whose training across country has served him well in South Africa, has done admirable service there; Baron and Baroness Max de Tuyll have let Asfordby House to Lady Augusta Fane and Miss Vickers. Captain W. Lawson is still with his regiment, but Mrs. Lawson is at Staveley Lodge. Lady Warwick has arrived at Kirby Hall with a wonderful stud of horses. The chestnut, of which everybody is talking, appears to have quality, and power, and manners. Lady Downshire also has a nice lot of horses, chiefly chestnuts. They have been very well schooled. Lady Howe (Lady Georgina Curzon) is selling off her stud. No one ever had a better lot of bold fourteen-stone horses. Two of our best Quorn lady riders are laid up: Lady Gerard, who had a nasty fall between Baggrave and Ashby Folville, and Lady Augusta Fane, whose horse came down with her while cub hunting with the South Notts. Lord and Lady Henry Bentinck are taking a house near Langham, not far from historic Ranksborough Gorse. Thus, with few exceptions, after the return of the Household Cavalry, Melton will be itself, save and except for the irreparable blanks left by the War.

The Quorn.—Kirby Gate, indeed, showed no falling off. There were even more brakes and carts

an ever. Nor was the ridge
ver Gartree Hill thorn coverts
ss crowded than of old. Shrill
houts of ecstasy greeted the
leparture of the fox for Burton
lats, and there was a mighty
harge of horsemen and horse-
women as the pack were let go.
t all came to very little, for there
was no scent.

The Belvoir.—The principal
event of moment in this country
has been the marriage of the
master, Sir Gilbert Greenall, to
Miss Griffith. The new Lady
Greenall is not a stranger to her
husband's hunt. In Cheshire she
is well known as an enthusiast for
hunting, and as a fine horse-
woman. The changeable weather
of the cubbing season, in which
every variety of climate was felt,
except that there was not rain
enough, made the early history of
the season somewhat unsatis-
factory. There are no great runs
so far to record. Yet every one
notes how well the famous pack is
working, and I think it would
have been impossible for a hunt-
ing man to have a more enjoyable
sight than the way hounds worked
out a difficult line, on November
roth, from Sherbrooke's covert.
Scent was at all times catchy.
There were many foot people
about. The line was often foiled.
Yet Capell and his hounds made
a run of it. But for the way
the horses were galloping it was
difficult to realise how fast the
hounds were going. The fox was
headed several times, and there
were some long checks. Thus he
was able at last to run them out
of scent near Hose village. Mr.
George Parker, of Wicklow Lodge,
had a very nasty fall. His horse
put his foot in a hole when trotting
towards Sherbrooke's covert. This
kind of fall is always the worst.

The Percy Hounds.—The pre-
sent master of these hounds, Mr.

A. F. Cresswell, has tried many
kinds of sport, polo at Ranelagh—
he was in the Coldstreams then—
racing, in which fortune did not
greatly smile on him, and now
he is master of the Percy Hounds.
This pack, which were founded
by the present Duke of Northum-
berland when he was Lord Percy,
hunt a very excellent country
round Alnwick. To the Castle
Mr. Cresswell brought his hounds
for their opening meet.

The pack is rather a notable
one, and has been formed with
great care, and will no doubt with
time build up into a first-rate
kennel. Mr. Cresswell mounts his
men well (he used to ride some good
horses in his Melton days), and the
whole turn-out is smart. Besides
the Duke, Lord Grey is a sup-
porter of the pack, so that the
master finds his lines cast in
pleasant places. Needless to say,
the meet at Alnwick Castle was a
very picturesque scene. The run
that followed was over a good
country, but was marred by want
of scent. The Percy have justly
the reputation of being one of the
best mounted fields out of Leices-
tershire.

The Y. W. H.—Both these hunts
are doing well. The Cirences-
ter division has had the advantage
of Lord Bathurst as master from
the beginning, and now has a new
 huntsman in James Cooper, who
is a son of the Belvoir huntsman
of that name. Cooper was for a
short time with the Warwick-
shire, but had scarcely begun to
make a name when he had a terri-
ble fall, which laid him up for a time.

The Cricklade Division has Mr.
Butt Miller as master and hunts-
man. He started with some dis-
advantages, as foxes were not too
plentiful, and not everybody was
pleased to see the master hunting
his own hounds. There was, too,
a good deal of wire. But keen-

ness and patience will do much. No one will deny that with a vastly improved pack of hounds Mr. Butt Miller is a good huntsman and shows sport of the best.

Mr. Hooper Deacon has also been so long a consistent supporter of hunting, and has given the help of a great local popularity, with the effect that there is much less wire and many more foxes than there were a few years ago. Altogether this delightful country promises to be as attractive to sportsmen as ever.

The Warwickshire.—Plenty of foxes in Shuckbrough is always good for future prospects, and on Thursday, November 1st, the sound of the horse and the hounds sent them scattering in all directions. A leash were soon accounted for. Hounds were taken to a holloa and ran brilliantly to Helidon. These seventeen minutes were very sharp, and Mr. Freake had the best of it all the way, and was the first, though not the last, to tackle a very nasty fence, a combination of wire netting and timber, with a brook on the far side that might well daunt even a good man on a bold horse. This was one of those bright little bursts which marked the close of cub-hunting almost everywhere. Those packs which began the regular season in the first week in November had for the most part better opening days than those that waited for a week later.

The Pytchley had their first full dress Wednesday on November 7th at North Kilworth. The sticks had plenty of foxes, but whatever direction they tried there was always a man with or without a dog, and hope was turned into disappointment. So the day wore on till nearly everybody had gone home, and then there was a gallop of about twenty minutes from Misterton

Reeds to the other side of Gilmorton. Let me give their names: Mr. C. Mills, Mr. Broughton Leigh, Captain Renton, Mr. Powlett, and the master. These had the experience of a run over a beautiful line, the Pytchley hounds running in front, and no crowd at all, after the first few fields no wire, and one of them at least rode as if no such thing existed. Those who were there will not soon forget the first Pytchley Wednesday of 1900, nor the truth, more true of hunting than any other case, that "everything comes to him who waits."

The Badminton.—The Duke was hunting his dog pack in the Devizes country on November 1st. It was not until an afternoon fox was found in Roundaway Park that much was done. The fox went straight to the Downs, and probably by doing so gave us the chance of a run. Scent was much more holding, though it could never at any time be said to be first-rate. The line was a circular one, the best pace being up over the Downs almost to Calstone, after which the fox swung sharp to the right, and ran down to the Devizes road. Hounds checked. The Duke made a very good cast over the road and hit the line again. The fox was now some way ahead, and after this it was slow hunting. These hounds never leave a scent so long as there is a shade of a line, and they held on till darkness came down.

The Bicester Hounds.—A capital autumn's work amongst the cubs ended with an excellent run from Bourton Brake on November 5th. The meet had been held at Gawcott, and the earlier portion of the morning was spent in the Tingewick and Gawcott Woods, until at length hounds

got away to a drain on Mr. Nicholls' farm above Buckingham. Going on to Bourton Brake, Cox found a traveller at once, and crossing the Ouse into Grafton territory, the pack drove forward resolutely to Leckhampstead and Wicken Wood. Taking their fox through this stronghold, hounds reached the vast fastnesses of Wakefield and killed him in the lake in front of the Duke of Grafton's house, a peculiar feature of the event being the fact that one hound dived and brought the carcase to the surface. November 12th found them at Steeple Claydon, and finding at Eustace's Gorse, they worked out a nice hunting run by Verney Junction to Mount Pleasant, and finally lost their fox in the Whaddon country between Padbury and the Lone Tree. From Hillesden New Covert they took a fox at a rare pace by Claydon Plank and King's Bridge to Eustace's, ending their day at Adstock in the Whaddon country.

The Whaddon Chase.—The season opened auspiciously in the Whaddon country, the first day being November 6th, from Hoggaston Guide Post. Finding at Creslow, hounds ran fast over the Great Grounds to Hurdlesgrove, and having passed between Whitchurch and Holborn Hill, sank into the valley to Hardwick. Coming to slower hunting, they worked on to the Blackgrove Double, and a good fox finally beat them at Pitchcott. Finding again at Creslow, they ran on over a nice line to Hoggaston before their fox also beat them. Hurtwell Hill was then the order, and in the osier bed they tasted first blood, a very fast gallop finishing the day from the osier bed on the Cublington side of Creslow to ground in a drain at Mr. John Hedges' farm at Tinkers-

hole, from which a brace were killed.

The Puckeridge.—The season has begun well. On the opening day the going was a little heavy, but scent was good, and after running their fox for an hour and a quarter, hounds killed at Arkesden. Wednesday, the 7th, saw good sport, the best of the day being a capital twenty minutes, ending in a kill at Hargreaves. Mr. Armitage, of Thorley, we regret to hear, had a bad fall, which resulted in serious and painful injuries to his right elbow. The following Wednesday, the 14th, another good gallop from Elsenham was in store, with a kill close to Thremball Priory. Thanks to the energetic measures adopted during the last two or three seasons by the influential hunting farmers who form the Earth Stopping Committee, and by the master, it is believed that mange has been fairly stamped out. The young entry shapes well, and, given scent, the prospects of the season are the best. Mr. Barclay has built new kennels and accommodation for the hunt establishment at his residence, Brent Pelham Hall, near Buntingford, and the hounds will take up their quarters there early next summer. Major Anderson, joint hon. secretary, is still at the front in South Africa.

The South Oxfordshire.—A correspondent informs us that Mr. Ashhurst was master of the pack for six seasons, from May, 1894, until May, 1900, not five seasons, as stated in our article on page 362 of last issue.

Chiddingfold.—The circumstances under which Mr. Cowley Lambert withdrew his offer to hunt this country have given rise to much discussion in hunting circles. From the correspondence published in the local journal it

appears that after Mr. Lambert's offer to take the country with a guarantee of £1,000 had been accepted by the committee, he found it desirable, as a means of economy, (the hunt being in debt), to engage a paid huntsman in place of Mr. Alfred Sadler, who had acted as huntsman for four seasons. Mr. Sadler received no salary, but the hunt found three horses for him, and paid him about £170 a year for their keep, for his own expenses and for those of his servant. Mr. Lambert paid a visit to Mr. Sadler, and talked the matter over. The interview was conducted in a perfectly friendly spirit, and Mr. Lambert left Mr. Sadler under the impression that the change had been effected without disturbing the amicable relations which had existed between himself and the Sadler family for over thirty years. A few days later Mr. Lambert received a formal communication, through the hon. secretary of the hunt, warning him off lands in the possession of the Sadler family. This step was taken by Mr. Alfred Sadler and his relatives to requite the insult which they considered had been offered not only to Mr. A. Sadler but his family. No question concerning that gentleman's abilities as huntsman had arisen; so far as the published correspondence shows, the "insult" lay in asking Mr. Sadler to relinquish the horn in order that a desirable economy might be effected. Mr. Cowley Lambert, failing to obtain a reply to a most conciliatory letter, and Mr. Sadler declining the invitation of the chairman of the hunt committee to meet that body and explain his action, Mr. Cowley Lambert took the only course open to him in the interests of sport and withdrew his offer to take the master-

ship. At the last meeting of the committee (of which, by the way, Mr. Alfred Sadler is a member), Captain Ramsden, the chairman, and Mr. Heatley, the treasurer, resigned office. From this bare statement of the facts of the case sportsmen will be able to form their own opinions concerning the parts borne by the gentlemen involved. Mr. Pinckard, who is presently in Japan, has been elected to succeed the late Sir Frederick Marshall in place of Mr. Cowley Lambert, and Mr. T. Graham Cooper, the honorary secretary, carries on the duties of mastership until Mr. Pinckard's return home.

The Opening of the Hunting Season in Yorkshire.—After an exceptionally successful cub-hunting season the regular hunting season in Yorkshire has had an excellent send-off, and we have to look back at least half-a-dozen years for such a bright prospect as there is for the last hunting season of the century. Foxes are numerous in almost every country: indeed, with one exception, there is a better show of foxes than even the oldest inhabitant can remember. Then, hounds have been taught their business well; the good supply of foxes enabled them to be well blooded, and though the cub-hunting season was not characterised by many brilliant scenting days, yet hounds were always able to keep the foxes on the move, and they never had long to draw for a fox; and these are important factors in the making of young hounds. Then the weather has, on the whole, been seasonable. Though the ground was undoubtedly hard in October, rain kept falling every now and again, and it was never too hard for hounds, whilst the heavy rains in the latter end of the month and in dirty, dark November have made

the ground deep indeed, and also, in some measure, contributed to the good scent which has prevailed. "A dirty November for sport" is a Yorkshire hunting-man's maxim.

The York and Ainsty.—The York and Ainsty commenced the season on Thursday, November 1st, at Kirk Hammerton Hall. The morning was fine; it was about the only really fine morning we have had in November, and the muster was a large one. The morning's sport was somewhat disappointing. Hounds found in Cranberry Carr, but, unfortunately, they divided. Then scent was wretchedly bad, and they could do but little with the fox, and finally the latter crossed the river, and there an end. The afternoon fox from Widdington Wood showed better sport. Mr. Lycett Green got hounds well away with him, and they ran by Rogby Wood and Holiday's Plantation and Morsel House to Divel Wood, which they skirted, and then turning to the right, they left Thorpe Underwoods on the right, and lost somewhere in the Boggy Wood. It was a very enjoyable twenty-seven minutes, and hounds had their fox quite beaten.

York and Ainsty Tuesdays have been of the old-fashioned sort. On the 6th they met at Askham Bryan, and had a brilliant run. After drawing Askham Whin blank, they found in Rufforth Whin, and raced at top pace over the grass behind the village, and nearly to Hutton Thorns, where they turned right-handed over the Marston road to Wilstrop Wood, which they reached in twenty-one minutes. They ran on more slowly, but at a useful holding pace, to the Boroughbridge road, where they checked and ultimately lost their fox. They killed a cub in Red House Wood, and

ran another smartly from the same covert to Rufforth Whin, where scent failed, owing, no doubt, to the heavy rain which was falling.

On the 13th they met at Ashfield, and found at once in Askham Bogs. After a little ring-round at the west side of the covert, they ran through it, and ran at a very good pace over the Tadcaster road and nearly to Bishopthorpe. Turning to the right, they ran to Copmanthorpe, and thence, with a left-hand turn, to Acaster Malbis, where they ran into their fox in the open, twenty-two minutes after leaving Askham Bogs the second time. Scent changed for the worse when they went to Colton Hogg for their afternoon fox, and they could only hunt slowly with frequent checks, and more than either one or two changes. They twisted about by Askham Bogs, where a good deal of time was spent, Copmanthorpe, and Dringhouses, and finally they lost their fox in Mr. Lycett Green's New Gorse at Ashfield.

The Bramham Moor.—Monday, November 5th, was the Bramham Moor opening day; the fixture, as usual, Bramham Park, where, though the morning was foggy and rain threatened, there was the usual crowd. The morning's sport was not very interesting; scent was bad, and the light was worse, so that one could not see the excellent hound work. Twenty minutes amongst the Lindrick Hills and to ground, and an hour in Westwoods and to ground, made up the morning's work. They found again in the Oakwood at Wetherby Grange, but could only hunt across to Wray Wood, where they lost all trace of the fox. The afternoon fox from Oglethorpe Whin did better. They ran him very smartly over the open, first pointing for Toul-

ston, and then swinging to the right by Bramham Hall Gardens into the Raikes, and thence to Blackfen. And here they spent the rest of the day; for foxes were numerous, and they kept changing, and finally they had to be stopped at dark.

On Wednesday, November 7th, they met at Clap Gate. The first fox led them smartly from the Punch Bowl, over Morcar Hill, to Owl Head Wood, and thence down to the river banks, where they lost him; time: twenty minutes. They got on the line of a traveller at Netherby Banks, but they could not do much with him, and soon gave him up. They found again in Swinden Wood, and ran hard, skirting the Punch Bowl, up Stainburn Hill, by Lund Head and Addlethorpe to within half-a-mile of Cocked Hat Whin, where they checked, after a fast twenty-one minutes. They were soon going again over Spofforth Park and Spofforth Hags, nearly to the village, whence they bent back sharply to Lodge Wood, where they checked. They hit off a line, probably a fresh one, and left Stockeld Park, Sicklinghall, and Clap Gate to the left, hunting very slowly all the time, but with great perseverance. Sinking the hill, they ran on better by the Punch Bowl to Swinden Wood again; time to this point: one hour and thirty-five minutes. In Swinden Wood they changed for the second time in the run, and took the fresh fox away by Harewood Bridge to Netherby Banks, where he crossed the river, and hounds were finally stopped near Harewood.

The Cleveland.—The Cleveland have been showing good sport, their best day being probably Monday, November 5th, when they met at Redcar. They found in Adamson's Whin, and ran sharply over

the Marske road, by Grew Grass to Woodwark's Whin. Thence they ran by Yearby Bank Top, and, with a left-hand turn, over the Dunsdale road and through the New Buildings Plantation, and marked their fox to ground on the south side on Mrs. Proud's farm. He was soon bolted, and they ran him smartly by New Marske to the Waterworks, where they killed him. A second fox from the Washaways led them by Kirkleatham Whin and over Meggott lane, pointing for Wilton, but as there were several foxes before hounds, Mr. Wharton gave it up, and went to Wallis' Whin for a fresh start. They went away at top pace by Lazenby Whin, and marked their fox to ground in Eston Grange Slag Banks. The afternoon fox, from Bennison's Whin, led them a merry dance by Meggott lane, over the Stockton road, and up to Wilton Park. Thence they ran by Yearby Wood and Ashgill to Dunsdale, and through the Greyhound Course, and finally they were stopped at dark in Grusbrough Park Whin.

Lord Zetland's Letter.—The Marquis of Zetland has sent a letter to the papers pleading the cause of the Hunt Servants' Benefit Society. It is desired to raise £7,000 in order to enable benefit members to receive their annuities at 55 instead of 60 years of age. The number of masters who hunt their own hounds and the liking for young huntsmen must make it increasingly difficult for the older men to obtain employment. It will be scarcely to the credit of hunting men should this sum fail to be raised.

The 7th Hussars Staghounds.—We are indebted to Mr. Gowing, the Hon. Sec., for information as to the future of this pack, which has shown such excellent sport. Major Follett (7th

D.G.) will be master and huntsman, Messrs. Wigan and Elliott whippers-in, T. Smith as kennel huntsman. The pack will be carried on by subscription. This pack has been a great boon to lovers of hunting who are obliged to live in Norfolk.

Accident to Captain Burns Hartopp.—The popular master of the Quorn sustained a serious accident on Tuesday, Nov. 16th. Hounds were running hard from Holwell Farm, when Captain Burns Hartopp's horse blundered at a post and rails, turned over and fell on him, with the result that the master sustained a broken pelvis and thigh, involving serious internal injuries. Captain Burns Hartopp was conveyed to Gardendon Hall, and his medical attendants having decided that it was necessary, an operation was successfully performed on the same evening. The patient's condition, we regret to say, was considered serious when these lines were written.

East Kent Foxhounds.—In correcting the statement in "Baily's Hunting Directory" as to the above, we are informed that Mr. H. W. Selby Lowndes, master of the East Kent Foxhounds, carries the horn himself, and that Will Nicoll is his first whipper-in. John Hills, given as huntsman, and Albert Povey, given as first whipper-in, have left.

Irish Notes — Racing. — The racing season in Ireland, which concluded on October 27th, the last day of the Leopardstown meeting, was in many respects eventful and was certainly a most successful one. It will be remembered for the first visit of the American jockeys into the country, for the introduction of the crouching style of riding which has been adopted in a more or less modified form by several of the Irish horse-

men, and notably by Mr. Parkinson and Thompson; the success of Berril in the Cambridgeshire should also mark the season of 1900 in red letters in the memories of Irish racing men, many of whom profited largely by the result. Berril was mentioned in the "Van" as "sharing the honour with Young Hopeful of being the best horse in Ireland" a good many months ago, and the favourable mention of St. Helena and Theatre Royal in the same place has been also borne out by their subsequent victories. There are many good horses in training in Ireland both for flat and cross country purposes at the present time, and many have been taken out of the country during the past season. Drumree, whose appearance and performance at Punchestown were duly recorded in BAILY, has given a taste of his quality at Liverpool since then, where he performed better than did the handsome Shipshape.

The great success of what may almost be termed the reconstructed Cork Park race meeting, was also a feature of the past racing season in Ireland, and it is to be hoped that the satisfactory work of the executive in providing really high class sport will be long maintained.

Hunting.—Those Irish packs of foxhounds who, taking time by the forelock, began their regular season in the end of October, have so far had rather the best of the game, for scent in the beginning of November was very uncertain in most parts of the country and some of the worst samples of Irish weather were experienced in the early part of that month.

The Meath hounds opened their campaign with a signal triumph the first day they were out—when the fixture was, of course, at Bective, for after a lively, busy

morning they had a grand fifty minutes from Rathnally and rolled their fox over in the open in great style. Since then the changeable weather much interfered with Mr. John Watson's sport and he has not found so many straight-necked foxes as usual, or hounds have not been lucky in getting away with the good ones, for the country is full of foxes, though the pack almost daily diminish their numbers. They had, however, a capital hunt on November 5th of fully seven miles, from Harristown to ground near Belrath.

The Kildare hounds had an excellent day on November 8th, when they ran from Eagle Hill over a very "vulgar" country at first till they got near the Curragh where they ran their fox to ground almost on one of the training grounds, time: thirty-five minutes, done at a fair pace. Then came a real cracker from Bull Hill to ground in the main earths at Narraghmore Wood: forty minutes in all, thirty of which were flying. The vile weather spoiled much of the fun in Kildare in early November, a contrast to last year, when runs of magnitude came fast and thick. They had two very good days at the end of the cubbing in the extreme south of the country, and foxes run so stoutly on the Carlow border that it is possible the Kildare Thursday will be again the favoured day of the week.

In Carlow old Mr. Watson declares that he has never known such bad scent in covert, but these hounds have nearly always been able to run hard in open, though fast spins of short duration were the rule at first. They will hardly find a better fox this season than the old customer they chased from Burton Hall and lost near the Fighting Cocks on October 23rd, before regular operations com-

menced. This was an eight-mile point and done in about an hour; the fox was running short for his life up one fence and down the next when a heavy shower of hail came on and spoiled the finish. Wonderful to relate, the veteran M.F.H., who was by no means robust last season, is riding close up to hounds though he will be an octogenarian this winter, and now seems in the best of health. He was quite one of the leading files in a terribly quick burst from Colonel Eustace's new gorse at Castlemore on November 10th. In this run T. Smith, Lord Milton's huntsman, was unfortunately kicked on the leg and the limb was badly broken below the knee.

The Limerick hounds have made a good beginning and early last month had two capital runs. The best of these was on November 6th from Clashbawn, when their fox beat them close to Emly after running over twelve miles of country. Captain Frank Wise had not arrived from South Africa to take the helm, and his place was filled by his friend, Mr. J. C. Higgins, than whom no better man could possibly be found.

The U.H.C. have already had more than their share of real good things, and Captain Creagh Barry's gorse at Dundillerick has provided thus early in the season two first-class runs; the last of these was on November 5th and finished at the main earth in Bride's brake, a seven-mile point. No pack in Ireland have for the last few seasons shown more consistently good sport than the U.H.C., and next to Meath and Kildare they have the largest following.

There are more people hunting now in co. Galway than one used to see some years ago, and this must be due to the excellent way

things are done by Mr. Poyser and the good sport he shows. Though it is so far West, they have been used in Galway to have their hunting matters done well. Poor Burton Perse, in his long and glorious reign, attended to every little detail personally; the hounds were perfection for the country they hunted, his servants were exceptionally good and were horsed on animals that could go anywhere, while a workmanlike neatness pervaded the establishment. When Lord Clanmorris ruled after the Perse family had given up, his *régime* was distinguished by extra polish and smartness and he spared no expense. Following such men the present master's establishment does by no means suffer by contrast, and the sport he shows is good enough to satisfy even the men of "the Blazers." They had a right good hunt on the opening day and had good sport every day they were out in the second week of November. Captain Steeds and Mr. Percy Maynard of "The Wards" have been hunting in Galway since the season commenced and are quite as much at home there as in the Dublin country.

Mr. Langrishe had a great run in Kilkenny on November 10th; being Saturday it was not one of the regular hunting days, but the meet, which was at Kilmanagh, had been changed, owing to the death of a sister of one of the oldest members of the hunt. Therefore on account of clashing with other fixtures there were not so many strangers out as usual at this rendezvous.

They found in Upper Killeen and ran for fifty-seven minutes over a splendid grass country which, however, rode very heavy after the recent dreadful floods; they had only one pause when a large herd of cattle got over the line,

and all horses were utterly cooked when they checked at last with Ballykeefe Wood close in front and full of foxes. This was the end, for Mr. Langrishe, keen as he is, felt himself unable to risk holding hounds on into the big wood, perchance to settle on to a fresh fox when no one was able to raise a trot.

The Polo Pony Society.—This Society has prepared a somewhat ambitious scheme for next show season. In the first place, there will be the Society's annual exhibition of ponies at the Royal Agricultural Hall in connection with the Hunters' Improvement Show. The schedule, which is a very complete one, includes prizes and Gold and Silver Medals for Breeding and Riding Classes. The two 50-guinea Challenge Cups offered by Sir Walter Gilbey and Sir Humphrey de Trafford for the best stallion and mare in the Show, are open to competition. The Council have unanimously decided to give prizes for all classes of ponies entered in their Stud Book at the Cardiff Show of the R.A.S.E. In order to carry out this programme, it will be necessary to expend a much larger sum upon the prizes than was required last year. The Council decided to make an appeal for the additional funds to their members, and by way of an example collected £180 among themselves wherewith to head the list. The Council have thus shown the courage of their convictions, and there is not the least doubt that they will be rewarded by success.

Polo and Ponies in South Africa.—A correspondent writes from Pretoria:—Since the arrival of the Second Cavalry Brigade, which consists of the composite Household cavalry regiment, 10th Hussars and 12th Lancers, polo has flourished.

Among the players are Captain Aldridge, R.A., General Broadwood's A.D.C., Captain Lord W. Bentinck, of the 10th, Captains Wormald and Hobson of the 12th, Captains Fitzgerald, Marjoribanks and Brassey of the Blues, and Captain White, R.A. The ground is in the middle of the racecourse, and owing to the encampment of several regiments thereon, it was not in quite such good order as could have been desired; but there is no reason why there should not, with careful management, be two, if not three, excellent grounds on the course. The grand stand, by the way, is familiar to people in England, as the gaol where the Boers confined their prisoners of war, of whom Captain White, above mentioned, was one. The ponies are a wonderfully mixed lot; there are Argentines, Cape ponies, English, Arabs, and not least, "commandeered" Boers' ponies. These last, Slim Piet, Kruger, De Wet, &c., &c., take to the game as though they had played polo all their lives.

While writing of ponies, it is worth mentioning that the Arabs out here have undoubtedly best withstood the campaign, and the opinion is general that for soldiering purposes the Arab is the best. The most disappointing, perhaps, have been the Argentines. It may be that they did not have time to become acclimatised after their long voyage, but they certainly "went to pieces" more quickly than other ponies. Large Arab ponies of the stamp on which Sir Pertab Singh mounts himself at Lodhpur have been well represented, Major Haig and the late Lord Kensington each had one, and the latter rode his every day until it was shot through the head at Paardeberg. That pony had been ridden after

pig in India, had played polo, had carried a boy to hounds in the Vale of Aylesbury, and had also been ridden by Mrs. Fitzgerald, wife of Captain Fitzgerald. It was Captain Fitzgerald who brought this pony from India; and as horses, like men, must die, the original owner, Sir Pertab Singh, will be glad that one of his should have died in the service of "My Queen," as he always calls Her Majesty. After the Arabs the Basuto and Cape ponies have done best.

Where the Boers have scored over our cavalry is in the possession generally by each man of two ponies, so that when work was hard they need never ride the same one two days in succession. Also they understand to perfection, as they should do from their way of life, the art of trekking with ox transport, which business we certainly do not understand. Their system is to feed and rest their cattle by day and trek by night. Until we adopt either the Indian cavalry system of giving every two men a pack horse between them to carry their kit, or some other system which shall make greater speed possible, and give our cavalry more mobility than they now boast, they cannot be reckoned upon to go much faster than infantry.

Sport in the House of Commons.—The recent general election has resulted in the return of many well-known sportsmen to the House of Commons. Three University rowing "blues" have secured election. Mr. W. H. Grenfell (South Bucks) was President of the O.U.B.C., and also represented the dark blues in the three-mile race against Cambridge. Mr. R. McKenna (North Monmouthshire) rowed bow in the winning Cambridge eight in 1887; and Sir R. U.

Penrose Fitzgerald (Cambridge) rowed for the light blues in the 1861 and 1862 races. Sir Charles Dilke (Forest of Dean), and the Hon. W. F. D. Smith (Strand) also rowed at their Universities, although they did not obtain a "blue." Football has a notable representative in Mr. C. P. Allen (Stroud), who played in the Oxford Rugby fifteen in 1881-82, and the two following seasons, and afterwards assisted Wales in the international matches. Curiously enough Mr. Allen defeated an old Oxford Association "blue" in the person of Mr. C. A. Cripps, Q.C. Mr. W. Bromley-Davenport (Macclesfield Division of Cheshire) gained his "blue" at Oxford for Association football, and afterwards played for England. Quite a large number of M.P.'s have distinguished themselves at cricket. Mr. H. W. Forster (Kent, Sevenoaks), the Eton, Oxford, and Hampshire batsman; Mr. George Kemp (Lancashire, Heywood) who gained his "blue" at Cambridge and afterwards played regularly for Lancashire; and Mr. P. M. Thornton (Clapham), formerly hon. secretary of the Middlesex County C.C., have all gone back to the House with increased majorities. Three new members, each of whom won a seat for their party, are Mr. A. H. Heath (Hanley), the Oxford "blue," who afterwards captained Staffordshire; Mr. Arthur Priestley (Grantham), who took out an English team to the West Indies; and Mr. Freeman Thomas (Hastings), of Cambridge and Sussex fame. The Hon. Alfred Lyttelton, Q.C. (Warwick and Leamington), represented Cambridge in four or five branches of sport, including cricket, in which he had no rival as a wicket-keeper for several years. Other cricket names are Mr. R. K.

Causton (Southwark), Mr. A. F. Jefferys (Basingstoke, Hants), Mr. J. Round (North Essex), Col. W. S. Kenyon-Slaney (Newport, Salop), Sir R. T. Reid, Q.C. (Dumfries), Sir Elliot Lees (Birkenhead), and Mr. C. E. Tritton (Norwood). Sir Edward Grey (Berwick) has few superiors as a tennis player, and Mr. W. Hayes-Fisher (Fulham), is a great skating enthusiast, and President of the N.S.A. Golf claims many devotees, notably the Right Hon. A. J. Balfour (Manchester, East) and Mr. John Penn (Lewisham); and Sir John Blundell Maple (Dulwich) and Captain H. L. B. McCalmont (Cambridgeshire, Newmarket), are amongst the patrons of the Turf who have been returned. The latter defeated another prominent owner in Mr. C. D. Rose.

Sport at the Universities.—From a titular point of view, October term work has been mainly educational. Already very appreciable progress has been made by light and dark blues in "survival of the fittest" procedure. Only two Inter-Varsity contests take place this term, *i.e.*, the Rugby Football and cross-country tussles. For once in a way both Rugby teams are right above the average, and very much of a muchness in calibre. Rarely have respective records, performances, &c., been so equal, and an immense crowd will foregather at Queen's Club on the 12th inst. to witness the fight for supremacy. It should be a memorable one, and we fancy Cambridge should just win. Quite as smart "behind the scrum," they are "beefier" and cleverer forward than the Oxonians, always a big advantage in Inter-Varsity fray. Added interest will attach to this year's tussle for yet another reason, *i.e.*, both teams have won ten matches up to date. Asso-

ness and patience will do much. No one will deny that with a vastly improved pack of hounds Mr. Butt Miller is a good huntsman and shows sport of the best.

Mr. Hooper Deacon has also been so long a consistent supporter of hunting, and has given the help of a great local popularity, with the effect that there is much less wire and many more foxes than there were a few years ago. Altogether this delightful country promises to be as attractive to sportsmen as ever.

The Warwickshire.—Plenty of foxes in Shuckbrough is always good for future prospects, and on Thursday, November 1st, the sound of the horse and the hounds sent them scattering in all directions. A leash were soon accounted for. Hounds were taken to a holloa and ran brilliantly to Helidon. These seventeen minutes were very sharp, and Mr. Freake had the best of it all the way, and was the first, though not the last, to tackle a very nasty fence, a combination of wire netting and timber, with a brook on the far side that might well daunt even a good man on a bold horse. This was one of those bright little bursts which marked the close of cub-hunting almost everywhere. Those packs which began the regular season in the first week in November had for the most part better opening days than those that waited for a week later.

The Pytchley had their first full dress Wednesday on November 7th at North Kilworth. The sticks had plenty of foxes, but whatever direction they tried there was always a man with or without a dog, and hope was turned into disappointment. So the day wore on till nearly everybody had gone home, and then there was a gallop of about twenty minutes from Misterton

Reeds to the other side of Gilmorton. Let me give their names: Mr. C. Mills, Mr. Broughton Leigh, Captain Renton, Mr. Powell, and the master. These had the experience of a run over a beautiful line, the Pytchley hounds running in front, and no crowd at all, after the first few fields no wire, and one of them at least rode as if no such thing existed. Those who were there will not soon forget the first Pytchley Wednesday of 1900, nor the truth, more true of hunting than any other case, that "everything comes to him who waits."

The Badminton.—The Duke was hunting his dog pack in the Devizes country on November 1st. It was not until an afternoon fox was found in Roundaway Park that much was done. The fox went straight to the Downs, and probably by doing so gave us the chance of a run. Scent was much more holding, though it could never at any time be said to be first-rate. The line was a circular one, the best pace being up over the Downs almost to Calstone, after which the fox swung sharp to the right, and ran down to the Devizes road. Hounds checked. The Duke made a very good cast over the road and hit the line again. The fox was now some way ahead, and after this it was slow hunting. These hounds never leave a scent so long as there is a shade of a line, and they held on till darkness came down.

The Bicester Hounds.—A capital autumn's work amongst the cubs ended with an excellent run from Bourton Brake on November 5th. The meet had been held at Gawcott, and the earlier portion of the morning was spent in the Tingewick and Gawcott Woods, until at length hounds

got away to a drain on Mr. Nicholls' farm above Buckingham. Going on to Bourton Brake, Cox found a traveller at once, and crossing the Ouse into Grafton territory, the pack drove forward resolutely to Leckhampstead and Wicken Wood. Taking their fox through this stronghold, hounds reached the vast fastnesses of Wakefield and killed him in the lake in front of the Duke of Grafton's house, a peculiar feature of the event being the fact that one hound dived and brought the carcase to the surface. November 12th found them at Steeple Claydon, and finding at Eustace's Gorse, they worked out a nice hunting run by Verney Junction to Mount Pleasant, and finally lost their fox in the Whaddon country between Padbury and the Lone Tree. From Hillesden New Covert they took a fox at a rare pace by Claydon Plank and King's Bridge to Eustace's, ending their day at Adstock in the Whaddon country.

The Whaddon Chase.—The season opened auspiciously in the Whaddon country, the first day being November 6th, from Hoggeston Guide Post. Finding at Creslow, hounds ran fast over the Great Grounds to Hurdlesgrove, and having passed between Whitchurch and Holborn Hill, sank into the valley to Hardwick. Coming to slower hunting, they worked on to the Blackgrove Double, and a good fox finally beat them at Pitchcott. Finding again at Creslow, they ran on over a nice line to Hoggeston before their fox also beat them. Hurtwell Hill was then the order, and in the osier bed they tasted first blood, a very fast gallop finishing the day from the osier bed on the Cublington side of Creslow to ground in a drain at Mr. John Hedges' farm at Tinkers-

hole, from which a brace were killed.

The Puckeridge.—The season has begun well. On the opening day the going was a little heavy, but scent was good, and after running their fox for an hour and a quarter, hounds killed at Arkesden. Wednesday, the 7th, saw good sport, the best of the day being a capital twenty minutes, ending in a kill at Hargreaves. Mr. Armitage, of Thorley, we regret to hear, had a bad fall, which resulted in serious and painful injuries to his right elbow. The following Wednesday, the 14th, another good gallop from Elsenham was in store, with a kill close to Thremball Priory. Thanks to the energetic measures adopted during the last two or three seasons by the influential hunting farmers who form the Earth Stopping Committee, and by the master, it is believed that mange has been fairly stamped out. The young entry shapes well, and, given scent, the prospects of the season are the best. Mr. Barclay has built new kennels and accommodation for the hunt establishment at his residence, Brent Pelham Hall, near Buntingford, and the hounds will take up their quarters there early next summer. Major Anderson, joint hon. secretary, is still at the front in South Africa.

The South Oxfordshire.—A correspondent informs us that Mr. Ashhurst was master of the pack for six seasons, from May, 1894, until May, 1900, not five seasons, as stated in our article on page 362 of last issue.

Chiddingfold.—The circumstances under which Mr. Cowley Lambert withdrew his offer to hunt this country have given rise to much discussion in hunting circles. From the correspondence published in the local journal it

ness and patience will do much. No one will deny that with a vastly improved pack of hounds Mr. Butt Miller is a good huntsman and shows sport of the best.

Mr. Hooper Deacon has also been so long a consistent supporter of hunting, and has given the help of a great local popularity, with the effect that there is much less wire and many more foxes than there were a few years ago. Altogether this delightful country promises to be as attractive to sportsmen as ever.

The Warwickshire.—Plenty of foxes in Shuckbrough is always good for future prospects, and on Thursday, November 1st, the sound of the horse and the hounds sent them scattering in all directions. A leash were soon accounted for. Hounds were taken to a holloa and ran brilliantly to Helidon. These seventeen minutes were very sharp, and Mr. Freake had the best of it all the way, and was the first, though not the last, to tackle a very nasty fence, a combination of wire netting and timber, with a brook on the far side that might well daunt even a good man on a bold horse. This was one of those bright little bursts which marked the close of cub-hunting almost everywhere. Those packs which began the regular season in the first week in November had for the most part better opening days than those that waited for a week later.

The Pytchley had their first full dress Wednesday on November 7th at North Kilworth. The sticks had plenty of foxes, but whatever direction they tried there was always a man with or without a dog, and hope was turned into disappointment. So the day wore on till nearly everybody had gone home, and then there was a gallop of about twenty minutes from Misterton

Reeds to the other side of Gilmorton. Let me give their names: Mr. C. Mills, Mr. Broughton Leigh, Captain Renton, Mr. Powlett, and the master. These had the experience of a run over a beautiful line, the Pytchley hounds running in front, and no crowd at all, after the first few fields no wire, and one of them at least rode as if no such thing existed. Those who were there will not soon forget the first Pytchley Wednesday of 1900, nor the truth, more true of hunting than any other case, that "everything comes to him who waits."

The Badminton.—The Duke was hunting his dog pack in the Devizes country on November 1st. It was not until an afternoon fox was found in Roundaway Park that much was done. The fox went straight to the Downs, and probably by doing so gave us the chance of a run. Scent was much more holding, though it could never at any time be said to be first-rate. The line was a circular one, the best pace being up over the Downs almost to Calstone, after which the fox swung sharp to the right, and ran down to the Devizes road. Hounds checked. The Duke made a very good cast over the road and hit the line again. The fox was now some way ahead, and after this it was slow hunting. These hounds never leave a scent so long as there is a shade of a line, and they held on till darkness came down.

The Bicester Hounds.—A capital autumn's work amongst the cubs ended with an excellent run from Bourton Brake on November 5th. The meet had been held at Gawcott, and the earlier portion of the morning was spent in the Tingewick and Gawcott Woods, until at length hounds

got away to a drain on Mr. Nicholls' farm above Buckingham. Going on to Bourton Brake, Cox found a traveller at once, and crossing the Ouse into Grafton territory, the pack drove forward resolutely to Leckhampstead and Wicken Wood. Taking their fox through this stronghold, hounds reached the vast fastnesses of Wakefield and killed him in the lake in front of the Duke of Grafton's house, a peculiar feature of the event being the fact that one hound dived and brought the carcase to the surface. November 12th found them at Steeple Claydon, and finding at Eustace's Gorse, they worked out a nice hunting run by Verney Junction to Mount Pleasant, and finally lost their fox in the Whaddon country between Padbury and the Lone Tree. From Hillesden New Covert they took a fox at a rare pace by Claydon Plank and King's Bridge to Eustace's, ending their day at Adstock in the Whaddon country.

The Whaddon Chase.—The season opened auspiciously in the Whaddon country, the first day being November 6th, from Hoggaston Guide Post. Finding at Creslow, hounds ran fast over the Great Grounds to Hurdlesgrove, and having passed between Whitchurch and Holborn Hill, sank into the valley to Hardwick. Coming to slower hunting, they worked on to the Blackgrove Double, and a good fox finally beat them at Pitchcott. Finding again at Creslow, they ran on over a nice line to Hoggaston before their fox also beat them. Hurtwell Hill was then the order, and in the osier bed they tasted first blood, a very fast gallop finishing the day from the osier bed on the Cublington side of Creslow to ground in a drain at Mr. John Hedges' farm at Tinkers-

hole, from which a brace were killed.

The Puckeridge.—The season has begun well. On the opening day the going was a little heavy, but scent was good, and after running their fox for an hour and a quarter, hounds killed at Arkesden. Wednesday, the 7th, saw good sport, the best of the day being a capital twenty minutes, ending in a kill at Hargreaves. Mr. Armitage, of Thorley, we regret to hear, had a bad fall, which resulted in serious and painful injuries to his right elbow. The following Wednesday, the 14th, another good gallop from Elsenham was in store, with a kill close to Thremball Priory. Thanks to the energetic measures adopted during the last two or three seasons by the influential hunting farmers who form the Earth Stopping Committee, and by the master, it is believed that mange has been fairly stamped out. The young entry shapes well, and, given scent, the prospects of the season are the best. Mr. Barclay has built new kennels and accommodation for the hunt establishment at his residence, Brent Pelham Hall, near Buntingford, and the hounds will take up their quarters there early next summer. Major Anderson, joint hon. secretary, is still at the front in South Africa.

The South Oxfordshire.—A correspondent informs us that Mr. Ashhurst was master of the pack for six seasons, from May, 1894, until May, 1900, not five seasons, as stated in our article on page 362 of last issue.

Chiddingfold.—The circumstances under which Mr. Cowley Lambert withdrew his offer to hunt this country have given rise to much discussion in hunting circles. From the correspondence published in the local journal it

ness and patience will do much. No one will deny that with a vastly improved pack of hounds Mr. Butt Miller is a good huntsman and shows sport of the best.

Mr. Hooper Deacon has also been so long a consistent supporter of hunting, and has given the help of a great local popularity, with the effect that there is much less wire and many more foxes than there were a few years ago. Altogether this delightful country promises to be as attractive to sportsmen as ever.

The Warwickshire.—Plenty of foxes in Shuckbrough is always good for future prospects, and on Thursday, November 1st, the sound of the horse and the hounds sent them scattering in all directions. A leash were soon accounted for. Hounds were taken to a holloa and ran brilliantly to Helidon. These seventeen minutes were very sharp, and Mr. Freake had the best of it all the way, and was the first, though not the last, to tackle a very nasty fence, a combination of wire netting and timber, with a brook on the far side that might well daunt even a good man on a bold horse. This was one of those bright little bursts which marked the close of cub-hunting almost everywhere. Those packs which began the regular season in the first week in November had for the most part better opening days than those that waited for a week later.

The Pytchley had their first full dress Wednesday on November 7th at North Kilworth. The sticks had plenty of foxes, but whatever direction they tried there was always a man with or without a dog, and hope was turned into disappointment. So the day wore on till nearly everybody had gone home, and then there was a gallop of about twenty minutes from Misterton

Reeds to the other side of Gilmorton. Let me give their names: Mr. C. Mills, Mr. Broughton Leigh, Captain Renton, Mr. Powlett, and the master. These had the experience of a run over a beautiful line, the Pytchley hounds running in front, and no crowd at all, after the first few fields no wire, and one of them at least rode as if no such thing existed. Those who were there will not soon forget the first Pytchley Wednesday of 1900, nor the truth, more true of hunting than any other case, that "everything comes to him who waits."

The Badminton.—The Duke was hunting his dog pack in the Devizes country on November 1st. It was not until an afternoon fox was found in Roundaway Park that much was done. The fox went straight to the Downs, and probably by doing so gave us the chance of a run. Scent was much more holding, though it could never at any time be said to be first-rate. The line was a circular one, the best pace being up over the Downs almost to Calstone, after which the fox swung sharp to the right, and ran down to the Devizes road. Hounds checked. The Duke made a very good cast over the road and hit the line again. The fox was now some way ahead, and after this it was slow hunting. These hounds never leave a scent so long as there is a shade of a line, and they held on till darkness came down.

The Bicester Hounds.—A capital autumn's work amongst the cubs ended with an excellent run from Bourton Brake on November 5th. The meet had been held at Gawcott, and the earlier portion of the morning was spent in the Tingewick and Gawcott Woods, until at length hounds

got away to a drain on Mr. Nicholls' farm above Buckingham. Going on to Bourton Brake, Cox found a traveller at once, and crossing the Ouse into Grafton territory, the pack drove forward resolutely to Leckhampstead and Wicken Wood. Taking their fox through this stronghold, hounds reached the vast fastnesses of Wakefield and killed him in the lake in front of the Duke of Grafton's house, a peculiar feature of the event being the fact that one hound dived and brought the carcase to the surface. November 12th found them at Steeple Claydon, and finding at Eustace's Gorse, they worked out a nice hunting run by Verney Junction to Mount Pleasant, and finally lost their fox in the Whaddon country between Padbury and the Lone Tree. From Hillesden New Covert they took a fox at a rare pace by Claydon Plank and King's Bridge to Eustace's, ending their day at Adstock in the Whaddon country.

The Whaddon Chase.—The season opened auspiciously in the Whaddon country, the first day being November 6th, from Hoggaston Guide Post. Finding at Creslow, hounds ran fast over the Great Grounds to Hurdlesgrove, and having passed between Whitchurch and Holborn Hill, sank into the valley to Hardwick. Coming to slower hunting, they worked on to the Blackgrove Double, and a good fox finally beat them at Pitchcott. Finding again at Creslow, they ran on over a nice line to Hoggaston before their fox also beat them. Hurtwell Hill was then the order, and in the osier bed they tasted first blood, a very fast gallop finishing the day from the osier bed on the Cublington side of Creslow to ground in a drain at Mr. John Hedges' farm at Tinkers-

hole, from which a brace were killed.

The Puckeridge.—The season has begun well. On the opening day the going was a little heavy, but scent was good, and after running their fox for an hour and a quarter, hounds killed at Arkesden. Wednesday, the 7th, saw good sport, the best of the day being a capital twenty minutes, ending in a kill at Hargreaves. Mr. Armitage, of Thorley, we regret to hear, had a bad fall, which resulted in serious and painful injuries to his right elbow. The following Wednesday, the 14th, another good gallop from Elsenham was in store, with a kill close to Thremball Priory. Thanks to the energetic measures adopted during the last two or three seasons by the influential hunting farmers who form the Earth Stopping Committee, and by the master, it is believed that mange has been fairly stamped out. The young entry shapes well, and, given scent, the prospects of the season are the best. Mr. Barclay has built new kennels and accommodation for the hunt establishment at his residence, Brent Pelham Hall, near Buntingford, and the hounds will take up their quarters there early next summer. Major Anderson, joint hon. secretary, is still at the front in South Africa.

The South Oxfordshire.—A correspondent informs us that Mr. Ashhurst was master of the pack for six seasons, from May, 1894, until May, 1900, not five seasons, as stated in our article on page 362 of last issue.

Chiddingfold.—The circumstances under which Mr. Cowley Lambert withdrew his offer to hunt this country have given rise to much discussion in hunting circles. From the correspondence published in the local journal it

ness and patience will do much. No one will deny that with a vastly improved pack of hounds Mr. Butt Miller is a good huntsman and shows sport of the best.

Mr. Hooper Deacon has also been so long a consistent supporter of hunting, and has given the help of a great local popularity, with the effect that there is much less wire and many more foxes than there were a few years ago. Altogether this delightful country promises to be as attractive to sportsmen as ever.

The Warwickshire.—Plenty of foxes in Shuckbrough is always good for future prospects, and on Thursday, November 1st, the sound of the horse and the hounds sent them scattering in all directions. A leash were soon accounted for. Hounds were taken to a holloa and ran brilliantly to Helidon. These seventeen minutes were very sharp, and Mr. Freake had the best of it all the way, and was the first, though not the last, to tackle a very nasty fence, a combination of wire netting and timber, with a brook on the far side that might well daunt even a good man on a bold horse. This was one of those bright little bursts which marked the close of cub-hunting almost everywhere. Those packs which began the regular season in the first week in November had for the most part better opening days than those that waited for a week later.

The Pytchley had their first full dress Wednesday on November 7th at North Kilworth. The sticks had plenty of foxes, but whatever direction they tried there was always a man with or without a dog, and hope was turned into disappointment. So the day wore on till nearly everybody had gone home, and then there was a gallop of about twenty minutes from Misterton

Reeds to the other side of Gilmorton. Let me give their names: Mr. C. Mills, Mr. Broughton Leigh, Captain Renton, Mr. Powlett, and the master. These had the experience of a run over a beautiful line, the Pytchley hounds running in front, and no crowd at all, after the first few fields no wire, and one of them at least rode as if no such thing existed. Those who were there will not soon forget the first Pytchley Wednesday of 1900, nor the truth, more true of hunting than any other case, that "everything comes to him who waits."

The Badminton.—The Duke was hunting his dog pack in the Devizes country on November 1st. It was not until an afternoon fox was found in Roundaway Park that much was done. The fox went straight to the Downs, and probably by doing so gave us the chance of a run. Scent was much more holding, though it could never at any time be said to be first-rate. The line was a circular one, the best pace being up over the Downs almost to Calstone, after which the fox swung sharp to the right, and ran down to the Devizes road. Hounds checked. The Duke made a very good cast over the road and hit the line again. The fox was now some way ahead, and after this it was slow hunting. These hounds never leave a scent so long as there is a shade of a line, and they held on till darkness came down.

The Bicester Hounds.—A capital autumn's work amongst the cubs ended with an excellent run from Bourton Brake on November 5th. The meet had been held at Gawcott, and the earlier portion of the morning was spent in the Tingewick and Gawcott Woods, until at length hounds

got away to a drain on Mr. Nicholls' farm above Buckingham. Going on to Bourton Brake, Cox found a traveller at once, and crossing the Ouse into Grafton territory, the pack drove forward resolutely to Leckhampstead and Wicken Wood. Taking their fox through this stronghold, hounds reached the vast fastnesses of Wakefield and killed him in the lake in front of the Duke of Grafton's house, a peculiar feature of the event being the fact that one hound dived and brought the carcase to the surface. November 12th found them at Steeple Claydon, and finding at Eustace's Gorse, they worked out a nice hunting run by Verney Junction to Mount Pleasant, and finally lost their fox in the Whaddon country between Padbury and the Lone Tree. From Hillesden New Covert they took a fox at a rare pace by Claydon Plank and King's Bridge to Eustace's, ending their day at Adstock in the Whaddon country.

The Whaddon Chase.—The season opened auspiciously in the Whaddon country, the first day being November 6th, from Hoggaston Guide Post. Finding at Creslow, hounds ran fast over the Great Grounds to Hurdlesgrove, and having passed between Whitchurch and Holborn Hill, sank into the valley to Hardwick. Coming to slower hunting, they worked on to the Blackgrove Double, and a good fox finally beat them at Pitchcott. Finding again at Creslow, they ran on over a nice line to Hoggaston before their fox also beat them. Hurtwell Hill was then the order, and in the osier bed they tasted first blood, a very fast gallop finishing the day from the osier bed on the Cublington side of Creslow to ground in a drain at Mr. John Hedges' farm at Tinkers-

hole, from which a brace were killed.

The Puckeridge.—The season has begun well. On the opening day the going was a little heavy, but scent was good, and after running their fox for an hour and a quarter, hounds killed at Arkesden. Wednesday, the 7th, saw good sport, the best of the day being a capital twenty minutes, ending in a kill at Hargreaves. Mr. Armitage, of Thorley, we regret to hear, had a bad fall, which resulted in serious and painful injuries to his right elbow. The following Wednesday, the 14th, another good gallop from Elsenham was in store, with a kill close to Thremball Priory. Thanks to the energetic measures adopted during the last two or three seasons by the influential hunting farmers who form the Earth Stopping Committee, and by the master, it is believed that mange has been fairly stamped out. The young entry shapes well, and, given scent, the prospects of the season are the best. Mr. Barclay has built new kennels and accommodation for the hunt establishment at his residence, Brent Pelham Hall, near Buntingford, and the hounds will take up their quarters there early next summer. Major Anderson, joint hon. secretary, is still at the front in South Africa.

The South Oxfordshire.—A correspondent informs us that Mr. Ashhurst was master of the pack for six seasons, from May, 1894, until May, 1900, not five seasons, as stated in our article on page 362 of last issue.

Chiddingfold.—The circumstances under which Mr. Cowley Lambert withdrew his offer to hunt this country have given rise to much discussion in hunting circles. From the correspondence published in the local journal it

ness and patience will do much. No one will deny that with a vastly improved pack of hounds Mr. Butt Miller is a good huntsman and shows sport of the best.

Mr. Hooper Deacon has also been so long a consistent supporter of hunting, and has given the help of a great local popularity, with the effect that there is much less wire and many more foxes than there were a few years ago. Altogether this delightful country promises to be as attractive to sportsmen as ever.

The Warwickshire.—Plenty of foxes in Shuckbrough is always good for future prospects, and on Thursday, November 1st, the sound of the horse and the hounds sent them scattering in all directions. A leash were soon accounted for. Hounds were taken to a holloa and ran brilliantly to Helidon. These seventeen minutes were very sharp, and Mr. Freake had the best of it all the way, and was the first, though not the last, to tackle a very nasty fence, a combination of wire netting and timber, with a brook on the far side that might well daunt even a good man on a bold horse. This was one of those bright little bursts which marked the close of cub-hunting almost everywhere. Those packs which began the regular season in the first week in November had for the most part better opening days than those that waited for a week later.

The Pytchley had their first full dress Wednesday on November 7th at North Kilworth. The sticks had plenty of foxes, but whatever direction they tried there was always a man with or without a dog, and hope was turned into disappointment. So the day wore on till nearly everybody had gone home, and then there was a gallop of about twenty minutes from Misterton

Reeds to the other side of Gilmorton. Let me give their names: Mr. C. Mills, Mr. Broughton Leigh, Captain Renton, Mr. Powlett, and the master. These had the experience of a run over a beautiful line, the Pytchley hounds running in front, and no crowd at all, after the first few fields no wire, and one of them at least rode as if no such thing existed. Those who were there will not soon forget the first Pytchley Wednesday of 1900, nor the truth, more true of hunting than any other case, that "everything comes to him who waits."

The Badminton.—The Duke was hunting his dog pack in the Devizes country on November 1st. It was not until an afternoon fox was found in Roundaway Park that much was done. The fox went straight to the Downs, and probably by doing so gave us the chance of a run. Scent was much more holding, though it could never at any time be said to be first-rate. The line was a circular one, the best pace being up over the Downs almost to Calstone, after which the fox swung sharp to the right, and ran down to the Devizes road. Hounds checked. The Duke made a very good cast over the road and hit the line again. The fox was now some way ahead, and after this it was slow hunting. These hounds never leave a scent so long as there is a shade of a line, and they held on till darkness came down.

The Bicester Hounds.—A capital autumn's work amongst the cubs ended with an excellent run from Bourton Brake on November 5th. The meet had been held at Gawcott, and the earlier portion of the morning was spent in the Tingewick and Gawcott Woods, until at length hounds

got away to a drain on Mr. Nicholls' farm above Buckingham. Going on to Bourton Brake, Cox found a traveller at once, and crossing the Ouse into Grafton territory, the pack drove forward resolutely to Leckhampstead and Wicken Wood. Taking their fox through this stronghold, hounds reached the vast fastnesses of Wakefield and killed him in the lake in front of the Duke of Grafton's house, a peculiar feature of the event being the fact that one hound dived and brought the carcase to the surface. November 12th found them at Steeple Claydon, and finding at Eustace's Gorse, they worked out a nice hunting run by Verney Junction to Mount Pleasant, and finally lost their fox in the Whaddon country between Padbury and the Lone Tree. From Hillesden New Covert they took a fox at a rare pace by Claydon Plank and King's Bridge to Eustace's, ending their day at Adstock in the Whaddon country.

The Whaddon Chase.—The season opened auspiciously in the Whaddon country, the first day being November 6th, from Hoggaston Guide Post. Finding at Creslow, hounds ran fast over the Great Grounds to Hurdlesgrove, and having passed between Whitchurch and Holborn Hill, sank into the valley to Hardwick. Coming to slower hunting, they worked on to the Blackgrove Double, and a good fox finally beat them at Pitchcott. Finding again at Creslow, they ran on over a nice line to Hoggaston before their fox also beat them. Hurtwell Hill was then the order, and in the osier bed they tasted first blood, a very fast gallop finishing the day from the osier bed on the Cublington side of Creslow to ground in a drain at Mr. John Hedges' farm at Tinkers-

hole, from which a brace were killed.

The Puckeridge.—The season has begun well. On the opening day the going was a little heavy, but scent was good, and after running their fox for an hour and a quarter, hounds killed at Arkesden. Wednesday, the 7th, saw good sport, the best of the day being a capital twenty minutes, ending in a kill at Hargreaves. Mr. Armitage, of Thorley, we regret to hear, had a bad fall, which resulted in serious and painful injuries to his right elbow. The following Wednesday, the 14th, another good gallop from Elsenham was in store, with a kill close to Thremball Priory. Thanks to the energetic measures adopted during the last two or three seasons by the influential hunting farmers who form the Earth Stopping Committee, and by the master, it is believed that mange has been fairly stamped out. The young entry shapes well, and, given scent, the prospects of the season are the best. Mr. Barclay has built new kennels and accommodation for the hunt establishment at his residence, Brent Pelham Hall, near Buntingford, and the hounds will take up their quarters there early next summer. Major Anderson, joint hon. secretary, is still at the front in South Africa.

The South Oxfordshire.—A correspondent informs us that Mr. Ashhurst was master of the pack for six seasons, from May, 1894, until May, 1900, not five seasons, as stated in our article on page 362 of last issue.

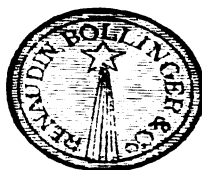
Chiddingfold.—The circumstances under which Mr. Cowley Lambert withdrew his offer to hunt this country have given rise to much discussion in hunting circles. From the correspondence published in the local journal it

BOLLINGER'S



CHAMPAGNE.

By Special Appointment
to
HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN
and
H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES



BRAND
ON
CORK
SINCE
1829